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fact that *one hundred and one* writers immediately subscribed their names as contributors, originated the title of the work.

In the selection which the translator has made, he has been solely influenced by the consideration of what papers were most likely to interest the *English* reader. With the *names* of some so selected, the public may be already familiar, from the notices which have from time to time, as the original volumes were published, appeared in THE ATHENÆUM. It will, however, be found, on examination, that the illustrative extracts given in that Journal frequently did not amount to a third, a fifth, and often not to a tenth of the original paper; and though the translator has availed himself of such fragmentary passages, it was simply because he did not think it necessary to alter



first appeared. At this period, Spanish manners existed even in France—a life of love and duels—a life embroidered on every seam, standing out in relief, always full dressed, as if made on purpose for the drama and the tale. Everywhere, within the city and without, there was a laughable medley of opinions, wants, and passions; and, in those days, there was no lack of students, usurers, lovers, bigots, soldiers, silly women, absurd physicians, judges in black gowns, princes *incogniti*, lascivious monks, giddy widows, favourite actors, poets in rags, and duped husbands. It may be imagined, that the Devil Asmodeus found pleasure in such a world. The Comic Muse was then everywhere, as gay and wanton as you could desire. She would climb to the judgment seat, assume the judge's wig, and make faces at the suitors. She would then seat herself upon the throne, jest with despotism, and play with supreme power as with a tame tiger. In her satirical moods, she respected

days together at the doors of gambling-houses and brothels—observing, prying, taking notes. With manners such as these, affecting in an equal degree the King's Palace and the Hospital of Incurables, the French Academy and the Madhouse, you may imagine the scene and representation to be animated and picturesque. You may conceive how proud and happy Asmodeus must have felt at being let loose in such a world; and how lightly he ran over the house-tops—for in those days the house-tops could be walked upon. I can easily fancy him bounding with joy through this universe, chequered with passions and vices; but alas! what would he find to amuse him in our age of correctness and morality, in our polite and well-regulated world —under our sad and dull sky, and at the very height of our wisdom? He would surely die of ennui!

The Devil Asmodeus is the devil of observation, that demon whose province it is to satirize manners. Do not fancy that he is a laughing

first people he came in contact with was the Greeks—a chattering, headstrong, surly, gormandizing, sceptical, witty, satirical, and heartless nation;—but florid, pretty, polite, and elegant, laughing at every thing, idling in public places, excelling in oratory, in music, in rhetoric, worshippers of beauty in form, sound, and colour, delighting in perfumes and poetry; and vain, mean, shameless, and impudent withal. They were a singular people to study—a people constantly in motion. Asmodeus did not fail in any of his representations of their virtues or vices, either in the comedies of Aristophanes or in the treatises of Theophrastus. He represented the Greeks in their political as in their private life. Aristophanes and Theophrastus together did for the Greeks that which Molière single-handed did for the French. It is a great thing even for two to have done what Molière did by himself.

Leaving Athens, when he had nothing further to say of its vices and follies, Asmodeus became

must have fled with all his might when he was forced to call himself Juvenal.

Comedy requires an original people, strongly marked features, activity, vigour, strength of mind and of body. The periods of the lower empire were worth nothing to a writer who observes and describes. Fly then, Asmodeus, from Greece and Rome, and come to our middle ages, to the cell of some jovial monk who sets a proper value upon the wine flagon. Quit the beard of the philosopher, break the cynic's tub, and exchange for wine the gold ring of the Roman knight. Be a monk, Asmodeus; go to Rome and see the holy father, then return to France and see the king. Throw yourself headlong into the world of heretics, devotees, gendarmes, clergymen, and courtiers. Seek for wit in the refinement of language in France, and in the vulgar tongue in Italy. Laugh alike at the beaters and at those who are beaten—at priests kneeling before the altar, at the king and his courtiers, at the man of

and described the manners of the times with the good taste and grace of the old writers. He detected the nicest shades in social life, the most delicate defects, the most innocent peculiarities. He lived upon the crumbs from the table of the Misantrope and the Tartuffe; and was excellent, exquisite, well-bred, and full of good taste—a thing by the bye, which had not happened to him since he left Greece.

Whilst the spirit of the seventeenth century still hovered over France, which, for want of poetry, followed in eager pursuit the phantoms of philosophy and civil and religious liberty, the demon of observation was called Voltaire, an insatiable scorner, an intrepid misanthrope—one who laughs at suffering, and brands human nature upon the forehead with a burning iron. This was a trying time for our Devil, little accustomed to be mischievous and sober at the same time. In his nature he was censorious; willingly gave way to licentiousness both in style and morals, and was facetious and jovial.

dined to be Rabelais than Voltaire. When the latter, he wrote Candide, from which, however, he himself drew back in affright, as he would from the saliva of hydrophobia. To remain himself, he wrote The Marriage of Figaro. In the character of Figaro, Beaumarchais reached the highest degree of his wit and audacity—the extreme point of his capacity. There he was young, giddy, brilliant, effervescent, laughing; the spoiled child of fortune, with a prospect of finally becoming a good and respectable father of a family. But alas! Beaumarchais had not time to reach this consummation; for he spent his riper years confined in the bottle of a magician. He grew old in this bottle, from which he was delivered by the caprice of a minister. It was then we saw him humiliated, hardly forgot, moving upon crutches, and begging slowly

roofs from the houses, displaying men in bed and women at their toilet. But he showed great decency on this occasion compared with what we have seen him do at a later period, when he assumed the basket of a ragman, and collected amid the sinks and stews of Paris, the materials for his descriptions. Some years since, he stood upon brilliantly lighted roofs; but we have seen him, in our days, in the open squares with a link in his hand, and the small iron crook substituted for the elegant crutch. Formerly he wrote books upon the back of Fiction, a pretty prostitute with perfumed hair, who, stooping a little, with an intelligent smile, lent him her white and beautifully moulded shoulders. But now he stoops, and is to be seen upon his hands and knees raking up the rubbish in the streets, and writing his notes upon the curb-stone. Asmodeus, thou true Devil! thou entertaining madcap! thou inexhaustible critic! Even in thy ragman's basket hast thou found sources of delightful entertainment! even upon thy curb-

stone has thou written monster-pieces. This was still a good period to write. Pleasure had been overthrown, the king and his consort [illegible]. This time, vice and villainies were not confined to the great; the vicious and villainous were the people, for they in their turn had become kings!

But now, after having exhausted every kind of disguise—after having, like all old devils, assumed the hermit's garb, what will Aristophanes find to say? What sort of picture will he be able to draw of our manners? Now-a-day the old world of comedy has disappeared, like those islands in the Ocean, which the volcano devours and sends to join unknown continents. We have none of the old models left. We have no longer miserly fathers, credulous husbands, libertine children who ruin themselves by gambling,—we have no handsome Leanders who boast of not paying their debts, no valets the comrades of their masters and their companions in debauchery. In these degenerate times, adultery is concealed like

something disgraceful, debts are not boasted of, gambling is practised only in secret, God is believed in from self-respect, and people no longer ruin themselves from respect for others. Now, great ladies are good and affable, mothers of families are well informed without being learned, and young girls are innocent without asking silly questions. Now, the son of a miser would show respect to his father in the street, nor would the ward of Bartholo speak familiarly of her guardian to a barber. In the present times, M. Diafoirus would not have a single customer, M. Purgon would be pointed at, and if we met the Malade Imaginaire in our road, we should take pity on him, offer him our arm, and with an air of interest inquire how he did. At the present period, we should discount the bills of the Misantrope, send to the gallies all the valets of Regnard, consign to the *cabanons* of Bicêtre for ten years the judge in Les Plaideurs, confine Madame George Dandin in the Magdalen for the rest of her days, and her brother in a

we not dared to laugh at and applaud these cruel buffooneries? They are, however, now out of date, and we shall laugh at them no more. The period of such ribald jests is past. When we marry now, we love our wives, and our children respect us. We are at present forced to respect even usurers; for if we do not pay our debts, we are thrown into prison. As for a public mockery of that remnant of virtue which still belongs to us, it is out of fashion. Nobody now tolerates it, not even from a marquis.

Awake then Asmodeus! Rouse him from his inaction, make him speak and act, even should you anticipate nothing he will say or do. But once more, where art thou, Asmodeus? What enchanter again holds thee captive? In what frail prison of glass art thou again confined? Smash to pieces all smelling bottles, uncork at the lady's toilet the most costly perfumes, and call upon Asmodeus with a loud voice. But he will not answer. Asmodeus is nowhere. In fact, Asmodeus is everywhere; he is no longer

we lose Asmodeus, we shall in his stead gain great names, which, under the sanction of his cloak and crutch, will record upon the page of contemporary history all that they have observed in our modern civilization, so scouted, so variegated, so undecided, and whose most innocent caprice has been a revolution.

sights cannot fade from the memory; their shadow projects over a whole life;—they mould the man or crush him—develope his intelligence, or destroy it for ever. The tenderest, as well as the most bitter of my thoughts, are associated with these dark dungeons.

Eighteen hundred and fifteen, and the Conciergerie, have left upon my mind two distinct impressions, not effaced even in 1831, when oppressed by sorrows it is unnecessary here to recall or describe;—when suffering under the cruel experience of an unprotected life—under regrets and disappointments which each deems his particular lot, but which are the common lot of all—under the additional weight of fifteen other solitary, agitated, and painful years.

I fondly wished once more to behold the dungeon in which I had spent two months. It was a craving of the mind—a returning to past times, to heart-rending losses, to those who lived in 1815, and whom I alone have survived. God knows how many tombs spring up around a

kindle, in my bosom, emotions whose source the world freezes but cannot dry up. But I was mistaken. Time, which changes men, overthrows stones. The prison of 1815 had disappeared, and in the Conciergerie of 1831 I no longer found my dungeon—I was grieved and disappointed.

Where wert thou, gloomy and terrible Conciergerie—stern witness of revolutionary horrors—where wert thou, with thy winding staircases and thy long dark corridors dripping with sepulchral damps? Thou wert transformed into a prison which resembled a well-ordained hospital. Thy funereal poetry had disappeared—in all now belonging to thee the hand of civilization was apparent. The change in the social state which places upon an equality the noble

room, had imprinted its mark upon the house of punishment as upon the asylum for the destitute. The health of human beings is now attended to, their rest and sleep protected, and their lives, even when criminal, carefully preserved. All this bears witness that the moral improvement of mankind is always in progress, and that human society often advances a step towards perfection by that which seems an act of self-destruction. I could not help admitting the improvement at the Conciergerie; yet what would I not have given to have passed only a few hours in the vault which in 1815 received me a feeble child, accused without evidence, a suspected state criminal, a poor defenceless victim of those political precautions which have smote equally the illustrious and the obscure without being able to prop up ruined republics or tottering thrones!

I regret being obliged to speak of myself; for he who once gets into the road of egotism, is seized and subjugated by his personality, which

fifteen years; and to call the attention of my readers to two points of curious comparison between two periods so little remote, yet so different from each other. This, and not a silly personality, is the true object of my narrative.

In the months of April and May 1815, several conspiracies were got up at Paris; badly planned, badly conducted, and prepared by madmen, with the assistance of the very individuals who were to punish them—for this was the highest refinement of policy. I little thought my name would figure in these lists. My father, who had retired upon half-pay with the loss of a limb, resided, with his family, in solitude, at the further extremity of Paris. There the report of war, triumph, defeat, of monarchies reformed, overturned, or restored, reached us only as the tumultuous noise of a great city on fire extends afar, and awakens the hermit upon his rock. I felt, I confess, much more interested in Madame de Staël's work on Germany, a book

published, than in all the conspiracies in

ge.

ducation was terminated; and my father,

nothing in the civilized world, parti-

France, but broken fortunes, uncertain

ns, threatening prospects, clouds, thun-

rms, and palaces trembling like the hut

Alpine peasant when the tempest rages—

no credit to his foreboding, but it was

ruphetic voice of old experience—

t with Rousseau, that a man's manners

be in himself; that intellectual education

lueless; and that, at such a crisis of uni-

confusion, every one, even the most

y, should be prepared to earn his living

e sweat of his brow. This was a cruel

of society, but I considered it as a happy

d one. How great was my error! Look at

world now, and say whether my father was

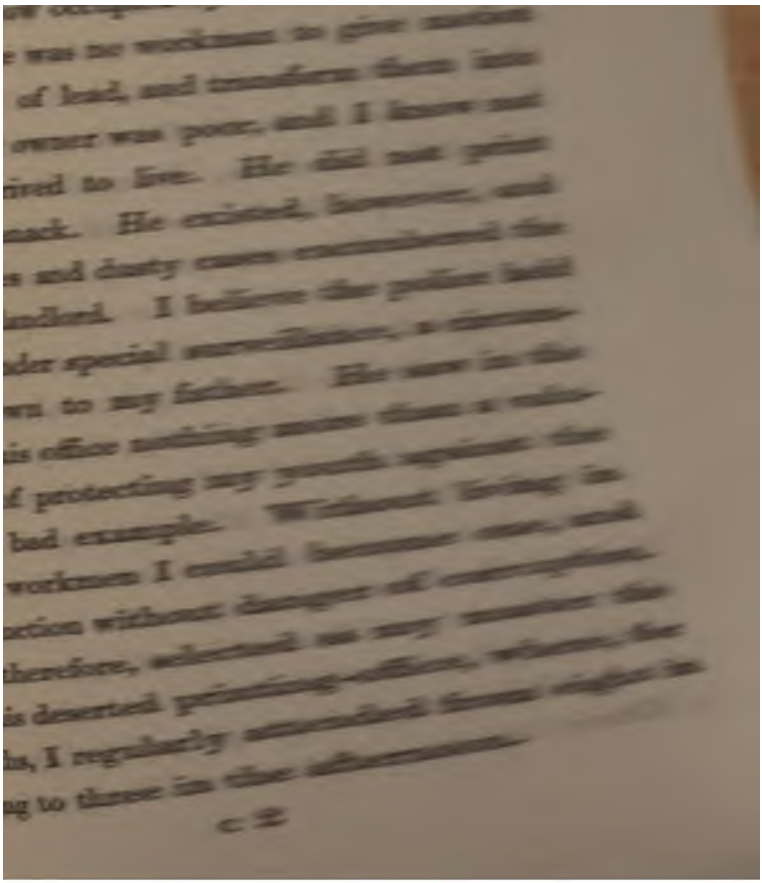
ng. This universal panic, this earth trem-

ng beneath our tread,—our terrors, our spite-

n—all justify the view he took. He pre-

posed, therefore, to finish my education, which had hitherto been wholly classical, and had commenced from the tenderest age, by binding me apprentice to a manual trade. Let it be imagined what a wound was inflicted upon the vanity of a boy who had just left school, who had been crowned for his Greek exercises and rhetorical declamations, who read Rousseau, fancied himself a *thinker*, and had imbibed through every pore the excitement of our philosophical romances, and of our romantic philosophy. A mechanic! The most passive filial obedience alone made me defer to paternal good sense. In the situation of our family, this proceeding might have been deemed ridiculous, but it was only an excess of reason. I thought myself a hero when, without a murmur, but not without pain, I accepted the best security a man can receive against the reverses of life and fortune, and changed the scholar, who could write a useless theme, into the useful compositor of a printing-office.

There then existed at Paris, a singular kind



There I meditated alone, and oftentimes ennui followed me thither. My master's lessons were but few; and when the handling of the letters and placing them in the composing-stick had tired my fingers, I sat down and took a book. They who have never felt the disgust of mechanical labour, cannot appreciate all the delights of reading. You have been using the gross materials, lead, earth, and wood—blind agents, which oppose only passive resistance, and form nothing but a mere machine which intelligence may mould, but can never animate. Here, on the contrary, you find thought; that thought so brilliant, active, and penetrating—which cannot be seized, tamed, or broken—which is fertile in a fruitfulness that never dies. I am not surprised that great men are produced by the mechanical arts. To such as have not seen life beyond the drawing-room, knowledge is but a plaything, an ornament, or a recreation; but to those who have guided the plough or handled the file, it becomes a passion, a power,

house of writing without thought—that the greater number of powerful minds have burst forth;—Molière from the upholsterer's shop—Burns from the farm-house—Shakspeare from the shop of his father, first a butcher, then a glover—Rousseau from his father's manufactory of watch-wheels. Each of these hungry and enthusiastic, after long struggling with physical nature, took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind might be tempted to great strength in these mechanical apprenticeships; and if ever the reform which is spreading over the whole world should extend to the art of forming the mind of man, I have no doubt that public good sense will prove victorious, and that one of the most important branches of education, even for the rich and powerful, will be the choice of an

None of these ideas then suggested themselves;—I had just left school; I had a tragedy to compose, tender dreams to indulge in, and Gesner to read. I always performed my task very carefully; but with what pleasure did I return to the insipid pastorals of Solomon Gesner, whose pale and sickly morality then seemed to me the very acme of refined taste and elegance! O shepherdesses of the Idyls—Chloë, Daphne, Leucothoë! how beautiful you appeared to me in this dark and solitary room, peopled with spiders, with its small windows and little panes of glass—where I heard the discordant organ, with its bellowing basses and screeching upper notes—the distant rattling of carriages—the shrieks of an epileptic patient in the next room, whose hideous agony was renewed each day—and the sounds proceeding from a gaming room situated on the ground floor of the premises! This gaming establishment occupied my attention a great deal. I saw old women, with green reticules, enter it at three o'clock in the after-

ed I still see, in vivid recollection, that corner with the green carpet, into the interstices of which my prying eye endeavoured to penetrate through the red curtains which concealed this convent of heathen.

One Saturday evening, after beginning to translate the romance of 'Daphnis' into five hexameters, with indifferent rhymes, I left, upon one of the seats, this book to which I owed so much happiness, but which all the charms of recollection could not now induce me even to run my eye over. The next day I was to accompany my father to the country, about five leagues from Paris. The first trail of spring, the first smile of heaven, and the first breath of perfumed air, were to be my enjoyments. But I would not go without my Virgil, and as

of Gesner. My master's wife was unwell; his son a prey to that most dreadful of natural infirmities, the epilepsy; and my master himself afflicted with that most painful of social infirmities, poverty. This family was in the most deplorable state, and it required the thoughtlessness and illusion so common at fifteen, to carry the Idyls among them, and mingle with the most painful distress and disease, the fictions of a mythology of the boudoir. I had something to carry to the sick woman from my mother; it was fresh eggs, well concealed in a basket, and which, joined to the Eclogues, were to lead me to a dungeon. All these puerile details are necessary to explain by what concatenation of circumstances I found myself, in spite of my youth and insignificance, consigned to the vaults of the Conciergerie.

At the bottom of the dark staircase, which, by describing a close spiral line, led to my master's apartments, stood two men, who seemed to examine my person very attentively. I took no

clothes, black cravats without shirt collars, and armed with bludgeons.

These gentlemen were as polite as need be. To the amenity of the cat or the tiger, characterizing all professions which exist by human suffering, they probably added some commiseration for my youth and the extreme simplicity of my questions. Whilst we were crossing the Pont Neuf, they endeavoured to console me and give me confidence. The instinct of woman easily detects trouble, and the females we passed looked at me with pity. In answer to my inquiries, my guides informed me that my arrest was a mere matter of form, and that I should soon be restored to my family; that the accident which had conducted me to the house of a printer accused of a political offence, was not a sufficient ground for suspicion, still less for detention; in short, they made me believe that I should return to my poor mother the same evening, and I fearlessly entered the building called the Police.

Everything has been done to degrade that noble magistracy which constitutes the Edileship of Paris. Instead of assigning to it a palace worthy of its importance, its residence is built in a sink. I have no doubt that civilization will in the end rectify such a mistake, and restore to so useful an office its almost effaced honour and pristine destination. After a hasty glance at the offices, I ascended several stairs. At length my guides left me, and I was pushed by the shoulders into a large oblong room, the stench of which almost suffocated me.

I had been accustomed to a life of elegant simplicity. On looking round this den, I saw men half naked—women with red faces and lustful eyes, scarcely covered by the rags they wore—individuals such as you meet with in Paris who smell of the estaminet and the brothel—peasants in frocks, lying upon the floor with folded arms—and smokers playing at piquet upon the tiled parquet, with greasy cards. A thick and pestilential atmosphere,

the revolting stench of which was increased by a closet forming part of the room itself, pervaded this receptacle of crime and misfortune. A camp-bed, upon which swarmed, side by side, poverty, vice, misfortune, and crime, completes the picture of this *salle*, dedicated to St. Martin. It was into this sink of iniquity that I was remorselessly precipitated, without pity for my youth, without any specific charge being alleged against me, or any one appearing to accuse me. I burst into tears, and seated myself in the recess of a window. Ignorant of the slang of the place, I did not comprehend what was said around me; but the fearful laugh of crime, the gestures of debauchery, and that effeminate ferocity which, in great cities especially, characterizes vice, met my eyes wet with tears. Those wan, though gay countenances, with sparkling eyes and furrowed brows, came and looked in my face, and scoffed at my weak and delicate frame, my pensive grief, and the stupor into which I was plunged. A trembling

his shade of poetry with the sweepings of society. A thin pale face, an eye lit up with excitement, long black curling hair, no cravat, and a rapid, fantastic, and incoherent utterance —such were his characteristics. He preached to those who surrounded him, and who uttered blasphemies as they listened, upon I know not what Christian heresy, which he termed the "regeneration of society." The particulars of his story are effaced from my memory. He was a blot upon the assembly—enthusiastic madness was mingled on his brow with that imbecility of look and flaccidity of flesh consequent on irregular habits. He had been found in the highways preaching to the people. I know not what became of him.

I passed the night upon a chair in my window recess. The following morning, the gaoler distributed to each of us a slice of black bread, and an empty porringer to take water from a common bucket. I asked leave to write to the tenderest of mothers, who knew not what was

become of us. This was refused! With what hatred may not the gentlest heart and the most reflecting mind arm itself against so horrible a system. In the bloom of manhood, without one act of imprudence on my part, was I thus associated with the very dregs of vice and crime: my studious and innocent youth plunged into this sink of corruption—all communication with the world suddenly cut off—no trial—no sentence—no legal inquiry—the single authority of an adjutant of police had opened for and closed upon me this foul tomb. My family sought for me in vain—my mother mourned for my loss. I was at the absolute mercy of the Police, and had no appeal against the monstrous power of this fell body, whose secret machinery, and silent levers, strike, remove, or crush without noise, without public attention being excited, and without heed of the voice of justice or pity.

Three days were spent thus, and the thought of my mother, the dreadful uneasiness under

which I laboured, and the impossibility of external communication, threw me into a fever. The gaoler obtained leave for me to write a letter to my mother, and another to the Prefect of Police. They were, according to the custom of the place, dispatched without being sealed, and the same evening I received a line from my mother, and a ring I shall never part with. Next day, at eleven o'clock, my name was called at the wicket. I was about to be interrogated.

Having spent three nights, without sleep, a prey to astonishment and grief, my whole nervous system was in a state of violent excitement. There was a deficiency of water in our prison, and my clothes were dirty, my linen soiled, and a burning fever devoured me. The man who distributed the bread and water to the prisoners, of whom, a few minutes before, I was one, delivered me over to two gendarmes. Passing from corridor to corridor, and from turning to turning, we at length came to an office in one of the lower rooms. I heard a scream—it came from

my excellent mother, who had risen from her bed of sickness, and obtained leave to embrace me. There she was; she strained me in silence to her bosom; she looked at me—and the expression of her face told me how much I was altered. Her paleness and her tears threw me into indescribable agony. My mother had long been given over by her medical attendant—she had been buffeted by the tempest of the times, and seen her first husband die upon the scaffold; and Corvisart* had told her, that any violent emotion would certainly kill her, for she was kept alive only by artificial means.

The indulgence of the police went no further than I have related;—my mother was ordered to withdraw, and I was carried out.

Before an office-table covered with boxes of papers carefully classed and numbered, sat a man, whose name I have never asked. His face was short and square, black and wrinkled, fat and bony; he had a low forehead, eyes wrinkled

* A celebrated French physician.

on each side, the broad shoulders of a hangman, and the look of an inquisitor. May he find a judge less cruel, when he shall appear before the Almighty!

"Sir," said he abruptly, "you form part of a generation that ought to be strangled; a race of vipers which must be crushed to give peace to France." Surprised at this address, and calling to my aid all my coolness and reason, I replied, "Sir, I thought you were to interrogate me upon facts, but I only hear abuse."

The little man, whom my soiled apparel, my youth and apparent weakness had encouraged to insult me, sprung from his arm-chair of black leather, and drawing himself up to the full extent of his short stature, "Ah!" he cried, placing his two clenched fists upon the table, "you want to teach me my duty. You are instructing me, Sir!" I have not forgotten one of his words.

"I am content to remind you, Sir," I coldly said, "that you have before you no culprit—for I am not even accused of any crime—but

innocent young man, who knows not why or by what authority he has been brought here, nor upon what pretence he is detained."

"That is it," continued the judge, who had again seated himself, "you are playing the orator, and it is easily seen that you belong to the liberals. Greffier, write down everything that this youth has said."

Then getting warm and violent, because I was calm and collected, and finding himself unable to obtain from me any information relative to the conspiracy he was endeavouring to trace out, and of which I was totally ignorant, this man-hunter, who tried in vain to run me down, and whom my evident innocence threw into the most ungovernable rage, opened my confiscated portfolio, commented on the verses of my poor 'William Tell,' of which there was only a rough sketch, made matter of accusation against me out of the first verse of a liberal song written in the portfolio with a pencil, questioned me upon my secret intentions, my ideas, and my

theories, taking good care to make the most of my answers, and to criminate me by words, since facts were wanting. At length the fool asked me if I liked the reigning dynasty! After a short pause, I replied—"I know not, Sir, whether I like any government. I have but just left school, and can answer no questions about theories of government, or matters of personal affection. This kind of interrogatory exceeds, in my opinion, the functions of which you acquit yourself so well. With regard to the verses in my portfolio, they are fragments of the tragedy which I am to read to the committee at the Odeon.* They have no relation whatever to the police, and you will do but an act of justice in restoring me to my family, from which I have been torn on so frivolous a pretence."

"You impertinent prater, do you know that I can this instant, if I please, throw you into a dungeon?"

* The Odeon is a theatre royal in the Faubourg St. Germain. It is now under the management of the celebrated Madlle. Georges.

I have added nothing to the questions and replies of this interrogatory, so disgraceful to the judge who conducted it. There was meanness in such anger: and I have often asked myself why this man gave way to it, towards a person so wholly inoffensive as I was. He wanted, it appears, to discover the author of a pretended proclamation of Marie-Louise; and after three days of useless inquiries, he was vexed at his want of success. When I appeared before him, he had mistaken me for a youth belonging to the lower classes of the people. The police adjutant had described me as a workman; my clothes corresponded with this designation; and he imposed no restraint upon himself, but kept me standing, and tried to crush me with the weight of his contemptible authority.

The firmness of my answers and my straightforward logic displeased him, and he became angry. When this paroxysm was at its height, he ordered me to sign a paper, containing, not all that I had said, but the material part of it;

he then made a sign to the gendarme, and the latter took me away.

I was now put into another room, with an officer about forty years of age, who wore the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was a colonel, accused of conspiracy. He cast upon me a look of sadness, and held out his hand.

"Ah!" said he, "you accused of conspiracy! Why, how old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Excellent!"

The colonel threw himself upon the bed, and remained silent a considerable time.

In the evening, two gendarmes came to remove me—we got into a hackney coach, which conveyed us to the Palais de Justice.

Close to the vast staircase leading to the halls of Justice, in the right-hand corner, under ground, and concealed by a double iron-railing, you may perceive, groaning under the weight of the Palais de Justice, of which it forms the basement, the subterraneous prison, called the

and confine me in a dungeon, raised me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr.

The consciousness of my pure and gentle feelings, when seized by the adjutant of police, the conviction of my innocence, the disgust with which such barbarous treatment had inspired me, and the foolish pleasure, perhaps, of tasting at so tender an age of all that is most poignant and bitter in life, excited me in a strange degree;—I felt that I was upon a level with the most intense sufferings, and that the world could inflict no cruelty which I had not resolution to bear. I threw down my gauntlet to the world: it was taken up!

My name was entered in the *écrou* or register. The idea of this was dreadfully degrading. I could almost fancy the entry of my name and a description of my person in such a book, to be the rivetting of chains with which I was loaded, or an iron bullet fastened to my leg. This ceremony stamps you a prisoner; it makes you a component part of your prison; and you become

the toy, the plaything, the *furniture* of the gaoler. You are degraded from your rank of man to that of the insensible brute,—classed, penfolded, ticketed, and numbered.

Although the lamp in the porch threw but a doubtful and weak light upon the objects around, I perceived a ragged thief seated upon the same bench with me, and waiting to be registered.

A tall fellow with a brown jacket then seized me by the hand, and led me up staircases and through galleries. The wind sent moisture through these sombre avenues; and my eyes, unused to this new world, could distinguish nothing but isolated red stars, twinkling from distance to distance. They were the lamps upon the walls.

"We have our orders," said my conductor; "and I am very sorry, young man, that you are *au secret*."

"Pray what is that?"

"It is a cell which you cannot leave, and where you will see nobody."

We now descended several steps, traversed a long corridor, passed through iron-grated doors, which slammed after us with fearful vibration. The third opened into my prison. It was massive with iron, and secured with that profusion of bolts, so usual in places of this description.

"There!" said the gaoler, after raising two iron bars, and turning the enormous key three times in the lock.

My cell was about eight feet by five, twelve feet high, and nearly deprived of light. On one side was a wall dripping with brackish water; on the other, a wooden partition. The floor was beaten like that of a cellar, and at the further end, opposite to the door, but ten feet above its level, was an opening three feet high and a foot wide, which enabled me to perceive a shred of the blue and shining sky. A heavy iron trellis-work obstructed this mockery of a window, and the outside was boarded up, with the exception of a small opening at the top. In a corner to the left, facing the door, was spread a

knee-breeches and black silk stockings, and had his small talk for the ladies. The threat of the latter was now fulfilled. This was the dungeon with which his wounded self-love had threatened me.

The past seemed to me like a phantasm or a hideous dream:—apprehended—conducted to the police—interrogated by a *sbire*—transferred to the Conciergerie—and subjected to the same treatment as Desrues and Mandrin*—I saw nothing in it but a species of melancholy witchcraft. Now I can well understand it, and understand only to reprobate it; not from vengeance or resentment, but as a man and a citizen, penetrated with indignation at those insults to humanity which our political police dares to offer even in the very sanctuary of freedom—in the very heart of a community determined to be governed by laws, and by laws only. A prison loaf was brought to me, but it was so heavy, bitter, and of so repulsive a taste and smell,

* Noted robbers.

touched the heart of Jacques. He brought me the pistole, consisting of a tottering table, a rush chair, almost in pieces, damp sheets, and a grey truckle bed, which I have still before my eyes. On the back of it, these words were written in pencil: *M. Labedoyère slept here, the*..... The rest was effaced.

A few days after, I received some books, I was allowed to write to my father, but not to seal my letters, and my cell became more pleasant. I asked to have more books, and among others, Mabillon, Sauval, Saint-Foix, and the other writers, who, prior to M. Dulaure, had collected the scattered historical fragments relating to the cities in France. I waded through the works of these writers, not one of whom has treated his subject with the feelings of a poet. It is lamentable to see with what sad matter-of-fact exactness and casuistical subtilty they descant upon monuments of antiquity, without comprehending the real life of the nations who left such monuments. I had the pleasure, however, of

had no ramparts, but had a prison. It was a dark cavern—perhaps the very cell into which I was myself thrown. Devoted to anguish and suffering, even in those early times, it has since been named the Conciergerie. Alas! it conveys a painful lesson to man. The cradle of a human community, the nucleus which contains the future elements of a large population, the first germ and pivot of a great city—is a *prison!*

Under the donjon of the old Roman citadel, there was a dark cavern, into which were thrown by the Roman centurions, without trial or sentence, all the criminals of the municipal city. This prison was afterwards enlarged and became a subterraneous hall under the tower inhabited by the chief of the Franks. In proportion as the palace acquired splendour, was the prison dug larger. Under Robert II., an edifice of *signal* beauty, as Heligand calls it—that is to say, a large square tower flanked with bastions, arose above the city prison. At the same time a fortress, a royal residence, and a prison, it

old Paris in its very centre? Could the palace of a King of France be better situated? Let the reader imagine, instead of the irregular houses and narrow tortuous streets which now crowd the City, a beautiful garden leading to a magnificent palace; the Seine all around it, bathing the roots of magnificent trees, and running at the foot of splendid staircases of white marble. It is there, in the Lutetia of Julius Cæsar, that the kings of France ought to have their throne. But chance, which makes crowns its playthings, and that royal caprice which has destroyed so many dynasties, have determined otherwise. The masters of this fine country have preferred to a residence in their capital, one at St. Cloud, at Versailles, at Marly, and at the Louvre, long without the walls of Paris. They left in the city only those mainsprings of human society, the church, the law, and the gaol.

These ideas were developed, or rather arose tumultuously in my youthful imagination during the tedious days and nights which I spent alone

admitted through the fortified window of my cell. From the learned dissertations of Sauval I became aware that the place of my confinement had once been a pleasure garden for royalty; that the lives of the prisoners and gaolers of the Conciergerie had twice been in jeopardy from fire; that the infiltration of water from the Seine threatened ultimately to undermine the foundations of those masses of building united and grouped in so strange a manner; and that the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day had been given by ringing the bell of the great tower. All these facts connected with so small a spot of ground, and calling to mind so many different periods of history, made a strong impression upon my mind. I saw the whole history of France concentrated and summed up in that of a prison. If the solemn bell but tolled the hour, its vibrations penetrating into my dungeon said to me, "I was contemporary with Charles IX., and called fanatics to deeds of blood; I sounded

ble, I gave the
which even monarchs were
Louis XI. and Richelieu demand their victims
to death, I gave notice to the executioner and
the populace, and I also sounded the funeral
knell."

Philip de Comines, the last and most sup-
cious of the chroniclers—Montgomery, a great
name in chivalry—Ravaillac, Damiens, Marie
Antoinette, Labedoyère, Ney, victims of such
different characters;—these and many others
have left their imprint of blood upon these
walls. They passed before me as phantoms
which my imagination had conjured up, while
the felons let loose in the prison-yard were
shouting, screaming, howling, and mingling their
maledictions with the curses and oblivial jests
of the turnkeys. This noise, which distracted

the wanderings of my fancy, represented the most hideous vice side by side with historical calamity. Perhaps a parricide has slept in the room occupied by Ney; and the prisoner Desrues was in the same prison as Comines and Marie-Antoinette.

Such were the ideas in which I indulged. But there were times when my thoughts became more personal: for had I not, also, my own serious and secret history, and my youthful emotions—so dark, so unexpected, and so terrible—so much more powerful and penetrating than the history of things past? The first time those iron gates closed upon me, vibrating, as they were slammed to with appalling noise, and prolonging their tremulous echoes through the dreary labyrinth of vaults, I was seized with a cold shudder; a dreadful separation from the world stared me in the face, and I seemed as one buried alive who had awakened only to see the tomb close over him. The next day, a bowl of milk was brought to me. I could not re-

concurrence.

I thought of our family and
times I heard a heavy carriage a
grating of hinges, the jingling of
wing of bells, and a great noise in
—then all was again silent. This bustle
ised by the arrival of fresh prisoners
l vs situated above a court-yard, into
looked the windows, or rather loopholes,
suricière, a provisional prison, I believe,
which all sorts of criminals are crowded
il, until they can be placed in the dif-
ils.* The construction of the carriages
ther is singular. The exterior is a cage
re placed the prisoners and the box for the officers
to be examined by the Judges of Instruction,
Messrs or commissaries they there call. At the
M. Chaix speaks of, and long after, the cars
was a small close room, lighted by two loopholes,
which were sometimes crowded forty or fifty into
. In 1828, the cages were abolished, and the cars
much larger and more airy, but there are still many
ils belonging to it, to which we usually go for four
pplied. There is a separate carriage for the female

near enough to my cage for me to hear some part of their conversation. There were love ditties sung by hoarse voices—frightful blasphemies pronounced by soft and pleasing ones—obscene stories related by young girls—narratives of robbery and murder given in slang—new songs, barcarolles and vaudevilles sung in chorus by those depraved women, mingled with parodies, imprecations, and laughter. What was saddest in such scenes was the ardent gaiety which pervaded them. All sorrow and remorse, every thought of morality and futurity, were wanting to those hearts which had been dragged through the filth of society until they had become mud. Let me be pardoned these details, which will be thought frivolous by the frivolous only. This excess of human depravity made a strong impression upon me. I had been initiated into no kind of vice, and, in history, I had seen crime softened down by distant perspective. An infancy wholly absorbed by romantic thought and activity of mind, was not pre-

pared for such revelations. When I heard one of these women sing Catrufio's popular melody of "Portrait charmant," my heart contracted; the contrast was too strong, the discordance too painful. I have never since been able to listen to that song.

One day there was a greater bustle than usual; the prison bells rung longer, regular steps were heard, and a sound of bayonets surprised me. The door of the adjoining room was opened and shut several times. I heard some one in this room crying and moaning bitterly. Jacques, when he visited me, had his uniform on. The sobbings in the adjoining room increased; still the women in the souricière continued to sing. The gaoler informed me that the person in the next cell was condemned to death; that the day of execution had arrived, and the hour was near at hand; that the sobs I heard were the scarcely intelligible confession of the unhappy criminal; that the priest was there; that the culprit, drunk with despair and wine, was receiving ab-

knees, and that there we
lapse between life and deat
s soon began to ring, t
nook the whole edifice, mu
ices accompanied the pr
ence of the prison succeed

h as I endured broke, as ma
e health of a lad of sixteen
cenes made an indelible im
nind. The privation of ai
not beholding those I loved,
sphere in which I lived, got
nstitution, and I was taken
elapsed since my confine-
prison physician obtained
o walk in the *préau*, and I
acques into an oblong court-
soil ten or twelve feet be-
adjacent street, surrounded
lered with iron spikes and
ough stones. Naked and

their questions, aspect, gestures, and ur
language, than I should have been
scaffold.

I was taken twice to this préau; m
walk was in another, much smaller, and
resembled the bottom of a well surr
by high walls. In the caves, the af
of which opened upon this court, were
individuals accused of political offences; an
others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always in
humour, heedless, gay, enjoying robust h
uttering innocent jokes against his persec
and who, from behind his iron bars, told
thousand pleasant stories.

As soon as I had recovered my health, I
again confined to my dark cell. I had breat
fresh air three times in eight days, and th
proved sufficient. My solitude, however, w
lengthened to two months. * *

* * * * *

It was thus I knew the Conciergerie;—a great lesson for a man's life; and if that man

cannot give an exact account of my ideas and sensations during that day. Jacques packed up my things. I allowed myself to be led away. I found my mother in bed, very ill. I well remember her tears and kisses; and I have a vague recollection of the vital and penetrating freshness of the month of May—of the perfumed garden in which I embraced my father—of the profound emotion he evinced—of his tears, which fell upon me—and of the strange intoxication, which, after two months of darkness and solitude, made my whole being shudder, and seemed about to destroy even existence itself by a too powerful sense of life and happiness. I remember my father's words—

"You can no longer," said he "remain in France. You would always be an object of suspicion. You must go to England."

To England I went; and the two months spent at the Conciergerie decided my fate. The events which led to my freedom would offer no interest to any but myself. Without

eternal progress, has at length overtaken and destroyed those remains of barbarity—the Conciergerie of feudality no longer exists.

The Conciergerie has now no entrance through the Court of the Palais de Justice—there is now no dark vestibule—no sepulchral lamp. A noble entrance has been made from the Quai de l'Horloge. The low wicket is walled up, and a beautiful iron grating surrounds the prison. To enter the latter, you must pass through the kitchens of St. Louis, which are long gothic halls, sombre but majestic, and whose height is singularly diminished by the elevation of the soil.* The whole prison has changed its character. The staircases

* This is a mistake. The kitchens of St. Louis are in the external court at the present entrance of the Conciergerie. The suite of halls to which the writer alludes, and which contain the *grand guichet*, the *greffe*, and the *parloir des hommes*, extending under the *salle des pas perdus* of the Palais de Justice, and terminating close to the *préau des femmes*, in the passage leading to the expiatory chapel of Marie-Antoinette, were those occupied by the body guard of St. Louis.—*Translator.*

an convict, the air circulates, pitiable is our fear, and you would scarcely take them for hospital attendants. I saw five or six women walking in the prison belonging to the female wards. The bread given to the prisoners is not inferior to that of the French soldiers. I know not whether many traces of old prison inhumanity still remain; but there is one which I must notice. The prisoners, instead of sleeping between sheets, sleep in sacks. It is a bad and unseemly practice to push an unhappy man in a coarse linen bag open only at one end. The infirmary is not airy enough; but the cleanliness which reigns throughout the prison is beyond all praise.

From the distance which separates the Conciergerie of 1815 from the Conciergerie of 1835, the progress in the physical well-being of man, and in his outward comforts, may be appreciated. But the moral aspect of the prison remains unchanged. You find in the prison, the same countenances as in 1815. The great

problem of purifying the atmosphere of the immorality arising from the fermentation of great cities—which are immense hot-beds of vice—is far from being solved.

In 1815, Bonapartists and Liberals were made the forced occupants of the Conciergerie vaults. Political opinion, and that of one kind, seemed alone reserved for the sword of justice to strike; and the fanaticism of power stood dripping with the gore of her victims. I, an humble and obscure individual, was one of the latter. At the present time, the confusion of our social and moral state is betrayed at the Conciergerie by sights still more strange. There, during our late troubles, M. Valerius, the vicar of Saint-Medard, and M. Cavaignac, could shake hands and dine together. What a strange symbol of the present state of society, and of the heterogeneous elements which compose it! If you want the true history of any community, period, or social state, go to a prison.

THE "PLACE ******"

Hunc forte via sacra.—*Horace.*

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appellation shall we distinguish it? its names, it is yet nameless, — as al is without statue, that triumphal ut inscription and without heroes, without a god! Of all its titles, we select? The "Place Louis That name has been disavowed, and esire to cling to it. It was fit only s that on this spot the monarchy d; cleansed from its errors by mar-

That name we are, in fact, again digging from its grave. Is it that the Revolution was composed wholly of the blood shed upon the ground on which we tread, and that its title of glory consists in having coined gold, by the hands of butchers, on this spot! Or shall we call it the "Place de la Concorde"? Alas! this is no scene for scoffing. Concord! Look upon the spectacle of all that surrounds us. See if it speaks of one sentiment, one aim, one consecration, in which our country of France *can accord.* Why on all sides these ruins,—ruins of yesterday,—ruins of monuments, which present the aspect of decay, ere yet they have been completed? Why these piles of stones, which lie scattered at their feet? What is the story told by all these blackened scaffoldings, which each succeeding government takes pains to raise one stage higher, but to supplant the stage which its predecessor had left? They present the true image of the forty years which have just passed over us. Such is our history, written in our suspended under-

takings, and our changing creations. On this fatal spot, nothing has been permanent but its scaffolds; they — they alone have stood, for fifteen months together!

Here, first, rose an equestrian statue of Louis XV. It was supported upon four Virtues, modelled into caryatides, and stooping beneath their burden, like the slaves of old, or the antique prisoners of war. Well might they bend beneath that load of vices and enormities! For many a day the finished monument seemed to shrink from the light. A modest screen covered it from all eyes; till Louis XVI. at length ordered its inauguration. Alas! here was the victim doing honour to him whose debt he was yet to pay. But the reign of that impious image lasted not long. The prince, who, in corrupting to its very marrow the monarchy of France, had only one desire—that it might live long enough for himself—could not have hoped that his honours should live longer than that monarchy. To Louis XV., by a mysterious retribution, suc-

ceeded Liberty!—the liberty of those days!—Liberty with her Phrygian cap and brazen axe! the liberty which led death through all ranks, as Louis XV. had led shame! Liberty, the demagogue, the dreadful minister of heaven's hoarded vengeance, whose fatal image presided over a scaffold, reared against her pedestal,—like a divinity smiling upon an altar of sacrifice! At length that bloody shrine fell. Next came the man, born from the womb of the revolution, to hate, war with, and enchain his mother;—to overthrow Liberty, yet leave it doubtful whether he most hated the crimes which she had consecrated, or her own name and rights. In the room of the fallen idol, he announced I know not what kind of column,—a foolish model of which was presented for the admiration of the Parisians, but which was never erected. At a later period, the Restoration decreed a monument, which shared the same fate. She got no farther with it than the design, the orders for its construction, its foundation, and that enclosure of planks

which forms the unfailing ornament of all our public places—that shroud, in which we seem by anticipation to clothe all our creations. Afar off may be seen the deserted pedestal, exhibiting on its marble sides the name of the Charter, written in charcoal, and bearing upon its socle the tri-coloured flag. In vain did Charles X., the day after the return of the Spanish expedition, at the head of his ministers of state, amid the pageantries of religion and the pomps of victory, plant the first stone of an expiatory monument to the manes of the martyr-king! The pageant and the vow, the monarch and his monarchy, all have disappeared; and in the place of all, floats the tri-coloured banner! Wiser, in our days, we yet appear to have taken no step for replacing Louis XV., or Louis XVI., or Liberty. These prepared stones—these boards—these half-chiselled blocks,—this ruin, in fine—all this has some chance of duration!

The instability of this spot has extended itself to all the structures whose presence decorates it.

Nowhere can the eye repose itself upon anything which is completed. Before us spreads the ancient dwelling of our kings—stable only because it belongs not to our age. The Tuileries forms, as it were, the point of demarcation betwixt ancient and modern Paris—betwixt the old manners and the new; the boundary line of two worlds. The faithful caravanserai of power, each government, in its turn, has there found hospitality,—the Convention and the Empire—the old Monarchy and the new,—yet have not its walls, blackened by ages, taken the impressions of the various revolutions which they have sheltered. A bullet-mark of 1830, deeply indented in one of its columns, has rendered some slight repairs necessary;—it was but right that our palace of centuries should retain some scar from our many combats.

On the right, the Palace of Deputies is in the progress of erection. In the heart of the dwelling of the Condés rises the tribune. On that spot has one monarchy been overthrown and

another erected. The ancient hall has selected this moment for its fall. The quay and all its approaches are covered with the ruins; and L'Hôpital, D'Aguesseau, Montesquieu,—whom, but a few years ago, we beheld shrined upon its steps,—present already fronts green with age; as if, upon sages even of stone, years such as ours pressed with the weight of centuries!

Farther on is the triumphal arch of L'Etoile! Who shall yet say what are the triumphs which it shall be appointed to report to the future!—First, it was to be Wagram; next, the Trocadero! To-day, instead of glory, it is statistics which it is proposed thus to consecrate. A report which I have seen in The Moniteur, speaks of charging the colossal monument with the statues of our eighty Capitals. Truly, it will be rather a dear lesson in geography to give our children. Hitherto, triumphal arches have been the servants of history—that fruitful mother of lofty precepts and of noble acts. But of a verity, the story of this one is not yet told. All

its area so vast and its proportions so harmonious and noble. That royal garden of Lenôtre—those Champs Elysées, worthy to be so called—that river with its superb windings—those graceful bridges—these neighbouring palaces and those distant domes,—where else are there gathered together more of splendour and of beauty?—Yet, no! that desolate space, with the silent and half-buried edifices which bound and obstruct it, the scaffoldings which surround it, and that one which at once intersects and commands it,—would sadden the passer-by, even though he knew not that every stone on which he treads could speak to him of the fall of a king—of a queen—of honoured princesses—of brilliant wives—of young girls betrothed to the scaffold—of leaders—of illustrious citizens—of all the élite of a great people. But how should he fail to know it?—There is on this extraordinary soil I know not what stamp of all our sorrows. In summer, a burning sun consumes you there. It is the desert,—a vision of

never to be effaced, and which seizes, in a ma
ner, at once, on the eye and on the mind. He
was heaped up the hugest and most fright
human hecatomb which has stained the histo
of the civilized world;—a terrible example of t
excesses into which a people precipitate the
selves, who make a mistake about this gre
name of liberty, and search for its spirit in r
volutions, republics, and popular rule, instead
seeking it in the progress of time, of order, a
of the laws. Here a victorious democracy,—
incapable, by the very fact of its victory, o
struggling against its own unchained passions,—
incapable of calming or governing itself, and
driving on to the capture of heads for the sake
of patrimonies,—rolled its waves upon waves;
drowning in their abyss, like a worthless waif,
the whole ancient frame of society, and con-
founding with it, in the same reck and common
ruin, the movers, the chiefs, the friends and the
props of that very revolution itself. Here, have
our fathers seen the old magistracy, the par-

here delivered up to the popular Procrustes. Who knows not what crowds of bankers, of jurisconsults, of notaries, and of writers press upon one another in the lists of the proscribed victims slaughtered, here! From this dumb earth, literature and science demand Chénier, Roucher, Linguet, Thouret, Lavoisier,—divided while living, reunited by death!—Here, virtue and talent were smitten in the persons of Malesherbes and Vergniaux, of La Chalotais and Gensonné, of Magon-Labalue and Brissot. Nor was victory more respected than eloquence or virtue. Here, the army beheld its chiefs, of all ranks, perish;—Custine and Houchard, Westermann and Biron, Dillon and Ronsin, Lamorlière and Beauharnois, Lavalette and Luckner,—spared amid the shock of combats, to yield their lives on that field of battle, which offered but one chance—death, presented but one foe—the executioner! Here, Charlotte Corday expiated her heroic crime, Madame Elisabeth her royal and angelic virtues,—and the

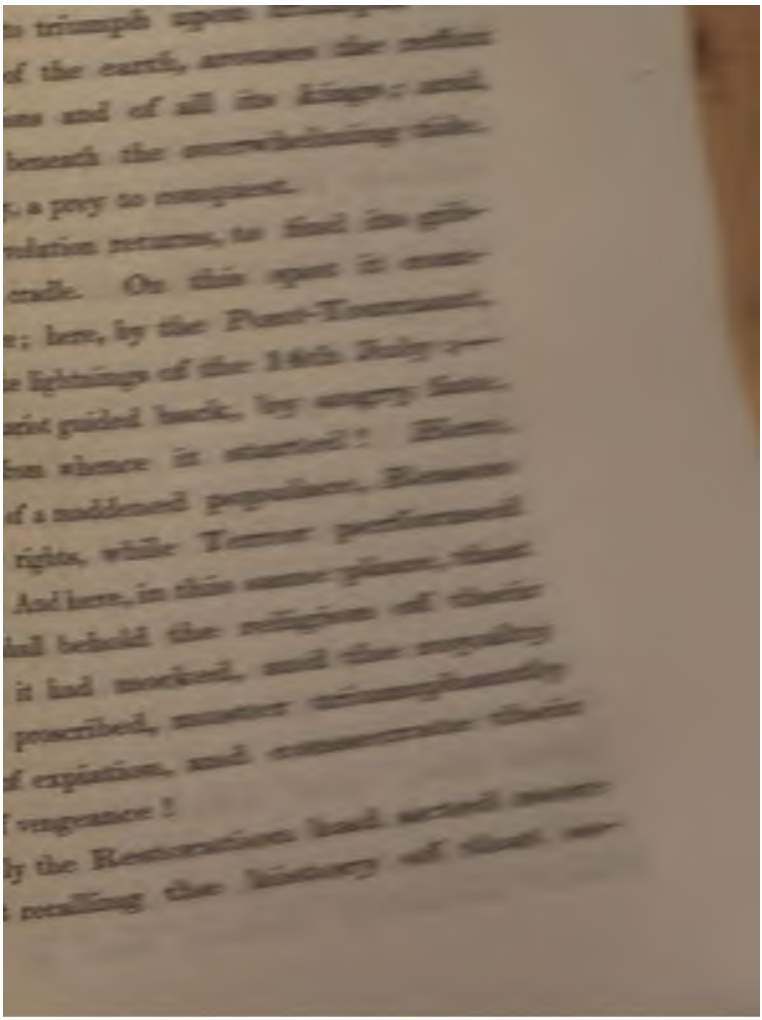
unhappy Dubarry her pleasures and her infamous honours. Here, the whole court—the Duchesses du Châtelet, de Grammont, d'Ayen, the Maréchales de Biron, de Noailles, de *Lévy* —were met together; mingled with the young Camille Desmoulins, the widowed D'Hébert, and the heroic woman of the republic, Madame Roland,—in this pêle-mêle of the scaffold. Here, perished the King!—paying in his person for all those illustrations, those opinions, and those traditions of the past, of which he was the *august* representative;—and his kingdom has since paid, with forty years of misery, for that perjured holocaust.—The ancient solemn covenant, on the faith of which a people has long lived, is not broken without shaking the land to its foundations!

And yet, there was an outrage, here, greater than even this! A king, in fact, is a man. When he is born, he knows that it may be his chance to die by the hands of men. The sword of battle may reach him. Hatred and revolt

have a thousand trodden paths for coming at life. In the game of human chances, he stakes his days upon that card where fate has marked a kingdom. But a woman!—a queen! Marie-Antoinette!—that princess, ushered into the bosom of France amid such homage, encircled by such love,—formed to reign by the magic of grace and beauty, far more than by the majesty of her rank!—And in this land of chivalry and honour, *she* only meets in place of the brilliant and gentle hospitality of the throne with calumnies, insults, perils upon peril,—chains, at length,—a dungeon, and, last of all, death!—a fearful death—the death of criminals—death in the infamous car—death *there*! in front ofthe palace of kings,—in view of the stately dwelling where she has reigned,—where her children have grown up, to reign in their turns,—amid scenes so long filled with the enchantments of power, with the illusions of youth, with the large promises of that France whose adoption was, once, her happiness

of the earth! Shall there not yet start forth
avenging arm? From the heart of the cr
will there not yet arise a cry? Of all t
men who worshipped her so lately, who k
at her feet, who would have built the pride
the joy of their whole lives upon one of
smiles, surely some *one* will yet rush forw
Where—where are they all?—What, in
land of France, will no man die for the que
—for Marie-Antoinette—for the noblest
the loveliest of her sex? Not one?—All
silent!—No; I wrong them! Hark to th
cry!.... It was a cry of joy and triump
She is no more!.... Oh, wretched people! Sh
shall be avenged; and, with her, those thousand
of innocent heads which have here fallen before
thy disastrous fury. But a few days hence re-
turn and gaze upon a new sacrifice—that
of the *Girondists*, brought hither almost in a
body,—the *Gironde*, guilty of having sought,
like you, a republic, which our habits repel;

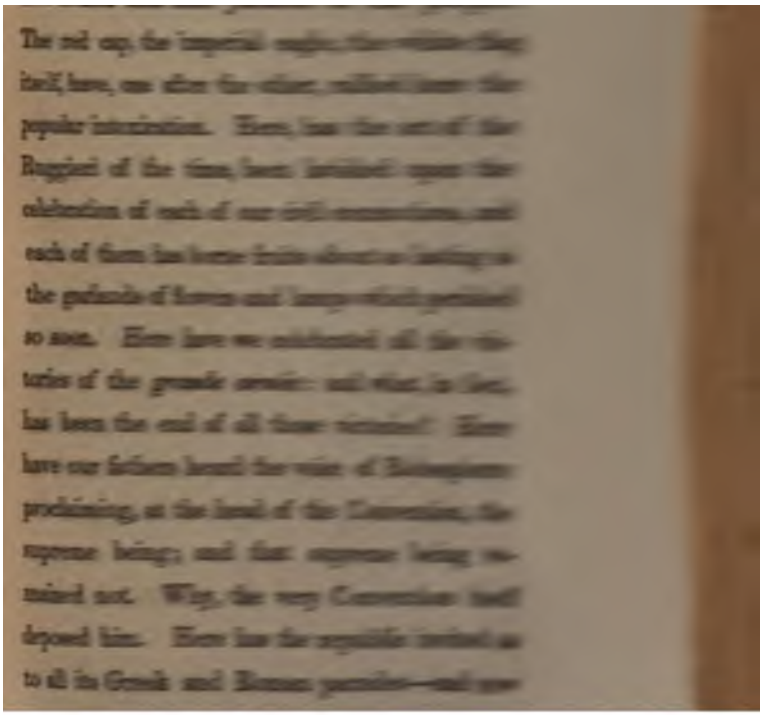
tacle of yet another kind, one day, awai
Here—*still here*—shall be reared an altar,
which shall assemble, at the head of thei
umphant armies, all the princes of bande
rope—to thank God that they have con
and chastised you. Here shall be perf
the mass of the Federation of Kings; and
from your own heart shall voices arise, to
brate the triumph of the stranger. The
narchs whose avenging arm shall have b
your eagles, dismembered your empire, and
waste your trophies, shall hear thems
thanked aloud by French tongues—the ton
of political laureates of those days, and laure
of to-day—for their *European patriotism!* A
slavery God sends us shame: and all this
written in the councils of that justice whic
governs human things. Democracy and it
inevitable crimes have driven us, like a self-
terrified flock, under the rod of despotism.
Despotism, compelled, for its own existence,



lemn scene, and the story of our madness. It had done better not to seek the compensations of marble or brass. It was wrong to run itself against such recollections, to touch our sores, to uncover the crimes which reared themselves between us and it. But I have always observed, with wonder, that the opposition, when it objected to these celebrations, did so in the name of those festivals of the people which it feared might be thereby disturbed. Festivals, indeed! That our orators and publicists should have the courage to wish for festivals *here*—to dread, on the score of the people's amusements, the aspect of a commemoration of mourning and regret, has ever been beyond my comprehension. With or without monumental record, there are recollections which weigh eternally on the memory of nations, which time impairs not, and which oblivion cannot reach. There is something like truth in all those miracles which the multitude report of marks of blood indelibly stained into the stone where

did not give something to that tribute of blo
All the illustrious of the time composed
royal martyr's suite. In the midst of his Co
amidst a people of victims, he advanced—lik
king leading on his subjects to battle—towa
the insatiable scaffold. The entire nation,
the patience with which it looked on, was t
accomplice of his murderers. His prayer
God, that his blood might not fall back upo
the land of France, was prayed in vain
Oh! let us, too, have our Via Sacra! Let u
dread to weaken, by popular games and sports,
the useful majesty of so many solemn remem-
brances! Let us fear to insult these crowded
manes. A free people which could dance above
sepulchres like these would not hesitate to dig
new ones!

I am aware that all the powers which have reigned in France, during our forty years, have sought this vast and moving theatre for the display of their dazzling pomps—the trophies and the rejoicings of their respective times. But I



the fall of so many illustrious and consecrat
heads, to shout for the Dauphin of France,
turning proud and triumphant at the head of t
legions with which he had marched from t
Bidassoa to Cadiz, to overthrow the Spani
revolution—that timid copy of our own.
was the first time that a Bourbon had passe
that site of dreadful memory. Till that da
the king, the princes, the daughter of Loui
XVI., had ever turned aside, by the neighbour-
ing quays, that the wheels of their chariots
might not touch the soil over which the impious
car had rolled. But from the day of this
triumphal entry, the scruple was removed;
apparently they thought that victory washed all
old things away—that the power which gives the
control of the future, flings a veil over the past.
And, yet, that future has vanished, and that
past alone remains!

I remember that, as a boy, I could never feel
joyous on this strange soil, which seems ever to
tremble beneath the feet. And even yet, I

tinually, as by some fatal weight, upon the hard and cold couch of exile.

And this place has seen another marriage festival, remembered by us all. That was a brilliant one;—no sinister augury saddened it. Who can forget those miracles of imperial magnificence, that luxury of lights and profusion of trumpet-tones—of gold and of kings—the glittering arms, the popular intoxication, all the stir and all the expectation of France, as she seemed to see, at length, her reeling destinies become fixed, and beheld, amid that resurrection of the absolute and peer-defended monarchy of Louis XIV., the monster of anarchy for ever pass away—henceforth to be the universal scarecrow of all minds? With what a gaze she looked upon the splendid train, the princes, chiefs of ten nations, those warriors, conquerors of the world—and, last of all, the niece of Marie-Antoinette, the young empress, and her fortunate spouse, the giant—the demi-god—the *Emperor!* The obedient sun lighted the scene with all his

fire. What glory shone about that nuptial chariot! What destinies seemed to dawn out of it! The prodigal hand of victory had multiplied the titles of the Imperial legitimacy. Yet, Napoleon, not contented with his fifty pitched battles, gave to his race another prop—that of recollections; another majesty—that of ages. A daughter of the Cæsars was seated by his side, and thereby he seemed all a king. The soul contemplated with emotion this union of all which appears predestined to rule over men. How could the future seem otherwise than subdued to this son of fortune, who had subdued even unto the past!

Again—recall that day, when the cannon, thundering over our cities, announced that the Empire had an heir. What echoes answered to those solemn sounds from one end of the kingdom to the other! The royalist believed that God had visibly pronounced against the race of Capet, and that a fourth dynasty was immovably established over France. The republicans—I

forget; there were no longer any republicans—they had become counts and dukes. The illustrious child was born with a crown upon his forehead. He was given for king to the second city of the empire; that city was Rome! And now, at this hour in which I write, he is dying like the orphan of the temple. He, too, dies of his fortune—of his exile in the midst of foreign grandeurs—of his imperial prison—of the pain of a wronged and disinherited existence! Like a young branch, whose growth has been strangled and confined, and which, compelled to turn back upon itself, decays and wastes away—dying for want of air, amid which it might raise itself towards heaven, and shadow the earth with its mighty head. All the might of Napoleon, served the Colossus but to fall twice from his throne instead of once; in 1814, before the victories of combined Europe—in 1815, before a motion of M. de Lafayette. And now the drama of this great life is closing at Schœnbrunn. His son is expiring in that palace from

returns we to our wrecks of stone and of marble, to the battle-field of our civil dissensions, to the arena of our passions and of our illusions, to those unfinished or decaying monuments, of which we may say, with the poet,

> Cæpta manet: summique minæ turres . . . . . .
> . . . . . Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
> Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina cœlo.

It will readily be supposed that I shall not ask of the revolution, in its triumph, to do that, for doing which I have blamed the restoration. I know well that I should not be listened to. And yet, it were a wise and pious act in independent France to crown that vacant pedestal; to imitate the usage of all those nations which consecrate their unholy places by sacred monuments, to awaken thereby our meditations for a light to our paths, as we kindle a beacon on the rock which has been signalized by its shipwrecks. Napoleon would have done this: England, of 1688, did it. England continued to bow her head before the statue of Charles I., and she

ries, fear not to do violence to the habits, the sentiments, and the inclinations of a people. Or, if they had not recoiled before the peril of fearful excesses, at least they might, probably, have paused before the certainty of immediate chastisement. That evidence of the public wisdom, conscientiousness, and resolution, would have awed down their murderous courage. The cannon of the cloister of St. Mary need not have muttered within our walls. They who will not dare all fitting disavowals, and all proper reparations, thereby encourage others to dare all follies and all outrages.

But whatever else we may do, in God's name, let us at least sweep away the encumbering rubbish—let us clear this finest of public spaces from the nuisances which narrow, choke, and annoy it. Let us finish it, if, indeed, it be permitted to us to finish anything—if a consuming fire is not destined to issue from that tempestuous ground, as of old from guilty Jerusalem, when the emperors attempted to rebuild the

the distance, whether in ascending or descending the line of the quays, the perspective groups them to the eye two by two, like those Asiatic twins, so miserably linked the one to the other. In approaching the bridge, from the foot of the Magdalen, the palace of our modern legislators seems crushed by these giants of former days, in a manner which might make us suspect the sculptor of an intentional epigram. From every point of view, in fact, they present the dullest and most barren of conceptions.

I would have them distributed,—provided these ornaments were supported and completed by other ornaments,—around the immense space. Their colossal proportions would harmonize well with the vastness of the place and of its magnificent accessories. There would be a pride in seeing our history thus gathered together, and as it were living. It would be like a senate of all the great men of former ages;—and the past days of the land would thus be nobly vindicated from all the frightful wrongs inflicted there.

and a badge. And, following up a project of the empire, I would establish on the platform of the Pont-Neuf—where an Equestrian statue at present turns its back on all Paris, and where an obelisk would crown magnificently that promontory of the city—the far-sought Needle of Luxor.

Were these plans adopted or not, I would throw down, over the ghost of Louis XV., the boards erected at the circular end of the Champs Elysées,—with the design of restoring to him by all means, or at least promising him the restoration of his statue—taking care, however, in such case, to erect that of the wise Cardinal Fleury in my Prytaneum of History, on the adjoining *Place*.

I would finish the triumphal arch of the Etoile, by dedicating it to our recent illustrious men, as the *Place* itself would be consecrated to our ancient renown; and our provinces would prefer, I should imagine, to see established there, in lieu of the allegorical figures of their chief

towns, the real figures of the most distinguished amongst their citizens. There would I place all which can console us for our domestic crimes, all which may help to counterbalance them in the view of Europe, and in that of history. From the midst of that arena of our guilt, the eye might then find something on which it could repose with pride. Finally, I would restore to God the Church of the Magdalen; because in our retrogression, since retrograde we must, it strikes me as better that we should stop at christianity, than go still further back, in search of mythology. I should feel that the temple which I had reared to Glory in the hearts of Frenchmen, was the more lasting that it sanctified as well all the lofty beliefs as all the illustrious recollections of the land.

Then might the eye and the mind take pleasure in all these pomps and all these spectacles. At the four limits of the area opened to the vision would appear the sanctuaries of all that is great and tutelary amongst men. In front

Religion, — opposite the Law, and its throne the Tribune;—on the one hand Royalty, and on the other Victory;—and everywhere that which exalts, that which encourages, or that which consoles. Then would it be manifest that the lessons of our sad annals have not been without fruit for France;—that she has learned, amid her long sufferings, the necessity of giving to free institutions the support of moral influences; and to reckon as the first of all these, reverence for God,—and as the next, respect for Time and its works. The illustrious shades of the thousands of victims piled upon the altar of Terror would feel that their bloody sacrifice had not been in vain for their posterity, and would return comforted to their tombs. Bitter memories and painful thoughts would lose their poignancy. The world would have faith in the steady greatness of a people which should have stamped so much of reason and of majesty on its works;—and France would have confidence herself in her destinies and in her freedom. The past and

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

If you visit the far-famed cities of Europe, you will see gothic churches, superb gardens, and gorgeous palaces. Such also exist at Paris. If you go back to remoter ages, embark on board the ship of Anacharsis, and admire the splendid beauties of ancient Greece, you will find, as a set-off against its Propylæa, its Temple of Theseus, and its Parthenon, that Paris has her Pantheon, her Louvre, her Exchange, and her Church of St. Magdalen. But nowhere else does there exist a Palais Royal, or anything resembling it. If, on your first visit to this fairy scene, you wish

to see it in all its splendour, choose a beautiful evening in July. The heat of the day has tempted hundreds into these walks, that they may enjoy the cool evening air. The stone benches are crowded with economists, who love to inhale the fragance around them, upon seats exempt from tribute. On either side, rows of chairs, which a small charge does not prevent from being occupied, are placed against the iron railings which enclose two rectangles, each containing a beautiful grass-plot encircled with flowers. In the centre of each is a parterre, which, in the one, surrounds a statue of Diana, and, in the other, a statue of Apollo. Other chairs are placed upon the borders of a fountain which separates the two parterres, and throws, to a considerable height the crystal fluid, which falls again in the form of a fleur-de-lis not liable to proscription. Here thin vapour is inhaled by those whose breath is not sufficiently cooled by the air; whilst not far off something more substantial moistens throats still more inflamed.

A number of small green tables support *plateaux* covered with pyramidal ices of divers colours. The noisy conversation—the laughter of the guests—the voices and bustle of the waiters—the blossomed shrubs—the brilliant lights of the rotunda, which resembles an oriental kiosc—the uninterrupted motion of the crowd, more dense here than in any part of the garden,—all this forms a very picturesque and animated scene. Scarcely are the first approaches of winter felt, when all this bustle disappears from the garden, and retires to the galleries. Then, the saloon of a theatre royal, between the acts on a first representation, presents not a more splendid coup-d'œil than the Galérie d'Orleans, with a host of *promeneurs* under its immense dome of crystal. Long after the labouring classes of the fáubourgs have retired to rest, and when even the more central streets are silent and deserted, as if the whole city were buried in repose, your eyes and ears are again assailed, and your almost benumbed

polished mahogany and looking glasses which surround them. The number of large mirrors which line the walls of the Palais Royal is almost incredible. Strangers, struck with amaze, are in doubt whether the Palais Royal from top to bottom is not one vast bazaar, and whether there can exist within it, any secret and invisible apartments in which its inhabitants may indulge in the sweets of repose.

Industry monopolizes the whole of this vast palace. The first-floors, above the shops, are exclusively converted into baths, gaming-rooms, restaurants, billiard-rooms, estaminets, reading-rooms, and exhibitions. The upper stories are occupied by *artistes* of different kinds, such as painters, engravers, dentists, hair-dressers, &c., and by a number of sultanas whom the severity of the police prevents, during the day, from contemplating the field of their conquests, otherwise than from their windows. No ordinary family could live there. The Palais Royal is not like other dwelling-places—a man must be

It would be a mistake to consider as its inhabitants the tenants who officiate in the distribution of its luxuries. They might rather be taken for agents of the French community, specially charged by their countrymen to display to admiring foreigners the exquisite powers of cookery, the perfection of horticulture in the production of fruit and vegetables, and of everything that art, in all its branches, can execute in the highest degree of excellence. Trade, Fashion, the Seasons, and Time itself, run from shop to shop introducing novelty; and the Palais Royal is at all times the school of taste for the other shopkeepers of the metropolis.

There are names far famed, and of even European celebrity, whose number in this small space would surprise you. "You are as great as the world," said Kléber to Bonaparte; but to what shall we compare the Palais Royal, containing so many illustrious men of the first order? On all sides the perfection of genius marks

head, where the existence of secondary bills of fare has been annihilated by "Fixed Prices"? Could I present a scene more interesting than these richly decorated apartments, with two hundred dining guests, whose appetites are seriously contending with the four scanty dishes of their choice, which soup has preceded, and a dessert is to follow? These appetites oftentimes go on increasing, like anger and renown, wandering through the intricacies of supplementary fare, and ultimately exhausting their strength in pastry and rare wines;—thus transferring to the accessories of an economical dinner, the expense of a more refined meal at the Rocher de Cancale.

From these restaurants issue that host of individuals who, redolent of the good cheer with which they are gorged, invade the different cafés at about seven in the evening,—or, eager to inhale the fresh air after a too copious meal, saunter backwards and forwards before the *Rotonde*, whilst they are deliberating with themselves

luxuries attract thither. The real inhabitants of the Palais Royal, whom it is time to describe, are those who do not pass the night there, but who partake of all its enjoyments save its refuge for sleep; for it contains no furnished lodgings nor hotels.

Every individual at Paris who has no fixed and settled mode of life, becomes one of the special public of the Palais Royal. The practised eye can detect in this heterogeneous mass of human beings, foreigners from all countries, provincials from the different departments, bachelors, students, refugees, half-pay officers, intriguers, political agitators, and all those who trust to chance or to a lucky hit for a dinner, an admission to a theatre, or an agreeable invitation for the evening.

It may easily be imagined that the Rotonde must often be the scene of strange and unexpected meetings. How many times, under the imperial government, and even since the restoration, have not old companions in arms,—some

from Moscow, others from Spain,—been seen pressing each other's hands, with the tear of sensibility in their eye! I could mention the names of two individuals, who, on their separation at Pondicherry, having made an appointment to meet at the Rotonde on that day three years at a certain hour, were both fortunate enough to be there at the time appointed. People set out on a voyage round the world, and meet again at the Rotonde. How many thousand individuals would be at a loss for a place of meeting, if the Rotonde were abolished!

An individual, whose happiness, during eight years, had centered in the galleries of the Palais Royal, and whom a series of mishaps had forced to take refuge at the foot of the Pyrenees, being once asked by a passing stranger whither the road he was following would lead him, replied, with great naïveté, "to the Palais Royal." He was right; for the high roads from all the capital cities in Europe meet at this point; and if every traveller were obliged

to divulge his secret thoughts, there is not one who, on his arrival in the French territory, would not mention the Palais Royal as the most pressing object of his curiosity.

The gaming-rooms, which still exist in the Palais Royal, and the females, who were lately banished from it, have certainly been of some use to its splendour; for both must have attracted strangers thither. How many unhappy beings are still the prey of the worst of these two incentives to vice—of that one which the budget of Ways and Means protects against the denunciations of morality. There is no gun-maker in the Palais Royal, but Lepage* lives close by. Frequently a gambler in despair, fearful of risking his last franc without a remedy, calls at Lepage's before he enters the fatal 113.† He then stakes his all with confidence; and a sound, well known in the neighbourhood, announces that

* The Joseph Manton of Paris.—*Translator.*

† The number of one of the most noted gaming-houses in the Palais Royal.—*Tr.*

Some lovely countenances must have appeared under this strange costume. We have seen those of our own times in the most attractive simplicity of modern attire;—at the Café Montansier, which a small theatre dependent upon the Gymnase has just superseded—at the Café des Aveugles, now deserted, and which was once supported by the imperial guard—at the Caveau du Sauvage, whose tambourine is still heard, and where Borel, after Fitz-James, exhibited feats of ventriloquism—at every part of the Palais Royal, in short, to which the public has access. They imparted surprising animation to the scene, and by their presence stamped upon it an imprint very different from that of virtue, but which perfectly suited the greater number of those who frequented the Palais Royal. However, the true sultanas of this public harem were to be seen in the stone galleries, attracting observation by the ambitious splendour of their dress, and by that unsparing exhibition of their charms, which females in good

The one consisted in reducing the fronts of the shops, which projected too far, within the line of the interior pilasters, so as to restore the architectural regularity of the building; the other in replacing the celebrated and ignoble wooden galleries,—so long denominated the Tartar Camp, and forming one of the thousand examples of the temporary before which ages pass away,—by that superb gallery, built between a double colonnade, which now constitutes one of the beauties of this edifice. The first took place under the edileship of M. de Belleyme; and it required all the firmness of that magistrate to support the Vitruvius of the Duke of Orleans in his crusade against the signs, lanterns, escutcheons, paintings, and ornamental projections, which narrowed and obstructed the galleries. What violent opposition did not the second encounter! It was effected nevertheless; but who will attempt to describe the agony of the unhappy tenants, each time they beheld M. Fontaine, the architect, pointing out the monstrous appearance

of this establishment, you might as well ask the fate of Babylon and Nineveh. The question, however, conceals a second, and to that at least I can reply. Well! the *belle limonadière* is at Neuilly,—as Charles X. is at Holyrood,—meditating upon past grandeur. But her exile is voluntary, her recollections are all pleasant, and her dwelling is her own. Her throne was not lost by a revolution;—the frown of fashion fell upon it and it vanished. Once the Queen of the *Comptoir*, the *belle limonadière* returned to private life, in the same village which gave birth to a Queen of France! Which of the two was the happiest? you ask. Who knows? Do you not love domestic happiness? and do you not admire the life of ease and quiet of her who began her career as the modest and brilliant sovereign of the Café du Bosquet? I must inform my readers confidentially, that, last week, I was seated opposite to her in a Caroline.* One of my neighbours recognized her,

* A sort of Omnibus.

and solicited the honour of paying her fare. She smiled at this innocent piece of gallantry, which she, no doubt, contrasted with the homage she had received when seated upon the throne of one of Napoleon's brothers. This throne, as every one must recollect, was sold at public auction; and, by the speculation of a tradesman, it was bestowed upon beauty without a diadem.

At the beginning of this article, I described the Palais Royal splendid with the illumination which takes place there every evening. A sketch of it early in the morning, when its galleries and garden are in the undisturbed possession of school-boys, nursery-maids, and little children, would scarcely be interesting. But about ten o'clock it begins to show signs of animation, as if it were just aroused from its night slumbers. The readers of newspapers arrive and assemble round those little temples with gilded roofs, one of which Perustault * has

* Perustault is to be seen daily in the Palais Royal, lending out journals to read.—*Translator.*

made his head quarters, and which he leaves every moment, hurrying round and casting his eyes over the journals, requesting the readers of those which bear his stamp to have the goodness to draw round his kiosc. The cafés also become crowded, whilst the restaurants, which they have completely robbed of the privilege of giving déjeuners à la fourchette, remain yet empty. Soon after, merchants' clerks, men of business, and busy men, are seen threading the walks in all directions; and by and by the loungers and idlers, and a motley crowd of three or four hundred persons, assembled at a particular spot, indicate that it is near twelve o'clock.* Would to God that all the cannons in the world resembled that of the Palais Royal, and that their firing caused no other evils than the startling of

* In the garden of the Palais Royal, there is a small brass cannon, upon the touch-hole of which, the rays of the sun, as it passes the meridian, are brought to a focus with a lens. This fires the cannon, and indicates the hour of twelve. A crowd is always assembled near this piece of artillery in miniature, to see it go off.—*Transl.*

a few timid shop-girls, and their more nervous mistresses. During the five minutes which precede the report, they who have watches hold them in their hands, and they who have none look at the others. There is a moment of silent anxiety; sometimes even there seems to be a doubt of the power of the gunner. . . . . The piece goes off at last; in a moment the watches are all set, and some of the lookers on, with an air of vanity, praise aloud their watch-makers. Each gives the official time in his way home, and the group would instantly disappear, but for a few simpletons, who are anxious to see in what manner the sun acts upon the powder, and one or two individuals who remain behind and repeat during a quarter of an hour to all new comers that the cannon has been fired. It would be superfluous to state in which parterre the cannon is placed: it can only be in that of Apollo, since it is he who fires it.

I cannot close this article without observing that the Palais Royal has always been and will remain the centre of popular political move-

ments. It is the consequence of its situation and the nature of its population. Thus, most of its cafés attract their customers by their connexion with some political circumstance;—the Café de Foy, for instance, is linked with the recollection of Camille Desmoulins, who worked with so much energy upon the feelings of the people; the Café de Chartres, with that of the violent struggles between the green and white cockades, and afterwards between the Montagnards and the Girondins; the Café Montansier, with the patriotic revels of the Hundred Days, and the vengeances taken after the return from Ghent; the Café Lemblin was noted as the rendezvous, after the Restoration, of young liberals and proscribed officers; and the Café Valois was remarkable as being the sanctuary of those, whose heads were eternally whitened by the powder of the old regime. The first club was opened at the Palais Royal, and there also were held the meetings of those young counter-revolutionists, who would fain have extended

the reaction of the month of Thermidor, to excesses not less deplorable than those to which that reaction had put a stop.

Last month, an old man who had served in the Swiss guard of Louis XV. returned to Paris, from which he had been absent since 1780; for he was not a native of France. I was his escort, and we approached the Palais Royal. "Let us go first," said he, "under the *tree of Cracow;* we will there read the journals, for I should be glad to hear something about the Poles. My heart beat for them sixty years ago." But the tree was cut down soon after the partition of Poland, together with a noble avenue of horse-chesnut trees, planted by Cardinal Richelieu, extending the whole length of the garden, and remarkable for the luxuriant beauty of the foliage. It was the finest in the garden: round the "tree of Cracow," the readers of the 'Courrier de l'Europe' and the 'Leyden Gazette' used to assemble. These were then almost the only journals of the day. My vener-

able friend pointed out to me the spot, just opposite to the Café de Foy, where the tree stood. Other trees had shot forth their green leaves, under whose shade other journals were read; but the sympathy of Frenchmen for their heroic brethren in the north was still alive.

The vicissitudes which the building, or rather the mass of buildings, forming the whole of the Palais Royal, has undergone, might furnish matter for a long history;—I shall however only state, that this noble edifice was begun and finished by two architects from the same town; by Jacques Lemercier, architect to the Duke of Richelieu, and M. Fontaine, architect to the Duke of Orleans, both born at Pontoise. How many times has the latter been seen upon the roofs with his royal employer, holding council, and in warm discussion, upon this dangerous eminence! If the art of building were but the apprenticeship to a more elevated art, I leave it to reflecting minds to consider the presages that might be drawn from the taste, splendour,

and beauty of the palace in the Rue St. Honoré.

To satisfy the reader's curiosity, I shall briefly state, in conclusion, the names of the individuals who have inhabited this palace since it was built. They who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, who had given it the name of the Cardinal's Palace, were Ann of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who one day fell into the fountain in the small garden, called the Garden of the Princes; Henrietta of England; Philip of Orleans, chief of the branch of that name, and brother of Louis XIV.; Philip the regent, and his son, Louis Duke of Orleans; then Louis-Philip, and, at the period of the revolution, Louis-Philip-Joseph, the grandfather and father of the present King of the French. During the Republic it was occupied by the tribunes. Under the Empire, the government knew not what use to make of it; but the Exchange, and its dependency, the Tribunal de Commerce, were provisionally established on the ground floor opposite to the grand

staircase, during the construction of one of the finest buildings our modern architecture has produced. On the return of the Bourbons, the family of Orleans took possession of the Palais Royal. Lucien Bonaparte resided in it during the Hundred Days; and at last, after being, during the fifteen years of the restoration, the residence of the collateral branch of the Bourbons, it became during eighteen months the provisional palace of a monarch who was a private citizen. But a throne in the midst of shops, formed too great a contrast; and men of business, sometimes obliged in consequence to make a long circuit, did not find it convenient to have a king in their road. Louis-Philip himself felt all this; and at the time I am writing these lines, the dynasty of the Palais Royal is moving to the Tuileries.

THE SALON OF LAFAYETTE.

I AM a man without much amiability, gallantry, or politeness; in truth, I am hardly civilized. My friends, or they who term themselves such, call me "the peasant of the Danube." I generally prefer the faubourgs to the city, La Courtille to the Boulevard des Italiens, and melo-drama to tragedy. I detest soirées, particularly those in high life. I have never perfectly understood what is meant by a soirée. Is it a tumultuous assemblage of men and women with great pretensions, at a house whose master had, with equal pretensions, invited them there?—a miscellany of envy, contradiction,

ambition, jealousy, and hatred—a mob clad in silks, Indian shawls, and flowers—a mob so perfumed as to give you a head-ache—a dancing, singing, laughing, and chattering mob, more tiresome, and, in my opinion, much more disgusting, than the muddy and greasy assemblage in shirt sleeves and casquettes, who danced yesterday in the public streets? Is that a soirée? Or is it rather a silent and sinister meeting of men dressed in black from head to foot, seated in rows on either side of tables covered with green cloth, pouring handfuls of gold upon beautiful rose-colour cards, and pitilessly losing the fortunes of their wives,—who, standing behind with bent bodies, turgid veins, and straining eyes, shudder as they look on; or staking upon the cast of a die, the dowers of their daughters, who are in another room dancing, as, mute and pensive, they listen to the tender pleading of some handsome fop with mustachios and a pointed beard—a specimen from the sentimental *jeune France*, who seduce

and ruin credulous girls, by talking St. Simonism and writing sonnets? Their poor wives, models of domestic economy, and their sweet and gentle girls, so neglected and so credulous; how I pity them! And yet their husbands and fathers think themselves honest men!!!

After all, if I were obliged to make a choice, I should prefer the soirées at which people play. Gaming is something. It is now a grave and serious occupation in this bustling metropolis, —where everything is carried on by gaming;— where the stakes may be either oil or public loans, brandy or three per cent. consols; and where one stakes his conscience against a place, another his country against a title. Yes, I should prefer the drawing-room of the gaming party! What pleasure to play at night by the glare of perfumed candles with beautifully glazed cards, by the side of lovely women, who bet on your side, and whose warm breath, tranquil or precipitate, as may be, fans or rudely brushes your hair—lovely women who, with a charming

smile, say, "Thank you," when you win, and quarrel with you when you lose; for the fair sex cannot command their temper at cards.

Poor youth! Politics and play wear it out, ruin it, and render it cross, querulous, and thin as an old countess of the Regency. Look at that apartment in the sixth story. It is a garret with a sky-light, inside which the rain penetrates every time it falls on the outside. A painted bedstead, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, a trunk, a table, and two rickety chairs compose its furniture. It is inhabited by a poor student whom a rich father has ordered to live and learn upon a hundred francs a month. Look at him; he is dressing to go to a ball. See, he is drawing on upon white cotton stockings, silk socks with open clocks; and over the latter he puts thread ones, and a pair of boots over the whole. Well! he will go on foot: and in the porter's lodge he will take off his boots and thread socks, to put on a pair of shoes, which he will carry in the pocket of his cloak.

His purse is not empty, for it contains two five-franc pieces. He might have had a coach, but he prefers being able to play. He will lose, and, in his way home, will be robbed of his cloak and shoes.

Poor manhood! You ruin it by play. How cruel! You say it does not love balls or concerts. No wonder. For how can an honest man commit so atrocious an act as to give a ball or a concert to five hundred people in a space in which only two hundred, at the utmost, could move about? Can any one without a bad intention, without a mission of hatred or revenge, convert a handsome drawing-room into a place to stew five or six hundred unfortunate individuals alive? In such a case, I, who abhor a crowd, would fly to the street, where, even when there is a crowd, nobody can prevent me from making my way with my feet and elbows. There, ceremony and respect may be dispensed with; there, nothing forces me to hold my hat in my hand to see it crushed a dozen times in a minute.

It may be said, "But you should get an opera hat;"—but every body cannot have an opera hat. In the street there is no hypocritical politeness—"A thousand pardons, Madame"—"Pray, Sir, have the goodness"—"Madame, I am excessively sorry;"—none of this—none of that ridiculous insipidity which, with forced and lying smiles, you scatter before you through a magnificent crowd,—noble and rich, it is true, but which treads upon my toes and gives me elbow punches on the stomach just as well as the dirty and unceremonious mob on the boulevards or at the entrance of the theatres.

To be thus ill treated for the sake of looking at a ball, or listening to a concert, is a fine thing truly! And who dances at such balls? Why, marriageable young ladies, with well-clad motionless figures, and superb eyes which express nothing; or young and vain married women, quizzing and talking nonsense, and uttering their absurdities either in a loud and rapid tone, as if they had previously learned them by heart,

or in a soft whisper, as a great secret; or fat mamas, with full busts, brown cheeks, and flame-colour dresses, who talk politics, laugh loud, and drink punch. Who sings at such concerts? Why, men and women from the theatres, whom you would not notice in the street, and yet invite to your parties—brilliant victims of social prejudices, poor pariahs crowned with flowers for your pleasure, whom you applaud and admire, at the same time that you despise them; or amateurs, generally stupid persons, parasites, who live by their throats, as others live by their memory.

If such are your balls and concerts, ladies and gentlemen, you may keep them to yourselves. I prefer going to the Opera.

There are other and well-attended soirées, at which there are neither balls nor concerts, and which are less turbulent, less suffocating, but not less insipid than those I have described. These in the days of Madame de Tencin, or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, would have been

called *store-rooms of wit.* I have only seen one, and I am told that all the others resemble it. People drink tea there, and eat thin bread and butter. It is necessary that every young man should be introduced to these parties; for they are in fashion, and frequenting them brings one into notice. You arrive there at eight o'clock in the evening dressed as nearly in black as you can. In a silent ante-room, you find a tall footman, who asks you for your hat and your name—then, raising the curtain which separates the drawing-room from the ante-chamber, makes your name ring, with the full force of his stentorian lungs, in the ears of the assembled company. You then enter, bow,—and the ceremony is over. You are paid very little attention to, unless your name be an illustrious one.

It must be confessed that to one who has just left a ball, this kind of party seems a strange contrast. There is no noise in this literary boudoir. A thick and soft carpet, and magnificent bear skins, deaden and destroy the creak-

ing of boots and shoes. Round a splendid tea table, and lounging upon sofas, are the elect of the assembly—poets, painters, journalists, authors, legislators, and lawyers,—conversing among themselves in an under-tone, or listening, without seeming to do so, to one of the editors of the 'Figaro,' a tall, ill-dressed man, thin and angular, who alone boldly warms himself with his back to the fire, and the flaps of his coat over his arms. It is a pleasure to hear him talk; for he speaks well. He is a most audacious critic, a wicked wit, and yet a good friend to any one who chooses to set up for an author. But he cuts through the greatest literary reputations in a twinkling, is fond of controversy, pours forth paradoxes, and disputes to his heart's content upon every known system, which he knocks down in a moment, then builds them up again, for the sole pleasure of leaving you in doubt whether he has been laughing at you or not, and to make you debate in your own mind, when he has finished, which is the greatest fool, he or the rest of mankind.

In a corner of the apartment, and near the curtain which was raised on your entrance, you see a large table with a lamp upon it, like the table in a public reading-room. Upon this table are some books, several bundles of journals, and a dozen of caricatures negligently thrown across it. Etiquette requires that you should pay a visit to this table; but you are not to seat yourself at it, as you may easily perceive from there being no chairs round it. Standing, then, you take a book, and turn it over rapidly with the air of one who has read and seen every thing. You then drink a cup of tea, and slowly eat a bit of bread and butter. After this, if you can muster courage, you may listen to the conversation—for courage is requisite, as I know to my cost. I have learned the apartment by heart; I know the number of its pier-glasses—tall and wide, before which you cannot yawn without every one seeing you. I have always observed the piano shut, the harp concealed within its green dress, and the young mistress of the house

an object of compassion, from the torture she is obliged to endure twice a week from this crowd of chatterers, who talk politics to her, poor creature, and oblige her, when seated between M. Cormenin and M. Mahul, to declare whether she belong to the *extrême droite* or the *centre gauche*—each of these gentlemen being ready to take her answer as a personal attack upon himself.

Once more, I have a horror of drawing-rooms, soirées, and the various parties to which winter gives birth. I am worn out at them by fatigue and ennui; they make me ill. Is this my fault? Then go not there, you cross-grained fool. Amen, say I.

There is, however, one house which I would not confound with the others. That house I consider my own. I love it with the sincerest affection—I speak of it with pride;—and all you who read this book, should you this winter be asked to some ball where you cannot dance, or to some concert where the singing will be out

of tune, endeavour to get the party fixed for a Tuesday; then consign the music and dancing *ad inferos*, and visit instead the house of General Lafayette, in the Rue d'Anjou. There reign liberty, ease, and cordiality—there you have no refinement of forms, no superlative proprieties of manner, no etiquette, no ceremonious introductions, nothing but simple politeness, and kind attentions. Lafayette's drawing-room is like a public saloon—it is a place of universal intimacy, where friends bring their friends, sons their fathers, and travellers their comrades. Everybody goes there who likes—enters at any hour, and retires when he pleases. There, natives of all countries, citizens of all classes, and all the different varieties in human society, meet, mingle, and shake hands. Thither all France and the whole of Europe have sent deputations. There, Americans came to pay their respects to the friends of Washington; and all the liberals and political outlaws in the world, to salute the High Priest of Liberty.

What savant, poet, historian, or soldier, has returned to his country from Paris, without being able to say, "I went to Lafayette's?" Who dare not go there for fear of being out of his sphere? A dishonest man, or a bad citizen. But who else? Ye Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Counts, and Barons, know that Lafayette is a Marquis of the old noblesse—that his wife is an heiress of the ancient house of Noailles; you may therefore visit him without derogation! Ye men of the people, artizans, artists, young men without name or fortune, know that Lafayette is a man of the people—that he signs simply his name of Lafayette; go to his house, therefore, without fear, and he will make you welcome! He will shake hands with the poor as with the rich—with the plebeian as with the patrician; and not with premeditated hypocrisy, like some ex-nobles who ape his manners, but with the sincerest and warmest cordiality. Around this noble old man, delighted with your eagerness to approach him, and proud of the

enthusiasm he inspires, you will perceive a motley crowd acting without any other restraint than that imposed by the ordinary rules of society. You will here see all the leading political, scientific, literary, and popular characters of the metropolis, displaying upon the naked and creaking parquet, a medley of splashed boots, silk stockings, uniforms, buttoned great coats, and open lappels;—for do not believe that all who are here come in their carriages, although the street be encumbered with landaus, chariots, calashes, and tilburies, and there be a confusion of coachmen and lackeys at the door, under the door-way, and upon the staircase;—the majority of the guests come in an omnibus, on foot, or the best way they can. What matters it to Lafayette how you come, provided he sees you, and knows you are not there to abuse the people? —for his egotism is his love for the people;—the people first, then his country—himself, when and how you please; of himself you may speak ill at his own house, and he will not be angry.

I love Lafayette, as a son loves his father. Let me be pardoned if there is any impropriety in my manner of speaking of this noble old man; but, whenever I think of him, my heart beats with the most lively emotion. When, at my age of twenty-five, I say to myself, "I am now old in knowledge of the world, all illusion is fled, and the cup of my disgust is overflowing,"—when, with bitter tears of despair, I further say to myself, "to be useful, one must be strong; the weak are not only useless, but they even do harm in these times,"—when the past, present, and future, perplex and alarm me—the only thing that can allay these thoughts of sadness, and direful forebodings—the only thing that can bring me any consolation, is the idea of Lafayette. In the evening it visits me, assuages the bitterness of my thoughts, relaxes my mind, and relieves the oppression of my heart. I seize and caress it; call it honour, glory, liberty, country;—I see it before me living, incarnate, made man; tall, majestic, with calm brow and mild look.

Its voice speaks to me, grave, eloquent, and sonorous. It says, "Be of good cheer, child! do not afflict thyself thus; happier days will come;" then, calm and beautiful, with outspread hands, it seems to bless me, and I fall asleep to dream of Lafayette and Liberty.

The first apartment is his *salle à manger;* simply furnished, as you perceive—the real eating-room of a republican. That individual leaning against the side-board, with a dark complexion, hair beginning to turn grey, eyes so sparkling and look so intellectual, is the celebrated advocate Mauguin, the Brougham of France. He is relating the events which occurred at the Hôtel de Ville, after the 29th of July. Next to him is a person seated, whose look is sad and sombre, whose air is grave and severe—that is Eusèbe Salverte. A little beyond the latter, you perceive a Roman face, with an expression of ambition and beautiful as an antique bust—it is Odillon Barrot. Behind this eloquent orator beams the good and

open countenance of the modest Audry de Puyraveau, the intrepid representative who so generously lent his house for the patriots to assemble in during the three glorious days, and thus courageously exposed his life, whilst many of his colleagues, so proud at present, and holding such high offices, carefully hid themselves. That tall, thin individual, with high and square shoulders, and an eagle look, is General Lamarque. His name is stamped in the hearts of the patriotic Poles, by the side of those of Mauguin and Lafayette. Two paces from the brave Lamarque, stands the veteran General Mathew Dumas, short in stature, and bent with age. He wears a green shade to protect his weakened sight. The person near him, with his hands in his pockets, with a countenance beaming kindness, an intellectual look, and a fine healthy appearance—the very picture of content and good-humour—is Chatelain, chief editor of the Courrier Français. He is talking to his old friend and indefatigable defender Merilhou, who

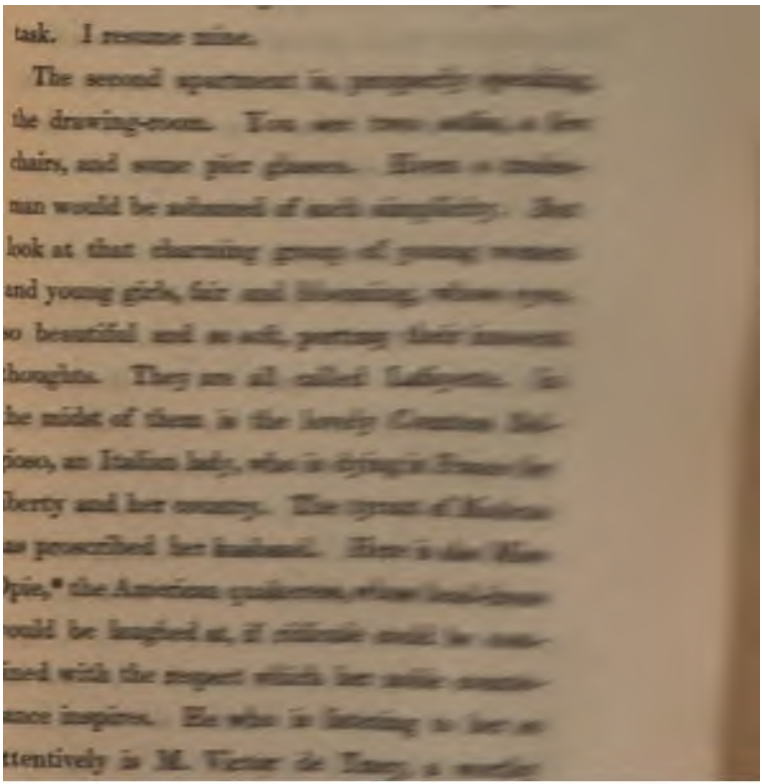
was once a minister, without being hated by the people.

In the middle of the room is a close group. They who compose it endeavour, by pressing their arms to their sides, to render themselves as slim as possible. All without the group stand on tip-toe, and the words "it is he" are circulated in an under-voice. It is Lafayette, surrounded by his staff of friends,—much more imposing and more respectable than any official staff, with embroidery, epaulettes, and passive admiration for the chief, whether he deserve it or not. Do not expect a portrait of this incomparable man—such an attempt on my part would be folly; moreover, his features are become well known, and his virtues belong already to history. On his right stands Dupont de l'Eure, and on his left, Charles Comte.

How many other great names should I have to mention—how many historical heads could I not draw? But I stop here. Accustomed to give my opinion of the men I name, I should be

getting into forbidden ground. There are to be no politics in this book; this is perhaps right, for there is so much of them in every other.

Nevertheless, before I conclude this imperfect sketch, I must freely express one thing. To praise everybody who goes to Lafayette's, would be impossible. Is it my fault, if, by the side of Mauguin, Lamarque, Salverte, Cormenin, and Chatelain, I see so many loathsome, squinting, and disgusting faces? Whence come they? Who brings them? Who told them to come? By what right and in what view are they there? They are hideous spectres, frightful and gloomy apparitions in this noble picture. They constantly surround the general, who, inoffensive and confiding, smiles upon them with kindness. But they betray and laugh at him. It is they who circulate the saying, that Lafayette ought to be more select in the persons he admits to his house; it is they who steal his shakes by the hand, and then say that he grants them to every body. These are painful remarks to commit to


task. I resume mine.

The second apartment is, properly speaking, the drawing-room. You see two sofas, a few chairs, and some pier glasses. Here a tradesman would be ashamed of such simplicity. But look at that charming group of young women and young girls, fair and blooming, whose eyes, so beautiful and so soft, portray their innocent thoughts. They are all called Lafayette. In the midst of them is the lovely Countess Pisani, an Italian lady, who is dying in France for liberty and her country. The tyrant of Modena has proscribed her husband. Here is also Miss [illegible],* the American quakeress, whose head-dress would be laughed at, if ridicule could be combined with the respect which her noble countenance inspires. He who is listening to her so attentively is M. Victor de Tracy, a worthy

of the Parisian Artillery. Apropos of artillery—that young man leaning against the mantel-piece, whose upper lip is shaded with enormous mustachios, and whose face, so strongly marked with premature furrows, bears so profound an expression of melancholy, is Cavaignac, my ci-devant captain, the friend of Guinard and Trélat, his companions both in misfortune and in triumph. Around Cavaignac, Thomas, and Marchais, see that crowd of young men, who imitate them by wearing mustachios, and, like them, speak ill of the past and present. Poor, weak, silly boys! drawing-room and *estaminet* republicans, lawyers without briefs, and physicians without patients. They revolutionize from sheer idleness; and the height of their ambition is to see their name in the list of prisoners at the assize court, or upon the prison register of St. Pelagie. To this list and this register, I refer those who wish to know who they are: and I pray to God to deliver us from them; for such people would spoil the very best cause in the world.

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was that his penetrating and intellectual sayings fell upon the ears and entered the hearts of his friends. The shade of Benjamin Constant continues to hover over this room. * * * * * * * * * *

Every year, at the close of the session, an affecting scene takes place at Lafayette's. Fatigued by his legislative and political labours, he seeks repose in the country: but before his departure he takes leave of his friends. It is on this day that, with tears in their eyes, they all press round him to receive his adieu, which, the last time it came to my turn to take leave of him, sounded to me like a divine benediction. Never shall I forget that tear which dropped upon my cheek as the venerable old man leant towards me and said in an altered voice, "Adieu, my friend, until we meet again." I perceived upon every countenance a reflection of my own sensations of painful tenderness, like that of a son hearing his father's voice for the last time. What can ye now do against him, ye ambitious

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egotists, whom his popularity drives to despair? Shall you ever be great, illustrious, and beloved as he is? Which of your names will ever possess the same power as his? Can you offer in exchange for your faults Lafayette's virtues, his services, his whole life? You may believe that he is desirous, and justly so, that his faults should be pardoned; but they were never like yours, faults of the heart; and nobody recollects them or reproaches him with them but you and himself. In vain do you attempt to build your glory upon the ruins of his;—there are but two names in France that will never be forgotten—those of Lafayette and Napoleon.

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

FROM THE BARRIÈRE DU TRÔNE TO THE BARRIÈRE DE L'ÉTOILE.

On the 6th of August, 1670, Claude le Pelletier, Provost of the Merchants, assisted by his Aldermen, laid, in the name of the City of Paris, and in the presence of Colbert, the first stone of a grand triumphal arch, in commemoration of the victories of Louis XIV. This was at the Barrière du Trône.

On the 15th of August, 1806, Count Frochot, Prefect of the Seine, assisted by his twelve mayors, laid, in the name of the City of Paris, and in the presence of Count Montalivet, the first stone of a grand triumphal arch, in commemoration of the victories of the Empe-

mortalize! Ye worms whose whole life is but a day, do ye pretend to perpetuate and eternize? Can ye prevent the ravages of time, or stop the progress of cholera?——

Every omnibus being limited to a certain distance, you change your vehicle three times in the course of your ride from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile. Benumbed with the heavy jolting, which vibrated through my limbs long after I had left the carriages, in which for two successive hours I had been shaken and knocked about, I wrote this conscientious account of my journey. Read it, ye who list!

The omnibus is life, the world, the public, man—everything, in short; its Latin name tells you so. With what advantage might it not be substituted for those immoveable boards upon which actors, who, as intellectual beings, are almost on a par with the boards themselves, sing operas, and recite Alexandrines. In an omnibus you find the most perfect comedy, the soul-stirring drama, the witty vaudeville,

and broad farce, that would win a laugh from even Heraclitus or Chodruc-Duclos;*—all a thousand times more perfect and interesting than at the Théâtre Français, the Gymnase, or the Variétés. This moving theatre requires no prompter; nature herself performs the office. Nor do the actors wear paint or disguise. They are spectators of each other's performance; each plays his part whilst he is seeing others play theirs; and each pays thirty centimes to entertain and be entertained. What better dramatic school is there than an omnibus? There, the language is simple and natural, the events un-

* They who have visited Paris may have met in the Palais Royal a tall, robust, stern-looking man, between fifty and sixty years of age, clad in rags, and sometimes without any other covering than an old, tattered great coat. This is Chodruc-Duclos. He was once the bosom friend of the ex-minister Peyronnet, whose duels he fought, and upon whom he prodigally lavished his fortune. When Peyronnet became Keeper of the Seals, Chodruc-Duclos claimed his patronage, but was cast off by the haughty minister. Such ingratitude, acting upon a mind never very well settled, rendered Chodruc-Duclos a maniac. He was never seen to smile.—*Translator.*

expected, the catastrophes sudden, the exits and the entrances always necessary. A debtor, perhaps, finds himself seated opposite to his creditor, from whom, during the last twelve months, he has been concealing himself. It is amusing to observe his shifts to escape recognition. Sometimes his right eye is affected, sometimes his left. He often blows his nose; and a sudden fit of the tooth-ache is a pretence for covering his face with his pocket handkerchief. But the creditor, who, like a blood-hound, is upon his track, and who could recognize him even by a wrinkle, as Cuvier can recognize an antediluvian animal by a bone, sees through his artifice, and seizes him by the collar. The dialogue which ensues is warm, animated, and gradually rises to a terrible climax. What an excellent comedy for the rolling audience! Then the dogs in the vehicle mingle in the dispute, the conductor gets off his seat to settle it, and a bailiff, a true *Deus in machinâ*, enters and arrests, at the suit of the creditor, the unhappy wight who is the

cause of the commotion. This is but a single specimen of the dramatic powers of an omnibus;—and, in truth, a learned friend of mine having proved that there were conveyances at five sous a head in the time of Molière, I am sure that the immortal master of comedy often rode in them.

It was with such reflections as these that I was preparing for my historical, moral, and philosophical ride, as I stood with one foot on the steps of the solitary omnibus at the Barrière du Trône. I was requested to enter. I did so, and was soon followed by a pretty little grisette. Perhaps she came from the wood and castle of Vincennes, where she had been sentimentalizing with one of the tall and slim artillery officers, whose duty holds them captive there. Young soldiers must find the fortress of Vincennes very dull; but grisettes are so kind, and the wood is so interesting at the first fall of the leaf! Having taken her seat, the young damsel remained some time without lifting her eyes from the ground; for it is a

general rule, arising either from modesty or a feeling of propriety, that when a young woman is seated in an omnibus opposite to a young man, she must have either her veil or her eyelids down. The rattling of a sword made her start. It was an artilleryman who entered the vehicle. She looked at him, closed her eyes immediately, half opened them again, and smiled. Lest I should forget her in the future part of this my history, I shall now dismiss her by stating, that she and the soldier were set down together at the Bastille.

We were passing opposite to the Rue Picpus; and whilst I was wondering what could be the origin of this strange name, a fat and heavy countryman entered the carriage. He was dressed in his Sunday's best, and exhibited the most grotesque countenance I ever saw. His stunted gray hairs were thinly scattered across his hollow temples, and, tight upon his fiery pug nose, he wore a huge pair of spectacles with round glasses like the eyes of an owl, by

of the horses put upon their mettle;—all this throws you, excites your blood, and gives fertility to thought—you imagine, create, recollect or remodel the past, and I almost fancied I perceived, at the corner of the Rue de Reuilly, the royal Abbey of St. Antoine, founded on the precise spot at which the holy hermit appeared to the legates from Rome. This abbey had received great privileges. The remains of the kings of France were first deposited there, and from thence removed to Nôtre Dame, to be afterwards consigned to the royal vaults of St. Denis. The Abbey of St. Antoine possessed a high seigneurial right over all the faubourg, in which all trades were carried on independent of corporations, whence it happens that even to the present day, when corporations no longer exist elsewhere, the faubourg St. Antoine has remained the resident district of the operatives. All these thoughts were passing through my mind as rapidly as the omnibus was passing before the Rue de Reuilly, when the driver suddenly

its parents. She had called to the driver to stop
nt the horses had begun their pulling down hill.
e conductor was then busy in collecting the
s; which is the reason why the vehicle rolled
idly on, and the nurse screamed without avail.
ffing and panting with the purple symptoms
semi-suffocation, she was about to tumble into
kennel with her charge, when the driver saw
r. In a towering passion, and out of breath,
e took her seat; and the poor child was moved
and down by the alternate expansion and
ntraction of her breast and fell silent, while
th its little dimpled hands it was sucking those
precious lacteal orbs from which it derived its
urishment.

"I like a child that cries," said the little
Morellet. "Why?" "Because it is then carried

away. An interesting child in an omnibus is one above six years of age, whose place is paid for. You cannot have too many of these. They are turbulent, it is true—wipe their shoes upon your white trowsers, and are constantly in motion;—but they are small, and compensate for the huge fellow travellers with whom you are often favoured, and who sometimes come in pairs when there is scarcely room for one. A child above six years old is an accomplished passenger in an omnibus.

I remarked, as singular, that the child at nurse squalled loudest as we passed the Foundling Hospital. It is near this institution that the bustle of trade begins in the faubourg. Here that elegant furniture is made, which from the obscure workshop goes to adorn the sumptuous palaces of the great and wealthy. One workman eats his dry bread as he is polishing a mahogany table, soon to be loaded with dainties from all parts of the world; another sings a jovial song, as he inlays with gold the

nuptial couch of a young couple possessing three hundred thousand francs a year. This one, as he speaks the slang of the faubourg, covers with morocco and gold a writing desk upon which a poet will write his verses; whilst a woman near him puts an elegant border upon a soft and elastic boudoir-sofa, on which there is only room for two. These things fill the imagination with delightful images;—but you must not see the hands which prepare them.

At this place we took in four operatives who were going to dance at the Rotonde de Mars. There are many similar establishments in the Avenue de Vincennes, and the grand saloon of the Corybantes has excellent music and select company. But that pleasure is double, which you go a long way in search of. Every one loves his country; but people leave it to enjoy the pleasure of returning to it; and for the same reason, a poor man who has worked all the week in the same place, likes to go somewhere else on Sundays.

When we came before the great Elephant at the Bastille—that immense monument, of which the revolution of July has prevented the completion, the workmen got out, and so did I, to enter an omnibus following the line of the Boulevards. They seated themselves upon the side benches, and I took my station on the cross seat at the bottom, where I could make my remarks with more ease, as I had everybody under my eye. I was therefore president, a term applied by omnibus passengers to the one who assumes that seat. I was much pleased at seeing the spectacled countryman enter this vehicle. He was bound to the extremity of the Champs Elysées, as he soon stated to the workmen, with whom he very familiarly entered into conversation. He had an appointment there upon business at five precisely. It was then four, and there were still twelve vacant places in the omnibus. We should, therefore, perhaps have to stop twelve times to take in passengers, and as many times to set them down.

At length the ponderous vehicle was in motion. The countryman took out his silver watch, stamped on the floor, but without much impatience, then put up his watch with a look which expressed, "Oh! we are going on very well." And truly we were making good speed, when the driver suddenly pulled up at the entrance of the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. It was to take up a venerable dowager from the Place-Royale. She had some difficulty in getting in, on account of her unwieldy obesity, and from the incumbrance of a small Scotch terrier with a blue ribbon round its neck, which she pressed tenderly to her bosom. She was about to take her seat next to the countryman, when the resumed motion of the vehicle made her stumble against him, and he was bit by the dog.

"Conductor! conductor!"

This was a young female who had just left the theatre of the Funambules. She leaped into the carriage with so much ease and lightness, that it was not difficult to guess at her ability

upon the tight rope. This time the countryman did not take out his watch, nor stamp upon the floor;—the dancer was so pretty, and she had jumped into her place by his side with an elegance and agility which quite captivated him.

"Conductor! hola!" roared a huge horse-dealer who came from Franconi's. He ascended the steps so heavily and slowly, that the poor countryman had time to look at his watch and mutter an oath. It was half-past four. The new passenger, upon the top of the steps, and before he got in, blew his nose, took a pinch of snuff with great solemnity, then entered and seated himself with such inert heaviness, that the carriage vibrated with the shock. "Go on, coachman!" and we again proceeded.

It is not my intention to publish a list of the takings-up and settings-down, in regular succession. As president, I saw everything that passed. As leader of the orchestra, and manager of the dramatic company in the omnibus, not a look

or a gesture escaped me; but I am not obliged to give the reader an account of everything. It is the genus and not the species which I describe; the omnibus genus varying ad infinitum, but whose varieties every one may go and see. I treat of the complete omnibus—the political, moral, and civilizing omnibus. O ye inventors of carriages at thirty centimes a head, what a benefit have you not conferred upon society! How many foes have been reconciled by you! How many individuals have, in your moving galleries, been confronted with their accusers much more effectively than in the sanctuary of justice! and how often have the guilty been brought to shame!

The carriage stopped at the Porte St. Martin; every one looked out to see for whom. Curiosity is so natural in an omnibus, where you are pent up, pressed, squeezed, packed together, and barrelled like herrings. The mere size of a new comer is of some consequence. "A place for a lady, gentlemen—a very slender lady," exclaim-

ed the conductor, and a female with dark brown hair, hazel eyes, pale complexion, and clad in a coloured muslin dress, entered the vehicle. She was a little, delicate, sylph-like creature, whom a poet or a painter might, without much idealizing, transform into a good fairy or an angel. All the old men—for, take notice that they are always the most eager to offer a place to a pretty woman—squeezed and made themselves as small as possible, to be able in competition with each other to offer her six inches of room upon one of the side benches.

"At the further end, Ma'am, there is a vacant place," said the conductor.

It was not without difficulty that she made her way between two rows of knees, crossing each other and seemingly interwoven; and before she could reach her seat, a sudden jolt of the carriage, which had already started, made her lose her footing. Every one eagerly tendered assistance; for a French omnibus contains not only kindness, conciliation, and morality,

but gallantry also. At length she was seated by my side on the cross bench. The dowager sat between her and the spectacled countryman, who, looking at his watch, muttered a low and brutal curse against this elegant creature for detaining him. It wanted only a quarter to five!

"Full, conductor!"

How grateful is the word "full," to him who is in a hurry to be at his journey's end. "Ah!" said the countryman, "we shall now go on without any further delay." My little fairy dame was there under my own eye; and from her dress, hair, and handkerchief, there proceeded, as from a cassolette, a smell of mingled vetiver,* eau du Portugal, and essence of violets, forming together a vegetable perfume, which brought with it associations of beautiful flower-gardens and mysterious boudoirs. I blessed Providence for having separated this charming creature from the men who encum-

* A fragrant grass, common in tropical climates, and particularly at the Mauritius.—*Translator.*

bered the omnibus. They would have pressed down her full sleeves, rumpled her delicate dress, rubbed their greasy hair upon her bonnet; and I should have felt as if I had witnessed a profanation.

During our tedious ascent at the Porte St. Denis, the countryman had time to give vent to his impatience in coarse complaints. What torture do such moments of impatience inflict! In vain would the person wincing under them stop his watch, which seems to go too fast. It gives him dreadful uneasiness, a contraction in his limbs, and throws him into a fever. He would fain go behind the coach and push it on, or turn the wheels with his own hands, as if he could assist its progress. The countryman cursed the horses and their driver. "Get on, coachman," he exclaimed; "whip your horses; it is almost five o'clock." He clenched his fist and stamped with renewed energy. It was the excitement of anticipated disappointment—it resembled the intolerable irritation of a poet, whose ideas are

rapid, but who writes them down with difficulty. He might have got out and taken a cab,—but then the expense!

"Ladies and gentlemen, your fare if you please."

In the omnibus drama, the scene of payment is well worthy of attention, particularly if the vehicle be full. First comes elbowing, contortion, and grimace—then bending, rising, leaning forward and backward to get at the pocket—next the circulation of copper coin, and the passing of change from hand to hand. Here you may easily distinguish the miser and the prodigal. The latter presents his five-franc piece with ease and *disinvoltura;* he receives his change, and puts it, without counting, into his pocket. The miser sends forward a franc piece to the conductor, and is uneasy until it has reached its destination. "For one—that is my piece—give me change immediately;" and his anxiety is visible. As if the conductor would run away and leave his place for the sake of stealing seven-pence. True; but the miser is insane.

My fair neighbour took from her purse three small pieces of ten centimes each, and was about to send them once more into circulation, when I presented her with a half franc piece, saying, "Will you be so good, Ma'am, as to pay for me." She cast a modest look at me through her veil, then gently placing upon my hand her glove of Scotch thread, two of the small coins she held dropped from her taper fingers. I still preserve them for the purchase of some elegant, perfumed, and graceful article—a bottle of scent or a pair of ball gloves.

"Conductor, set us down at the Rue Poissonnière." There, four or five passengers got out so slowly, that the countryman was in despair. He would have thrown them out headlong if he could have had his will. "Ah! what pleasure! we can breathe once more." The omnibus, less crowded, afforded us more room; and we felt the same relief as an oppressed heart receives from frequent sighs.

Now, more at my ease, I could examine the

hosier's shop, at the corner of the Rue Poissonnière, formerly called the Fisherman's Road, and before that the Val-Larronneux, or Thieves' Vale. The latter name throws us back to the times when robberies were committed in the great forest which spread along the right bank of the Seine. Thus, the boulevards, the faubourgs, and the Chaussée d'Antin, were at first an immense forest; they then became waste lands, then ramparts, gardens, and marshes, and lastly splendid hotels, whose inhabitants live in luxury —gaming-houses, where people ruin themselves and others—theatres in which people sing, laugh, and weep—cafés where sherbet and ices are taken—rows of chairs on which elegant females are seated. . . . "Go on, coachman!"

Shall I enumerate, one after another, the passengers in the omnibus? No! The omnibus is an image of the world; people come and go, and nobody cares. Unless you be a king, the first-born of a young mother, or an old bachelor, watched by his collaterals,—who, besides

the priest that christens and buries, perceives your entrance into the world or your exit from it?

A new actor from the Rue du Sentier now appeared upon our stage. I shall never forget him, nor the uneasiness he caused me. He wore a dirty black coat, light gray trowsers still dirtier, a hat with the crown knocked in, and thick iron-heeled boots. He had just come from a public-house, which was but too clearly indicated by his flushed countenance, and the fumes of brandy and tobacco which exhaled from his whole person. "One place more on the right!" Every body closed to prevent his taking possession of it. At length he perceived a small corner next to my lovely and interesting neighbour, and, heavy and gross as he was, he sunk into it in an instant, making himself ample room, like a wedge forced into a log of soft wood.

I had smiled when, on his entrance, he trod upon the dowager's corn, and upon the foot of her cur, but my indignation got the better of me when I saw him pounce upon my delicate

little lady, like a kite upon a white dove. Her light sleeves were soiled and crumpled by his coarse and filthy coat. Stupified with tobacco, spirit, and insomnolency, he was already half asleep. His head nodded at every jolt, and sometimes fell upon the shoulder of the fair creature next to him, who drew back with a shudder as if she felt a spider upon her cheek. It was sickening to see his countenance of a livid red, and bloated with debauchery, so near that pale and lovely face—to behold his greasy and bristling hair rubbing against a shoulder fit to be caressed only by the auburn locks of an exquisite. The thick and heated exhalations of the tavern were mingled with the light and fresh perfume of the boudoir. What a hideous alliance! It was like a sunbeam upon a stinking puddle, or a caterpillar upon a rose or a sensitive plant.

In the Rue du Mont Blanc, two ladies were set down, and two others taken up. The countryman cursed them all four, from the very

bottom of his soul. It was already getting dark, and he was beyond his time. He stamped with both feet, struck his knees with his hands, and by the motion of his body made his money rattle in his breeches pocket. The ladies who had just entered, seated themselves one on each side of him. From the Rue du Mont Blanc to the Madeleine the distance is so short that they might have walked thither; and a constant omnibus traveller, in making this remark to me, observed that no doubt they were placing out their thirty centimes at a heavy interest. They, however, attached themselves to the countryman, who, wonderful to relate, seemed to forget his impatience. Such is the power of woman! They talked to him about his village, his house, and his garden—seemed to take an interest in his crops, his children, his dog,—in everything, in short, which interested him. How proud and happy was he at being noticed by two such fine ladies, and at being so near to them! Sterne knew of no greater pleasure than feeling a

woman's pulse. But is there not a still greater pleasure in an omnibus, that of being close to an elegant being, with whom you sympathize, and the beatings of whose heart you count by those of your own?

At length my sylphide or fairy freed herself from her disgusting neighbour. She required not my aid to rise, but I tendered it in order to have the happiness of touching her arm. She got out at the entrance of the Rue de la Ferme, and I confess I was as sad as at a leave-taking. Why was I so? Had she even condescended to notice me? No! but I had noticed her, and this was sufficient to make me regret her loss, although it was a chance if I ever beheld her again. Who in his life has never seen a woman pass, of whom he has said, "I could love that woman for ever"; and has not returned a thousand times in vain to the spot where he saw her? This is the reason why every parting scene is, to one acquainted with life, a scene of despair. Oh, omnibus, what a philosopher thou art!

"Ladies, you get out here!"—"Conductor," said a weak, squeaking voice, "where is the Rue St. Antoine?" "We have just come from it, Ma'am." "Gracious heaven! I was told to take the first omnibus on leaving the Rue Poissonnière." "You should have taken the one which was going to the right, Ma'am. Here is one coming that will take you to the Bastille." "I am engaged to dinner at five, and it is now six." The person holding this dialogue with the conductor was a little hump-backed female, who remained standing in astonishment and despair upon the first step of the omnibus, till a sudden lurch of the carriage, which threw the passengers who had risen to get out, pell-mell upon each other, made her jump precipitately down.

"Ladies," said the fat countryman, who now no longer appeared uneasy, "which is the way to the Champs Elysées?" "Oh! here is the Orléannaise,* we are going there in it." The two ladies and the countryman got in, and I

* One of the Omnibus tribe.—*Tr.*

followed. What could these women have to do at that hour in the Champs Elysées? I will tell you.

The omnibus, of the greatest use to those who have no carriage of their own, has proved fatal to many trades. The boot-maker complains that boots do not wear out so soon as they used; the umbrella-maker curses the omnibus, because it affords shelter from the rain; all the shopkeepers on the boulevards likewise complain of the omnibus. They say that it has destroyed that captivating *far niente*, that wandering, walking passion called sauntering. Now it is the saunterers who look at the print-shop windows and purchase prints, who go to the café to quench their thirst, who hire journals when they are tired of walking, and who entertain with truffled pies, punch, and ices, those kind ladies who wander in quest of their breakfast, dinner, and supper, which they are now obliged to seek in an omnibus.

It was now quite dark. The Orléannaise had

a lantern behind and before. The latter threw a faint light upon the looking-glass at the end inside, and enabled us to see the reflection of our faces, upon which the other lantern also threw a faint light. The trees seemed running by us—so fast did the horses trot. Between the branches we could perceive here the light of a public house, there the waving lamps which threw a dull and sickly light around. A sonorous voice vibrating through the darkness of the Allée des Veuves, cried out "Stop!"

"Stop!" Such a command is not very pleasant in the Champs Elysées after night-fall. However, the driver pulled up, and by means of the looking-glass, I saw a tall lanky body, surmounted with a long, pale, sickly face, enter the omnibus. The eyes of this new comer were dim and fixed; they seemed set in a frame of stiff red hair, which stood around them square and bristling. This individual said nothing, but seated himself, and pulled out a purse in which there were several gold coins,—a circumstance

that did not tally with his poverty-struck and squalid appearance. He paid his fare and then sat motionless.

"Here is a traiteur's," said at length one of the ladies to the countryman, and she pointed to the Rotonde de Mars, whence we could hear the joyous sounds of music and dancing. He got out with them. This was certainly not the place of his appointment upon business.

The Barrière de l'Etoile stood out in relief upon the deep blue sky studded with stars. Before I left the omnibus, I collected my scattered observations. One leading idea had formed the ground-work of all my remarks. I had seen nothing in which this idea did not appear prominent, but vague, unsettled, and unconnected. The moment I had freed it from the details which were not in unison with it, and got rid of a thousand trifles which made it diverge from its precise object, it became one and indivisible like the French republic. This then is the idea.

Omnibus means *for all*. The omnibus is,

therefore, the sanctuary of equality. I saw a footman, a peer of France before the question of the hereditary peerage was raised, a stock-broker's wife, and a cook wench, enter the same vehicle, each paying thirty centimes. They had the same rights, and were there for the same purpose—a true instance of equality. They were all seated next to each other—the livery side by side with the black coat and cross—the coarse cotton gown side by side with silks and ribbons. But here the equality stops. An individual of a certain kind must not speak, for he would commit himself, and be turned out as a drunkard and an improper person. He who is well dressed seems the equal of the fellow traveller by whose side he sits; but if he speaks, then adieu equality; for he would betray himself by the mistakes and vulgarity of his language. Education alone, with similar talents or pursuits, engenders equality. And yet God has not created two leaves alike; how comes it then that he puts all men upon the same level? Feel the pulse of each of the eight

hundred thousand inhabitants of Paris, and I will stake my existence that no two beat alike. He whose pulse is rapid, is more active, quicker, and will conduct his worldly affairs better, than he whose blood is slow and phlegmatic. No matter if they are born in the same rank of life, and have received the same education; a precise similarity is destroyed by the faculties and feelings which nature has implanted in them in different degrees. A system of philosophy which promotes the good of human society, and preaches the abolition of privileges, proclaims, nevertheless, that there is a privilege which nothing can destroy,—and that is the one which relates to the qualities of the heart and mind. "Let each be rewarded according to his works," is a solemn acknowledgment of inequality. Look at the omnibus; it is intended to hold eighteen passengers. The conductor is inflexible upon this point, and yet six large fat men would press and squeeze most inconveniently the twelve others. Is this the fault of the omnibus,

or of chance? Some men raise themselves by their superior intelligence and genius, and rule over the multitude. Who has willed it so? Human society? Was it not rather the Almighty? For you, upon whom nature has bestowed genius at your birth, and whose talents have been early matured by long and persevering study, there exists a science still more important; it is the experience of life, which is slowly acquired. Well, you may make yourselves masters of it in six months or a year:—become during that period the conductor of an omnibus.

THE TABLES-D'HÔTE OF PARIS.

PARIS has her Theatres, her Museums, her Academies, her Chambers, her Insurrections, and her Reviews,—things very curious to see; but the Country has its Tables-d'Hôte,—and by that possession alone stands in the same degree of civilization. Indeed, I should not be surprised if many gave the preference to the table-d'hôte;—but this, of course, would be one of those exclusive tastes by which we ought not to be influenced.

Certain it is that the provincial tables-d'hôte excel greatly most of those which Paris

offers to the vagrant appetites of her decayed spendthrifts, her bachelors, and her visitors. The table-d'hôte of Paris is, in fact, the omnibus of the meal,—in which all houseless stomachs come to take their seats, and travel laboriously, insipidly, and stupidly, from the tasteless soup to the yellow *gruyère*, by the route, as the season may happen to be, of the meagre spinage or the coarse *petits pois*.

In the country, on the contrary, it is the delicious art of a Véfour, a Véry, and a Gobillard, heightened by all the delicacies of invention, and enriched by all that the neighbourhood can furnish most savourily indigenous. It is good living at the lowest price, yet of that quality to which it has been elevated by the learned meditations of a Carême.

In Paris, at the tables-d'hôte, you fill your stomach, if you can, and *as* you can. Strictly speaking, it is little better than a sort of manger for men;—the absence of hay forms the principal distinction.

In the country, you *eat*,—which is by no means synonymous. The table-d'hôte of the provinces is worthy of its pleasant name.

Not that the culinary palm—or rather laurel—which we conscientiously decree to the country, can be allowed to encircle the white cap of all its cooks, without exception. Oh, no!—we avow that there are many unworthy of it. There are some unfortunate towns,—there are some modern Spartas, to which the first rudiments of good living have not yet penetrated,—where the 'bain-marie' is unknown,—where the 'marmite autoclave' is a thing not yet arrived,—where the beef-steak itself—the beef-steak! will it be believed?—that most ancient, and, along with our constitutional government, most important of all our acquisitions from British industry,—the pledge, at once simple and solid, of the reconciliation between two great nations, so formed to esteem, love, understand, and cook for each other,—the beef-steak, in a word, simple, popular, and European, as it has be-

come,—will not succeed in naturalizing itself for at least another half century.

And, speaking of importations from England, it is, I should think, the most that can be said for these towns, if they have got the length of potatoes boiled in water,—reckoned one of their standing dainties. Without doubt they *do* eat potatoes there; and I have pleasure in believing, that they are, probably, boiled;—but, then they eat them like blockheads, without in the least knowing what they are about, without taking the slightest account of all the savouriness which resides in the simplicity of that dish. Now, to take no account of this, is exactly the same thing as if they did not eat at all.

I need not state, as a general rule, that there, everything which is not indigenous—'bouilli,' nor 'pâté gauloise,' nor French 'fricassée'—everything which bears a name of foreign origin, may pass, at your good pleasure, for Russian, or Chinese, or Greenlandish.

And then, they are still in the belief that the ocean was created solely for the transport of vessels; and that, consequently, when the ocean *has* transported vessels, well or ill, it has done all that we have any right to demand of it. Hence, the oyster is known to them only by hearsay,—as Alexander the Great may be; and the population stagnates in the most deplorable ignorance of all that relates to the mystery of fresh sea-fish.

In a word, their table-d'hôte,—like the table of the rich man, and that of the poor man, and all things which are eaten at either,—retains, and will retain for a long time to come, something horribly frugal, detestably primitive, hideously patriarchal. All this may be extremely poetical, but it is by no means pleasant. Give me the pleasant first, and the poetical afterwards!

We will, then, put out of the question, those backward cities, those unhappy Siberias, which M. Dupin ought, in his next edition, to mark with his blackest chalk; and we will abstain from

exposing them by name to the reproaches of the public. Alas! the unhappy ones are objects of pity rather than of blame.

But let us return to the elect towns,—to the cities where dinner is what dinner ought to be in the nineteenth century; for we do not love to contemplate humanity but under its happiest aspects.

The memory of the belly is said to be the most ungreatful of all memories; and yet, where is the traveller whom business, or pleasure, or health, or want of occupation, has allured from town to town,—where, above all, is the idler, having betaken himself to stroll through France, who retains not, in the depths of his stomach, the most savoury recollection of the tables-d'hôte of Mâcon, for instance, and of that excellent M. Delorme, *qui est si bon là!* and whose dinners, no less than his unlucky adventures, have made him one of the notables of our time! Also of Châlons-sur-Saone, of Beaune, of Metz, of Lille, of Angoulême, of Mantes, of Bordeaux,

&c. &c.—pardon for the thousand others which I cannot mention, but which sufficiently suggest themselves! Where is the amateur whose imagination does not transport him back to the foot of that Cape Finistère, where rises Brest, with her table-d'hôte,—succulent oasis!—advanced sentinel of gastronomic civilization! And what are the brightest gems in the crown of Toulouse,—Toulouse, the queen, the lovely, the glorious, the poetical, the savoury? Are they her floral games, her Villèles, or her cooks? The answer springs to every mouth!

And then, the material part of the provincial table-d'hôte, its cleanness, its elegance, its abundance, its delicacy—all these form its least distinctions. That which secures to it an indisputable superiority over the table-d'hôte of Paris, is the selectness, the variety, and the gaiety of its guests.

The provincial table-d'hôte offers to every traveller a sort of impromptu family-party. The charm of it consists in that familiarity, that

joyousness, that home free-and-easyness, which is put under the direction of the first comer.—Home, with this advantage, that it has all the agreeableness of home without its nuisances.—It is home, without a dog, without a cat, without a poet, without a neighbour, without a porter, without treacherous friends, without a housekeeper, and without a toady.

And then, the magic-lantern of the social world nowhere offers to the eye of the observer a glass more bold, more picturesque, and, above all, more varied. Each day brings new faces. Each succeeding carriage brings, sets down, and carries away again, its own collection of originals,—people entirely unknown to one another, who have got engulfed together in the same moving box,—who meet, part, amuse each other on their journey,—but whom, from their mutual familiarity, you would imagine to be all fast and old friends.

Nothing of this kind is to be met with at the tables-d'hôte of Paris;—not even at those whose

high price implies, in favour of their frequenters, the easiness of circumstances which excludes that saddest of all preoccupations—the preoccupation of poverty. Nevertheless, every man brings thither with him, besides his appetite, his ennui, his projects, his caprices;—and you need not be told that the caprice of most men is something exceedingly disagreeable. The generality of men are only fit to be seen once. Their character is like Seltzer water,—the first taste alone is excellent.

Now, if we have lingered to give a summary description of the provincial table-d'hôte, it has only been with the intention of painting accurately, by means of contrasts, the table-d'hôte of Paris. We have made, so to speak, a negative portrait; like that village magistrate, who, drawing up a procès-verbal against one of the female subjects of his jurisdiction, and not being exactly certain whether the adjective *chatain* was indeclinable, or became *chataigne* in the feminine, described her as fol-

ance —" Firmly, the statement is neither fair, nor rare, nor grey, nor white, nor red." From all which it resulted, logically, that she must be chestnut. It was getting over a difficulty in an extraordinary ingenious way.

Well,—in the same manner, we have stated that the table d'hote of Paris does not, in any particular, resemble that of the Country;—after which we have described the latter. Of course, then, you know already what the former is not, —and that is something. Nevertheless, let us attempt more definite colours.

The name of table-d'hote, at Paris, is little more than a generic appellation, under which are included all those pots-au-feu which are eaten in common, at a fixed hour, with any one who chooses to have a share of them, for a price which varies from seven sous to five francs. It will be at once understood that it would be altogether impossible, in this limited canvas, to sketch all its varieties. We will confine ourselves to the principal ones.

There are, for instance, a kind of tables,

where, for seven sous, (seven sous!) you may allay the most inordinate appetite. Gargantua might have baited himself there. I flatter myself you will not suppose that people feed on partridges at these places. Thick soup, fried potatoes, water and bread *à discrétion*,—such are the invariable accessories of these clothless tables. At the very most, in place of the potatoes, may at times be found, on some of them, a morsel of dark-coloured meat, dry and stringy,—or, at least, a something which bears a greater resemblance to meat than to anything else.

Yet, however unhistoric such a feast may appear, the principal wonder of it is,—not that it can entice many an appetite, (there are, in this capital of the civilized world, stomachs so exceedingly hollow, arms crossed so long in idleness, and labours so very unprofitable,)—but rather that one can poison oneself at so cheap a rate. What! all that for seven sous,—for seven-eighths of the money that a mere glass of *eau sucrée* costs elsewhere! I tell you the

truth,—Paris is the city of miracles. The host of these taverns—or, to speak more correctly, caverns—must assuredly be a great philanthropist; for I know but one principle upon which he can fail to ruin himself, by this liberality,—it is that, according to the proverb, while he loses by each of his customers, he contrives to recover himself upon the whole.

From seven sous to seventeen, there are little more than shades of distinction. At seventeen sous one attains to the enjoyment of a table-cloth,—a decided amelioration. At twenty we get the length of a napkin, and a fork of Algiers metal—nay, sometimes even of silver.

Three sous more, and we touch upon the confines of luxury—of that luxury of appearance, which glitters but does not waste.

At twenty-five sous, in fact, the table-d'hôte, which, up to that point, had, according to the fine expression of Bossuet, no name in any tongue, begins to decorate itself with the title of 'cuisine bourgeoise.' Bourgeoise indeed!

The standing dishes of the 'cuisine bourgeoise' consist of a huge cucumber, its radishes, and its salt and pepper *à discrétion*,—arranged in square;—for symmetry is, at the point to which we are now arrived, strictly attended to.

The variable ones are soup, bouilli, potatoes, or dry haricots; the whole followed by a flour-sprinkled brie,* and to be washed down by 'veritable Mâcon,' arrived, the month before, direct from the East Indies, under the likeness,—not very liquid, and not in the least alcoholic,—of little bundles of reddish looking wood.

Each *couvert* consists of a spoon, a fork, a knife, a napkin, a glass, and a small bottle of the aforesaid artificial nectar.

Bread is *à discrétion*,—and so is the waiter.

In addition, it would be unjust not to state that your plate is regularly changed for each new dish. This is a homage that we have great pleasure in rendering to truth.

From thirty sous to forty, the table-d'hôte

* A kind of strong cheese.—*Tr.*

rises, generally to the title of 'pension bourgeoise.' Continuation of the calumny! If it could deserve such an appellation, it must be by our arriving at the conclusion that the citizen of Paris has a very particular taste for custards without sugar, and spinage without butter,—which would be a most unjust appreciation of that estimable class.

Here the *soupe* becomes *potage*, and the *bouilli* takes the name of beef. All this is better,—infinitely better. The stride made is immense. From that moment there are traces of civilization.

The pièce de résistance, the plat soigné, the centre, the pivot of the culinary system of the pension bourgeoise, is, commonly, the *fricandeau*,—the fricandeau, with its hunches of bacon, and its juicy sorrel. This particular pre-eminence, however, is not invariable. There are some pensions bourgeoises which excel in their bouilli; others where the rôti reigns supreme; and others again for which the 'vol-au-

vent,' kidneys, or some other dish, have obtained great celebrity amongst a certain class.

A few of them go even so far as to hazard the beef-steak. Unhappily, this bold attempt is not always crowned with success. In that case, you are helped to a kind of boiled leather; and when you ask what it is, the hostess replies, "It is a bifeustèque." And, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, seeing you toiling fiercely at it, putting yourself into a perspiration, and, at length betaking yourself to it tooth and nail, for the purpose of endeavouring to tear away some shred of it, she adds, graciously,—"Perhaps it is a little tough,—is it? I am astonished at that. The meat was magnificent! —Agatha, tell the head cook to take care another time. His bifeustèques are quite hard to-day! However, the meat was magnificent! he knows that very well! one might suppose that he had his fortunate days for bifeustèques!—Pray, Sir, leave it; don't give yourself so much trouble.—Agatha, change the gentleman's plate.

—Shall I offer you, Sir, a little of these haricots, in its place? I believe them to be excellent!"

For, there is not a dish offered you which is not announced as excellent. And nothing is so afflicting to the self-love of the hostess as the tacit denial of that fact, expressed by any guest's declining to empty his plate;—nothing, above all, so poignant as those uttered complaints which the excess of the detestable will at times extort from him. I tell you, plainly, those spoken complaints will shorten the hostess's life. That woman is committing suicide by her exertions to provide for the nourishment of the public.

Add to this the necessity under which she feels herself of hiding her chagrin,—of being gracious on all sides, and smiling whether she can or no. There is a smile which Lavater has forgotten, and which has never been classed by any other physiognomist: it is the smile, in public, of princes, lemonade-girls, milliners, and mistresses of tables-d'hôte,—artificial smile, me-

chanical smile,—a sort of sign, which has no reference whatever to the inside of the shop,—or, in other words, to the state of the mind,—and which is hoisted up or taken down without any motive beyond that of the occasion demanding it. Just look at an hostess!—If she does not see you, she is grave and apathetic; but if she catches your eye,—crack! there goes a smile for you!—and she would smile just in the same way, for eight-and-forty hours together, if you would keep your eyes upon her for that length of time.

And then, turn away your eyes;—crack! the smile is gone, and apathy returns! One would suppose that her smile was pulled by strings.—But the drollest things are those fractions of a smile—those thousandth parts of a smile—those infinitesimals of a smile, which she begins for you under an erroneous impression that you are looking at her; and interrupts suddenly, on finding her mistake,—or which she, then, proceeds with in favour of your neigh-

bour, in case your neighbour should take it into his head to look towards her.

The 'pension bourgeoise' is already in some places one of those civilities of society which one acquaintance offers to another. They invite each other to their pensions bourgeoises, in the same manner as, elsewhere, to an ice, a share of their box, or a seat in their tilbury.

"Ah! come along," one of the boarders will say to you,—"where do you dine to-day? Come and dine with me, in my pension bourgeoise. We are very comfortable there! The beef, especially, is excellent. I won't say much about it, but we have always excellent beef!"

Or, if it be not the beef which is held out as an incitement, it will be the rôti, or the fricandeau, or the vol-au-vent, or the salad, or one thing or else another;—each pension bourgeoise being, as I have said, more or less celebrated for some particular reason.

Sometimes, again, it will be with an *extra*,—with some select and accidental dish,—that he will try to allure you. "Oh! come. We had, yesterday, a delicious hare. No doubt there is some of it left for to-day. Come along."

Or else, "Come and see,—let me tempt you. I suspect we shall have something choice, this evening—a pâté, which I am told will be excellent. Pray come!"

The fact is, that, from time to time, to prevent her boarder from being surfeited, getting wearied and disappearing, the hostess takes care to revive his appetite by some extraordinary dainty. The announcement of this is made the night before, or, perhaps, several days in advance. And this kind of 'programme d'hôtel' has at least one advantage over the programme of politics,—that of having its promises strictly fulfilled—as to quantity, whatever may be said of the quality.

"Monsieur Charles," says the hostess, to her

pensionnaire, as he goes out, "shall we have the pleasure of your company to-morrow?"

"I am not certain, Madame,—why?"

"Because—because—there will be something—!"

And these words she accompanies with a slight mysterious motion of the head,—oh! most mysterious—calculated to make your mouth water! I say nothing of the smile,—that is of course—the smile signifies absolutely nothing.

"Oh ho!" replies M. Charles,—"Certainly, Madame, I shall be at your service!"

There are certain epochs in the year, at which these incentives are an understood thing;—in the same manner as there are certain localities,—certain ascents, for instance, or certain sandy paths,—where it becomes necessary to revive the zeal of quadrupeds by a redoubled application of the whip.

In the number of these epochs—figure in the first class, New-year's day, the fête-day of the King, Shrove-Tuesday, Mid-Lent, and a few

other dates, sprinkled here and there throughout the calendar.

On those days the hostess treats. The preceding evening she will have said,—"Well, Monsieur Charles, you won't forget, will you?"

"What, Madame!"

"There, now!—why—you know,—Is it not to-morrow?"

"Oh diable!—true—!"

"At the usual hour, you know. On no account fail;—we reckon upon you;—I am anxious to have all my party. But it will be quite *entre nous*, you know,—it is more agreeable."

This "entre nous" signifies that on this particular day no intruder will be admitted to the participation of the *extra*,—which extra, in winter, consists of some chicken rather less consumptive than usual, and, in summer, some dish of asparagus (about the sixth week of its season);—the whole flanked by a dessert of Tours prunes, and concluded by a small glass of cherry brandy.

As for other vegetables, such as beans, artichokes, and green peas,—and the fruits of the season, such as cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants,—their appearance, though late, constitutes the *surprise* part of the feasts of the pension bourgeoise. They are not announced to the guests. It is a piece of culinary coquetry. Therefore, the earliest dish of strawberries extracts a long tribute of astonishment, and the first melon produces a sensation of infinite duration.

In the long run, however, the *extras* are a source of profit to the hostess. It is altogether false generosity. Where is the boarder sordid enough, on such occasions, to refuse paying his share,—his half, or his third, or his fourth,—of a bottle of old Mâcon, or old Bourgogne, or even old Tavel!—Oh! shame upon him!

In these places, Tavel especially enjoys a prodigious estimation. Nothing surpasses it except the fame of Thorins. But then, they seldom reach the dignity of Thorins;—and, as

for champaign,—if any boarder should, for once, venture to sport champaign, there follows a shock of surprise, a tumult of whispers, a movement of applause. That fact will survive. That fact will go down from generation to generation. The stock-in-trade of the house may be sold, re-sold, and again re-sold; the *personnel* of the boarding-house may be a hundred times dissolved and renewed;—but that fact will still remain one of its traditions, unchanged, imperishable;—like those columns of granite which survive in their solitude all the revolutions of empires, and all the commotions of the world.

Thus, then, you understand that if M. Charles invite you, it will never be on one of those great *extra* days. It will be the day, or even the day but one after, to assist at the consumption of the fragments, if any are left;—that is to say, you are asked to attend the funeral of a fowl, of a pasty, of a rabbit, or of a tart;—light be the crust upon your stomach!

Well, never mind! accept!—You lose nothing by it. Dine there; and if you are pinched, there is nothing to hinder you, when that dinner is finished, from going elsewhere and dining over again.

And then the eating party, there, is a very curious subject of observation. It is composed of under-clerks, young shopmen, scions of the desk, and many others, including soi-disant artists, and that class of unlettered literary persons who sign themselves—"homme de lettres,"—and are contented, provisionally, with the approving smile of the hostess, in expectation of that of glory. In a word, the Bœotians abound;—and this produces a conversation, or rather a chattering, sufficiently amusing to hear for once in one's lifetime.

Nay, you may even meet, there, with a jester, —who, if you are a new-comer, will endeavour for the common advantage, to lead you into some droll wager, which results in coffee at your expense; and afterwards into a second, with a view to adding thereto the *petit verre*.

The most ordinary subject of wager is the following: "Sir, I will bet you coffee for the company, that I will have drunk this bottle of beer, before you shall have swallowed a biscuit." And, thereupon, if the challenge be accepted, "Agatha! go and find a biscuit for these gentlemen."—"Dear me, Madam, there are none left."—There are some, I suppose, at the pastry-cook's. Go to the pastry-cook's. A large biscuit, —you understand."

Now, in fact, your adversary has already gulped down the whole contents of the bottle, and looks as if he were on the point of gulping down the bottle itself,—while you are yet stretching your neck, straining your eyes, choking yourself, and making incredible efforts, to swallow the rear of the cursed biscuit. You lose, of course,—but are reconciled, by finding that you are, still, alive!

Finally, as a concluding luxury, you are presented with a tooth-pick, at the end of the dinner; for the reign of the tooth-pick commences in the pension bourgeoise, to end only

on the frontiers of good manners,—that is to say, at the good tables of good houses. On this side of that limit, the tooth-pick is an affair of ton—of display,—sometimes of utility. There is a certain class of persons who take a pride in exhibiting the tooth-pick in all public places, from six in the evening till bed-time. It is a visible evidence that they have dined. It is at once an ornament, a recreation, and an economical companion. A tooth-pick can supply, to such, the place of the coffee-house, the play, a mistress,—everything!

But the advantages of the pension bourgeoise are not confined to those which we have enumerated. You are there furnished, in addition, with the dramatic emotion of gaming at a long date. It is seldom that the hostess has not to propose to you, at the time of the dessert, (with an "Apropos, gentlemen," and at the price of ten sous, or fifteen sous, or a franc or two francs,) some ticket for a private lottery; affording you the chance,—on the first number

of the first series of the first drawing of the first following month,—of a box of gilt pasteboard, a re-washed hoop, a silver watch, an English hat, an edition of Voltaire,—or even, if you are a bachelor, a piece of printed calico, for a gown,—which same calico is so very fine—ah! just feel it!—and of a tint—oh! what a beautiful tint! It is a splendid opportunity! And then, the hostess assures you, with a melancholy tone, that it is for the benefit of a poor workman out of employment,—of a poor father of a family, who has broken his arm,—or of a poor woman lying in of her ninth child. I advise you, therefore, not to decline the charitable proposition of the hostess,—that is, if you have no inclination to pass for a cannibal;—particularly as there are only three tickets left. A general rule this;—there are always three tickets left. Take one by all means;—they must be the lucky ones, since there are only three left.

If, however, you *do* refuse, your back will scarcely be turned, before she will speak of you

to the most intimate of her guests. "I, really, cannot conceive where Monsieur Charles, who is a charming young man himself, contrives to pick up all the acquaintances whom he brings here. Now, *there's* a *mossieur*, who strikes me as having a very mean look,—don't you think so? I may be mistaken; but really there are people who have no sensibility: provided they get enough to eat and drink, they care very little about anything else. You might talk your tongue up by the roots, without getting anything out of them."

And then, you may rest assured that you will never be admitted, on Sundays and feast-days, to the little choice parties of the house. For, in many pensions bourgeoises, the Sunday dinner is succeeded, in winter,—for the benefit of the favourite subscribers, who, at the same time, are bachelors,—by a little *réunion, sans conséquence*, and, as the hostess adds, "à la bonne flanquette";—which *réunion* is held in the room adjoining the dining-room, beside the stove of

Dutch-ware which warms the two, in equal proportions.

There they play at Loto,—at first for chesnuts, cider, and puff-cakes. After which, they proceed to little innocent games, such as 'blind man's buff,' 'hot cockles,' or 'petit bonhomme,' or else to acted charades; and then, they conclude by drawing forfeits, and setting penances,—such as 'le Chevalier de triste figure,' 'le portier du Couvent,' or 'le Pont de Cythère'—which last is executed, at your option, with the hostess,—with her *young lady* of twenty-seven—a female neighbour,—her little four-year-old girl, or lastly, if the male society, on that day, is very numerous,—with the fat Agatha, who is summoned expressly for that purpose from the heart of her kitchen, where she had fallen asleep over her knitting; and who is admitted to the benefit of the cider, the chesnuts, and the embraces, to the end that there may be, conscientiously, a sufficient number of cheeks for all the lips.

Sometimes—indeed too often—the hostess's *young lady* is sentenced to sing a *romance;* and then she sings six which make your hair stand on end. On which account, I should prefer fat Agatha,—notwithstanding that the latter exhales a perfume of saucepans, as the Venus of Virgil sheds a perfume of the Empyrean. But Agatha, at any rate, possesses the most agreeable of all social talents,—the talent of *not* singing 'romances,'—and, better still, of *not* meddling with the guitar!

What we have said of the pension bourgeoise, applies, in some particulars, to that which is called more specially, the 'table-d'hôte.' The table-d'hôte begins generally at forty sous, and ends at four francs. Above four francs, we speak of 'le dîner,' 'le souper.' One dines in such a house—one sups in such another. We shall see the reason of this, by and bye.

At the same time, it is to be understood that all the above denominations depend much more upon the vanity of the host than on

the price of his table. But compelled, as we are, to confine ourselves to generalities, we cannot notice any infractions of the general rule. To return.

If the table-d'hôte, properly so called, is superior to the pension bourgeoise, in a gastronomic point of view, it must be admitted that, in return, one dines there much more gloomily. The table-d'hôte has few frequenters for any length of time together; and, consequently, few guests who are acquainted with each other, who can fully enjoy each other's society, or who are intimate enough to laugh at one another. Now, what social pleasure can there be, where you cannot laugh at one another?

The best tables, of this class, are those of the great hôtels. There it is that the dinner-bell draws, to one point, appetites from all the corners of the universe. But, then, as a consequence, there are no general conversation, no lively sallies, no extravagances, no laughter-

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rubs off the down which the napkin has left, by the aid of a little saliva, with which he moistens the palm of his hands; takes down the hat, gives it a brush with his coat; bows, departs, and goes, in search of digestion, elsewhere.

But if, by possibility, it is he who is too late, instead of the clock, he is obliged to listen, for a quarter of an hour, to the obscurious reprimands of the hostess. "Oh! my dear Sir! there is nothing left;—I don't know what we must give you;—François, ask the head cook if he cannot find something."

François goes out, and takes a turn in the street; and then comes back and says that the head cook is gone!

"Oh! true," replies the hostess,—"I remember he asked permission to go very early in-

[redacted]

God forbid that I should sketch for you the persons of the leaders among those legalized cut-throats! That would be personality. You would there recognize with pain, a crowd of those men renowned in literature, in art, in science, in war, in commerce, in eloquence, in government—*of whom France is so proud!*—Cherish your illusions, reader! Illusion is the virginity of man,—once lost, it is lost for ever. There will be a day in which it must be taken from you,—the great day of the final judgment!

Neither will I attempt to paint for you the *personnel* of the little Francatis, legal or illegal.

I shall confine myself to the few following traits.

The tables-d'hôte, or, as they are called, the diners, of the manner among these planets, are furnished with a prodigality so wretched, a luxury so sordid, an opulence so pitiful, that they are, with truth, supposed to be supplied from the leavings of the great city feasts, and the diplomatic and ministerial dinners. That

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[illegible]

extra wine which he may have ordered for himself; and she will embrace you, "cher petit," willingly, for a glass of rum.

It would appear that this, also, is one of the practices of foreign courts.

Beware of Madame the Baroness!

But enough!—for all which remains is disgusting to look upon. And—to sum up, in two words, the moral of this long sketch,—beware, also, lovers of good cheer,—beware, lovers of conviviality,—of the table-d'hôte of Paris; be it 'gargote,' or 'cuisine bourgeoise,' or 'pension bourgeoise,' or 'table-d'hôte,' or 'dîner,' or 'souper'! For a man who loves to dine well, to dine joyously, to dine decently, I know but one thing in the world which is worse than dining at a table-d'hôte; and that is—not dining at all!

MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

THE prince of the church, and the executioner—the minister of God preaching the gospel, and the minister of human justice, with his mission of pain and blood—the preserver of the soul, and the destroyer of the body—by a strange abuse of words, and an unaccountable perversion of reason, bear the same appellation:

Bossuet, Monsieur de Meaux!

Sanson, Monsieur de Paris!

An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of eternal prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to some

horrible tale. The name is associated with blood and murder; it conjures up to the imagination phantasms of horror and mortal violence. You see the dread scaffold before you, with the blood-stained plank rendered brighter after each execution, and the basket which receives the severed head—you see all this, and your fancy shows you a struggling victim full of life and health, dragged up the steps, and in an instant precipitated into eternity.

Is it then surprising, that men of even strong minds and superior attainments should think with horror of the living agent of the inflictions of human justice? Is it surprising that they should affix an indelible stigma upon him, without whom the right of scourging the guilty would belong to God alone?

This agent of the law is, of necessity, a double man: the created being, equal, in the eyes of God and of the law, to his fellow men; and the abstract being—the terrible agent which intervenes betwixt crime and punishment, acting but

but in the interest of the society that spurns him, and to which he returns in painful service, the contempt he is forced to endure.

It would be difficult to form a just and reasonable opinion of such a man. His functions make too forcible an appeal to an innate feeling which the mind cannot overcome, for reason to preside over our judgment. We are, besides, not always able to form an opinion of our own after reading those of the illustrious author of the 'Soirées de St. Petersbourg,' and the warm and eloquent Rousseau. Certainly, if we are not to see, in the executioner's wife and children, "a mother and her cubs," as M. de Maistre would have us do, neither ought we to yield to the sophistical philosophy of Jean-Jacques, who would have a sovereign make his son marry the hangman's daughter.

The office of executioner has not always been so degraded as it is now. Among the Jews, sentences of death were executed either by the people at large, by the accusers of the con-

demned criminal, by the relatives of the homicide, if the condemnation were for murder, or by other persons, according to circumstances.

The sovereign often ordered those about his person, particularly if they were young men, to go and put to death some individual whom he named. We find many instances of this in Holy Writ; and, far from any infamy being attached to such executions, they were deemed honourable.

Among the Greeks, the office of executioner was not despised. Aristotle, in his Politics, places the executioner among the magistrates. He even says, that, from the necessity of his duties, he ought to be ranked among the principal officers of state. At Rome, besides the Lictors, soldiers were sometimes ordered to execute criminals, not only for military, but for civil offences. Neither was this service considered degrading. Among the ancient Germans, executions were performed by priests, because this people looked upon the blood of cri-

minals as the most agreeable offering to their gods.

In ancient times, judges often executed their own sentences, of which history, sacred and profane, furnishes us many examples. In Germany, before the office of executioner was established, the duties were performed by the youngest member of the city corporation. In Franconia, it was done by the man most recently married; at Reutlingue, an imperial city of Swabia, by the counsellor last appointed; and at Stedien, a little town in Thuringen, by the inhabitant who last came to settle there.

In Russia, there is no executioner; the duties are performed each time by a different prisoner. This commission of an instant is always followed by a full pardon.

In France, the executioner had, like the king and the lords of his court, the right of *prise*; that is to say, he had the power to take from the inhabitants of the place to which his duties called him, such provisions as he required.

it he was, nevertheless, obliged ultimately to
ay for them, at the expiration of a certain
imited time of credit.

The letters-patent of Charles V., dated the 5th of March, 1398, exempting the inhabitants of Chailly and Lay, near Paris, from the right of *prise*, prohibited "the king's caterers, harbingers, equerries, executioners of high justice, and other of the king's officers, likewise all officers of the queen, as well as lords and persons enjoying the right of prise, from exercising it on any of the said inhabitants." In this document, the executioner is placed in very good company.

At a later period, the office of executioner fell into the lowest state of degradation, from which it was, however, somewhat raised in 1790, when the National Assembly, on the motion of Mator ·de la Varenne, seconded by Mirabeau, decree that the executioner was included in the numb of citizens.

I had long anxiously desired to be acquai

with this terrible functionary. I was curious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family—to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself—and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the Rue des Marais du Temple.

Arrived at No. 31 bis, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings, whose interstices, closed by wood, prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening in these railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell. In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the post-offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur-Général to the executioner.

I gently rung the bell; the door was opened, and a tall, athletic young man about thirty years of age, politely inquired what I wanted. "Mr. Henry Sanson," said I, in a tremulous

voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man not under sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found to account for the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners; nor can he seek alliances anywhere but among executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men? Would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law? Would you admit him into your house? Would not his arrival at any

place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the Jardin des Plantes when the lion had broken loose? And yet he is a man, as well as you—equally in need of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced like himself. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

Do not, however, believe, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When Monsieur de Versailles died without issue, some years ago, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting?

I return to my visit.

I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance

beaming with mildness and candour, amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner!

In the same room was his son,* a young man of three or four and thirty, with light hair and a mild, timid look. On his knees sate a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

This family picture struck me forcibly; and

* The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier of Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without knowing who he was. On discovering the dreadful secret, her parents endeavoured to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner at Paris is better paid than that of President of the Royal Court. M. Sanson the elder has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowers. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.—*Athenæum.*

Sanson must have perceived it. The fact is, that, without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl, above all—she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful had been found there; it was like sunlight on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

For several years past, M. Sanson the younger has performed the duties of his father's office. Destined, for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution—for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely inquired the object of my visit.

My story was ready prepared. I was, I said, writing a work on judicial punishments, and, relying upon his obliging disposition, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied that all the information he possessed was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object; and, in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had an opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of Monsieur de Paris.

M. Sanson does not attempt to disguise how acutely he feels the stigma attached to his situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but like a philosopher.

This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would himself take care to recall it to your mind.

One thing struck me particularly. He had

often resorted to his snuff-box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends!

M. Sanson delights in conversation; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well-chosen library, which, in his house, is not merely ornamental. His books, indeed, are his only society; with their aid he can escape from embarrassment and humiliation, converse with master minds, obtain relief from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights.

Excluded from living society, his intercourse

is with the great of past ages;—he can look on them without a shudder—they died not by his hand!

Among the books, were two which I little expected to find there,—the works of M. de Maistre, and 'Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné.'*

The library furnished me with a topic of conversation, which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the tact which characterizes him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles, and discussed opinions, like a man well acquainted with the subject; and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, arising from the

* 'The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal,' a work by Victor Hugo.

want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honour to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. This conversation on literary topics drove away the cold formality which had before chilled our intercourse. We became like old acquaintances; his heart seemed to expand, and the moral man was before me without disguise.

One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him into connexion, must have extinguished in him all humane feeling;—quite the reverse — they have developed the most acute sensibility. This man,—who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises piece by piece the dreadful instrument of death, oils the ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger,—cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution. He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death, enlarges with animation on the means which might efficaciously be substituted

for it; and on the day of execution he may be seen pale as death, refusing food, and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror. This fact is not known, nor should I have believed it had I not seen it. It ought, likewise, to be witnessed by those who, with all the weight and authority of high talent, cast shame and obloquy upon this agent of the law, at the same time that they prostrate themselves with the deepest respect before the power which makes him act!

He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful—they are like the smile of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a cabaret, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Grève and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of stealing a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and, but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who himself opened the door, replied, that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was no remedy but to wait. By degrees the crowd began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying under the knife. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must

have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he endured during this novel species of slow torture. This circumstance occurred but a few years after the revolution. The blood which had flowed during the two years of the Reign of Terror, had not satiated the rage for executions displayed by the multitude.

Less from a motive of curiosity than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this museum filled me with horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention,—it is the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. This weapon was manufactured on purpose; and several blades were made before one was found fit for the object intended.

At that period, whenever any remarkable execution took place, the young lords of the court

were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which, in those days, stood upon the stage at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution, these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel in the air, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and, instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim, which it penetrated, and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with a tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass!—I held the fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not here be out of place.

About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men belonging to that high class of the nobility which had then a monopoly for breaking windows, insulting street passengers, and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency—were strolling down the faubourg St. Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling champaign.

On their arrival in the Rue St. Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

One of them knocked at the door; it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

The young lord hastened to explain the motive of this unseasonable visit.

The gentleman, with frigid politeness, de-

lity—a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen—is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands."

The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who, twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of raillery.

When I left the executioner's house my bosom was dreadfully oppressed. The fresh air restored my mind to its former tone. Of all the different impressions which I had received, none remained but a profound contempt for our civilization—and the predominant wish of my heart was the revision of our penal code.

On quitting Sanson, after a long visit, during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society,—prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us,—I instinctively held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime, dared not press that of an honest man.

A HOUSE IN THE RUE DE L'ÉCOLE DE MÉDECINE.

MEN sometimes evince predilections the influence of which they seem little disposed to acknowledge, until truth and conscience overpower the feelings of interest so often mistaken for opinions, and give developement to the unsophisticated sentiments of the heart, which burst forth through every obstacle, like the flower of the saxifrage piercing through the granite rock. In vain are they concealed—in vain is the mind hermetically closed—in vain are they disavowed, to serve the purposes of an empty popularity; —they must ultimately appear as through a glass. . . . . For my own part, I dare avow mine.

as I had conceived her—the same ideal being that haunted my excited imagination;—so truly has the genius of the artist revealed to me that which I sought.

I have often regretted that I did not possess something which belonged to Charlotte—often lamented that I had never discovered the stairs on which she had trod, the room in which she had done the deed, and sacrificed herself to a conviction of duty. I was at length informed that Marat had met his death in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. One evening I stopped before the house which forms the angle of the street with the Rue du Paon. "It must be here," I thought; for I naturally imagined that so sublime an action could only have occurred in the most remarkable house of the street. Such is our nature. We are at first struck by external objects, and the eye is always acted upon before the mind. This house appeared to me remarkable from its old and singular style of architecture. My attention was caught by its dark

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baths in the Rue du Paon. It is close by, and is a noble establishment. Pray look at it, Sir."

I thanked them, and, suppressing an involuntary smile, went my way. It was Sunday, and the grocer's shop was shut; I therefore deferred my inquiries.

Next day the answer of the honest grocer, whom I found behind his counter, destroyed the romance I had coupled with the building. I left the house in disappointment, but not without casting a look of regret at the old turret. Determined to follow up my inquiries, I entered the next house, No. 18. The door was large, and slightly curved at the top. It led into a small, close court, with a well in one corner. There was nothing remarkable here. But I had no sooner pronounced the name of Marat, than the porter said, "It is here, Sir." On hearing these words, all around me assumed a solemn and sombre appearance. My imagination, deceived on the previous day, now took its revenge. It magnified and darkened every ob-

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ject—it examined everything through the light of its own spirit. There is nothing like contrasts for a man who revels in the richness of an exuberant fancy.

It was, no doubt, at the door of this dark lodge, that Charlotte Corday said, "Is citizen Marat at home?" And the porter of that period, seeing this beautiful and dignified girl, smiling in all the fascination of feminine loveliness, suspected nothing. How, indeed, could he associate the idea of murder with that of one of the fairest forms of heaven's creation; whose large dark eyes displayed a humid and intellectual brilliancy; whose elegant and fully developed figure, exquisitely fair complexion, and pearly teeth, seen under the voluptuous fulness of her half-closed lips, would have melted a savage? How could he associate a concealed poignard with drapery which covered, without concealing, the most perfect harmony of contour?—How trace a sanguinary design in a countenance so angelic, so noble, so calm, and whose only ex-

pression seemed the timidity of chaste and virtuous affection? On that day, no doubt, her dress was distinguished by a sort of simple and sublime coquetry. It was expedient that she should captivate the good opinion of those who were to admit her into the presence of the blood-stained monster she intended to destroy. She knew that a deed like the one she was about to attempt, is not perpetrated twice, and that her life would fall a sacrifice. She knew, likewise, that the very undertaking was her own death warrant, and was on her part a generous suicide in favour of reason and justice;—that, therefore, she should be arrested the moment she had sacrificed her victim. She consequently determined to make no attempt at escape. She considered that on her apprehension, the eyes of the multitude would be fixed upon her. Her father was a nobleman; she herself nurtured in her bosom the warmest republicanism, but polished, pure, and dignified as herself. She could not forget all this; and a woman's dress, even

in the most important actions of her life, represents, in some degree, her habitual ideas and opinions. Oh! how beautiful she looked! Her glossy hair was tied with a broad green ribbon, and flowed in undulating curls round her lovely neck. And then her white forehead, her look of modesty, and those lips!—Who could anticipate that her delicate hand was about to commit a deed of blood?

"Nothing has been moved in those rooms since that day;" said the porter, smiling, as he detected my look fixed upon the threshold of the door, before which I stood motionless.

"I am fond of visiting places connected with celebrated actions," said I, "and I should much like to look at this house." At the word celebrated, pronounced with intentional emphasis, the porter put his hand to his cotton night-cap, and his wife rose from her chair. Vanity takes up his quarters as readily in a porter's lodge, as in the house of a peer, or a poet. And why should it not?

"Marat," said the porter's wife, "was assassinated in a closet on the first floor, opening upon the street."

"Can I see it?"

"The occupants are not at home, and their servant will scarcely be able to answer your inquiries." Thus saying, she led the way.

The staircase is of stone, of tolerable dimensions, and adorned with an iron balustrade. We entered. "The paper-hangings have alone been renewed," said she; "but wait whilst I tell the servant that you are going to look at the rooms." She left me in the ante-chamber, where I was happy to have a moment to collect my wandering thoughts. There are sensations which we love to enjoy like a rare and generous wine which we sip drop by drop.

Marat's dwelling was far from splendid. The ante-chamber was shabby. The window-frames were cumbrous and unfinished, the panes of glass small, and the whole presented a mean and dismal appearance. Marat was a poor man.

so eloquent in the developement of their theories of federalism, but so weak in action, would have saved France from the ferocious hands of those Montagnards, whose voice terrified, and thus increased their strength a hundredfold. Erroneous or not, Charlotte Corday's view was the emanation of a great and noble mind.

It was in this room then that she solicited, in the most pressing manner, to be admitted to the presence of citizen Marat. A young woman refused to introduce her. It was here—on this mantelpiece which I am touching—that she perhaps leant. Oh no!—she did not tremble; she required no support.

What a treasure of affection and devotedness would such a creature have been, had she ever loved! But each noble faculty of her mind was absorbed by her passion for freedom,—by the republic of her day dreams, pure, strong, and abounding in virtue and talent. She had nothing to spare for other feelings,—this one exhausted all the powers of her soul. For my

own part, I confess I should feel regret, had she loved either Belzunce, who was executed at Caen upon a denunciation by Marat, or Barbaroux, the Antinous of the Girondist party; for, in such a case, I should see, in her noble patriotism, nothing but an act of revenge. She would then have been a mere ordinary woman, wrought to a pitch of desperate excitement. I should be miserable if I found any terrestrial passion betwixt her and my admiration,—I, who so venerate her memory! But these calumnies were invented by mean and grovelling minds. She was never even acquainted with Belzunce; and, living so retired as she did, at the house of a friend, she scarcely ever saw Barbaroux before she went to him for a letter of introduction, on the eve of her departure for Paris. And then she has herself taken care to make known her feelings in the following words: "We are such good republicans at Paris, that people cannot imagine how a useless woman, whose existence, were it ever so long, would be of no

value, can in cold blood sacrifice her life at the altar of patriotism."

I drew from my pocket the memoranda which I had made. The porter's wife entered with the servant of the occupants of the rooms.

"Permit me," said I to them, "to proceed with order and dignity." My black clothes, pale face, and solemn air surprised them. They remained motionless and I read my notes in an undertone.

"Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armans, born at St. Saturnin, near Caen, age twenty-five years all but a fortnight.

"Her whole life is comprised in a few lines, but these lines are sufficient to immortalize her. What matters that portion of her life which belongs to ordinary mortals? She had three days of sublimity—of simple and reflected sublimity; and these three days are worth a million of existences.

"She came to Paris at the commencement of

July 1793, having written to her father that she was going to England, in search of that repose and safety which she could not find in France. A noble falsehood, dictated by filial piety!

" She was set down at the Hôtel de la Providence, in the Rue des Augustins.

" Immediately after her arrival, she called on M. Duperret, a deputy and a friend of the Girondins. He was at dinner. She begged to be admitted, and requested a private conversation of a few minutes. They retired to another room, and she gave him news of the refugees of Calvados, delivered to him a letter from Barbaroux, then sounded his political intentions and courage, and urged him to join the Girondins. She felt, perhaps, that she was addressing a man of mediocre and irresolute mind; and she ultimately contented herself with requesting he would accompany her to the Minister of the Interior, with whom she had business to transact, having to claim certain important documents on

behalf of her friend Madlle. Fortin, a canoness who had retired to Switzerland. Duperret having promised to attend her on the following day, she rose to go; he offered her refreshments, which she declined, and left him with polite dignity.

" Next day M. Duperret waited on her at the Hôtel de la Providence, and they went together to the minister's office; but the republican minister was not visible.

" Her actions during several days after this, are unknown; but these were doubtless days of profound thought, and if they appear to us of no moment, they were to her full of emotions.

" One day, having seated herself upon a bench at the Tuileries, a playful child approached her. There is something in beauty which wins confidence at all ages. The little boy gambolled, she smiled upon him, he leant upon her, and putting his little hand into her half open pocket, pulled from it a pistol. ' What is this toy?' said he—

throbbed with indignation during these proceedings!

"On the morning of the 13th, she went to make some purchases at the Palais-National,* and bought a sharp-pointed table knife, with a black sheath. On her return home, she put into her pocket her baptismal extract, an address to the French people, and a pocket-book of red morocco leather. She well knew that if she left with a blood-stained hand the place to which she was going, it could only be to enter a dungeon, be condemned to death a few hours after, and then placed in that fatal cart which was daily drawn to the Place de Grève—the Place de la Revolution, elsewhere, and everywhere! She had provided against all contingencies. But Marat was ill, and she was refused admittance. She wrote him a note, stating that she had just arrived from Caen, and came to render an important service to her country. In the evening

* The name given to the Palais Royal during the revolution.—*Translator.*

at five o'clock, she returned. Still the housekeeper refused to admit her; but Marat, being in a bath, and hearing the voice of a young girl, ordered that she should be shown in."

"Here is the closet," said the servant; "the bath was then just facing the window."

I understood the whole action, as if it had occurred in my presence. The three rooms are so small, that an instant sufficed to cross them. Marat had a handkerchief round his head; his right hand was out of the water, and he used as a writing table, a board placed across the bath. The closet was so small that Charlotte nearly touched him.

"The paper-hangings are not now the same," said the servant. "Those which, at that period, covered the walls were taken down a few months ago. They represented large twisted pillars upon a white ground."

"She was there," I exclaimed; "Marat questioned her, inquired the names of the refugees of Calvados, and wrote them down as she

mentioned them. 'It is well,' he said, 'they shall all go to the guillotine.' This was the last threat he uttered. She drew from its sheath the knife, concealed in her bosom, and plunged it into his heart."

"Help!" he cried; "help, my dear friend! I am murdered!"

"And Charlotte," resumed the servant, "put her hand to her hair, crossed the second room, and seated herself in the ante-chamber—there, near that window. I had this from an eye-witness. A man, who had just been folding copies of 'L'Ami du Peuple,' knocked her down with a chair. She rose and put herself under the protection of the members of the section, who were struck with her beauty. Danton arrived, and applied to her the most disgusting epithets; Charlotte opposed to his abuse a modest though lofty dignity. She was dragged into the room which opened upon the street; for this animated scene could not, for want of space, have passed in the ante-room."

tion, to be insulted, trampled under foot, dragged half alive through the filth of the kennel, torn to pieces with hooks dripping with gore, and stabbed with pikes; to lift up her bruised head—once so lovely, now defaced and hideous—and implore as an act of mercy, the *coup de grace*, either delayed or given with an unskilful hand; her last struggles amid curses and blasphemy; no hope of a tomb, nor even of a coffin; her limbs severed and dispersed—as had occurred in the September of the preceding year;—all this threatened her, and for an instant seemed about to be realized. But Drouet thundered out to the tumultuous and exasperated mob, "IN THE NAME OF THE LAW." In an instant the cries ceased, and the coach slowly proceeded.

I perceived that my inquiries were becoming tedious, and more than once elicited a smile from my two attendants. And, in truth, I had seen enough; in a few moments I had collected a treasure of sensations and ideas. I had beheld the spot where a feeble young woman had dis-

played courage equal to that of the revolutionary giants of 1789, who had died on the field of battle, or on the scaffold which was also a field of honour.

This part of the town, so agitated whilst the club of the Cordeliers existed, is now calm. It was there that Danton, who resided in the Cour du Commerce, as he passed in his way to the Convention, called Marat in a voice of thunder from the bottom of the stairs I was now descending. Here met the elect of the Montagnards, Collet d'Herbois the actor, Billaud Varennes, Chaumette the atheist, Chabot the capuchin, Legendre the butcher, Saint-Just, and Robespierre, who at least bent his body before God, and said at the tribune, "Death is the commencement of immortality." This house, formerly the focus of such agitation, is now peaceable. Silence and order reign in every part of it; scarcely a sound is to be heard, scarcely a motion to be seen. In it now reside an honourable jurisconsult, a copper-plate

printer, and some annuitants, all living quiet in the enjoyment of obscurity; who seldom change their residence, as the porter informed me, except to go to that bourne whence no one returns. Such practical philosophy is better than fine sentences. Yet from this house were the most dangerous attacks made upon the throne of Louis XVI. Three millions of men died a violent death, on account of the ideas discussed here;—and yet we still discuss! There are now other athlets in the arena, and others will succeed when we are gone. It, must, however, be proclaimed, and that loudly, that the manners of the people are improved, and are still progressing towards perfection.

Under the outer doorway, I saw the letters OR D . . . . They were the remains of the following inscription:—LIBERTY, INDIVISIBILITY, OR DEATH. This led me to inquire why, on the same spot, there was neither marble nor bronze to commemorate the devoted patriotism of Charlotte Corday! Not even a short and

all the odious passions which characterized his life. By an artifice, which at that period might have been excusable, he placed letters of pardon in the hand of a man who, whilst he lived, saw no other logical conclusion to his implacable arguments than in the axe of the guillotine, which he would have fain made to fall three hundred thousand times on the necks of three hundred thousand Frenchmen.

How affecting is your 'Charlotte,' M. Scheeffr. I have often remained motionless before your picture, in contemplative admiration, without hearing the buzz of the crowd near me. She is pale, but calm, and seems to pay no attention to what is passing around her. Her task is performed; let the others perform theirs. She is thinking of the advantages she has been preparing for her country. Would I could add—she is thinking of her GOD. But I am not aware that she pronounced his holy name. The thought exists perhaps in the picture, but not in history. Contemporary accounts are silent, and

in my mind this noble drama is therefore incomplete, and without a denouement. It is a relief for my heart, to think that a prayer, which softens the pangs of death—a sigh of hope, which they who depart bequeath to those who remain behind, might have escaped from her lips in her prison—in the cart which bore her to her doom—or on the fatal plank, as it was lowered under her lovely person, which an instant after was to be thrown headless into the executioner's basket.

VINCENNES.*

I suddenly ceased. I had read a long time, and my wearied eyelids were becoming heavy. My half-closed book slid imperceptibly through my hand as I pursued my thoughts upon degradation, poverty, and death. I had passed from study to meditation, and from meditation to reverie.

It was a cold night in December. The snow, whirled into tornados by the wind, fell in large flakes upon the wide open courts, the ramparts, the bottom of the ditches—certainly not dug for the perpetration of crime—and the angular roof of the chapel which contains the tomb of

* The reader will bear in mind that this paper is from the pen of the Count de Peyronnet, ex-minister of Charles X., since removed from Vincennes, and confined in the Castle of Ham.

the Father of Letters, the Good Henry, Louis the Just, and Louis the Great, all dwelt here; —and so did Isabel of Hainault, Blanch of Castile, Mary of Brabant, Blanch of Navarre, Ann of Austria, the lovely Agnes named the Lady of Beauty, La Fayette who became a recluse without having erred, and La Vallière who erred and afterwards became a recluse.

"The holy king often came hither, and, after hearing mass, in summer, would go and sit under the trees in the wood, clad in a camlet doublet, a surcoat without sleeves, and a black mantle. There, he would have carpets spread for his retinue to sit round him; and such of his subjects as wished to speak to him could approach and address him without any usher or officer preventing them. There, he diligently attended to the business of his people."

Here it was, that, after the victory of Rosbec, which took place a hundred and fifty-two years ago, the iron chains were brought which the re-

volted people had prepared for another kind of barricades at Paris.

It was here that, when Louis was beleaguered by the Burgundians, Charles the Bold and Louis XII. met to sign the treaty of peace concluded at Conflans.

It was here that the Constable Saint-Pol took his oath of office,—an oath so badly kept, and whose violation was so pitilessly punished.

Here died Louis-le-Hutin, Charles-le-Bel, and Charles IX.; here died Isabella of Bavaria, mother, wife, and queen accursed,—and Mazarin, a fortunate and able man. Here also died a king of England, who chose to be king of France, in those wretched times to which the old chronicle alludes when it says—"The Parisians were then more united than ever, and agreed to resist, with all their force and might, the king, Charles, because, being badly informed, they thought he wanted to destroy them for having turned him out of their city and slain a great number of his faithful servants."

But the glory of the old fortress is gone. These dreary turrets are now only the monuments of great misfortunes. How many men have passed through them, who were yesterday all-powerful,—to-day proscribed and captive! Vendôme, Ornano, Gonzague, John de Wert, John Casimer, Puylaurens, Beaufort, Chavigny, Retz, Longueville, Conti, Fouquet, the last of the Stuarts, the Great Condé!—and also another Condé, for whom the day of deliverance never came! How changed is the destiny of this venerable pile! Richelieu, Mazarin, Napoleon, what have ye made of the residence of kings?

Two friends—for I have some friends left—had come to see me in the morning. It was for the first time;—their perseverance had at last overcome every obstacle. They passed the drawbridge, and ascended the hundred and eighty steps of the long, steep, spiral staircase.

Louis de V——, and Jules de R——, the friends to whom I allude, are of very different

characters. The former is cold, grave, and composed,—a man of reflection, and not an enemy to discussion. His strong and acute understanding loves that a little reasoning should explain and justify his impressions. He is a man of a now rare species, one better than he would be thought, and who seriously believes that he owes to reflection that which proceeds only from the dictates of his heart.

Jules de R—— is younger, more prone to excitement, and more animated; amiable in a different manner from Louis de V——, and to the very excess of mannered difference; witty in a different kind of wit; graceful, brilliant, and natural; a writer, a poet, a man of the world, and everywhere a superior being.

Both are old, true, and tried friends. Both trembled, as neither would have trembled for himself; both wept, and they wept the more because they saw that I did not weep.

My children—those of my children whom Providence has yet left me—had also penetrated

into this dismal abode. Poor mourners! They put a watchful restraint upon the expression of their feelings. But their filial piety betrayed itself, and their violent and unnatural efforts only the more displayed their cruel grief.

My heart, generally master of its emotions, was overpowered at seeing them. Such a mixture of joy and sorrow, of happiness and despair, overcame me. I sunk under this sweet, though cruel trial of tenderness and affliction.

I could read no longer, and yet I could not divest my thoughts of the things I had read of. Every idea was tinged with them. The book which had so strongly fixed my attention, treated not of the present time; it was an old and grave work—the ancient chronicle of ancient days and ancient customs.

The passage which had stopped me, ran thus: —"Sir de la Rivière," said some one to him, "save your person; for the envious now hold the reins of power." But he answered, "Here and everywhere I am in God's holy keeping;

I feel myself pure and clean of mind. God gave me what I possess, and he alone can take it away. The will of the Lord God be done! My services have been known unto the kings to whom they were devoted, and who have greatly rewarded me. For that which I did and performed at their bidding for the advantage of this kingdom of France, I would well dare to await the judgment of the Parliament of Paris."

This fate, so similar to my own—these sentiments so like those by which I was myself actuated, produced a lively and powerful emotion which kept my senses, as it were, suspended. My soul alone, though troubled, lived and acted within me. Thrown myself into the same abyss, I went on sounding and measuring its depth. I calculated doubts and probabilities; tried to divine which, among so many possible kinds of suffering, would be the one inflicted upon me;—in a word, I studied my fate, in order to fortify myself against it.

The longer this state of mental abstraction

continued, the more complete did my forgetfulness of ordinary things and vulgar privations become. I no longer felt what I actually suffered, nor remembered where I was. The future, upon which I was meditating, though so near, was yet of such a nature that it had broken the link of its connexion with the present.

At length, in the midst of this strange reverie, an unexpected noise, accompanied with sudden motion, arrested my astonished imagination. At first I doubted—then doubted less—and at length doubted no more.

Several living beings stood before me;—men in strange habiliments, whose features were unknown to me. They belonged to another age—some perhaps to another country.

The first who stopped had a weak and varying expression of countenance. It was evident that he had suffered, but doubtful whether he had done so with firmness. He was advanced in years; and yet he wanted that calm and con-

fiding dignity which gives so much authority to old age.

"Who art thou?" I asked.—"An unhappy man." "What are thy misfortunes?"—"The same as thine."—"Thou wert powerful?"—"I was."—"And deprived of thy power?"—"I was."—"And a captive?"—"I was."—"Wilt thou not teach me how to support such a reverse?" He made no reply. "Thy name?" said I.—"Le Mercier."—"What! the minister of Charles VI.?" I exclaimed.—"Alas!" he replied, "it was said in the town and city of Paris that we should lose our heads, and everywhere we had a most grievous renown as traitors to the crown of France. They who envied and hated us, condemned and adjudged us to die. But, listening to the voice of reason, they who to death had doomed us, could not, in their conscience, think that we deserved to die. We were, however, every day assailed with these words: 'Think of your souls, for your bodies are lost. Ye are adjudged to death!' Many persons,

particularly in the kingdom of France, excused our faults, if excuse could do us benefit. But no! None, however clearly he might see into the matter, dared to lift up his voice in our favour, save only that noble and valiant lady, Madame Jane Duchess of Berri, without whose kind offices in our behalf, there is no doubt we should have been put to death."

"I know—I know," I replied. "It is of thee that the old chroniclers have written, That in the Castle of St. Antoine,* which was thy prison, thou didst weep so much, and so incessantly, that thy sight was thereby weakened and impaired, and thou wert on the eve of becoming blind; and it was lamentable to see thee and hear thy wailings."

A painful groan burst from his lips; and I said to him, "Go thy ways, old man; thou couldst teach me nothing. Thy example suits me not; and with God's help I shall not follow it."

* The Bastille.

At this instant there was a prodigious uproar on the outside of the fortress;—it was prolonged and tumultuous. The external gates of the castle seemed as if they were shattered and falling in splinters under the efforts of an infuriated populace. The drum beat, and the soldiers seized their arms. Precipitate and numerous footsteps were heard; the sentinels challenged and answered each other along the ramparts. From the body of the tumult arose the sharp cries of "Death to them! Death to them!"

My ear had time to become accustomed to these sounds. I pitied the error of those who were excited to utter them. They knew not what they did.—I was disturbed but for a few moments, and then my reverie continued.

A second person came shadowing before me, cased in rich armour. In his right hand he bore an enormous sword, with a scabbard of purple velvet, ornamented with golden fleurs-de-lis. A deep scar near one of his eyes showed that he had met the king's enemies face to face;

and that the sword of constable had not been conferred upon him for nothing.

"Art thou also here, Oliver?" I said; for it was truly Clisson;—I could not be mistaken.—"I am," he replied. "I am come to see and comfort thee. Be of good cheer."—"With God's help, I will try, Oliver;—I will try."

"Now look at the works of fortune in their proper light, and see how insecure and vacillating they are, when I, who was a valiant knight and a true, and who had wrought earnestly for the good of this noble kingdom of France, was so treated and vituperated, and degraded from my knighthood and honour.

"Yet it is fortunate enough for the state and government of the kingdom, that I took its affairs into my hands and kept mischief away.

"But I was well advised in leaving Paris, and my enemies could not execute their intentions. Had I remained, everything was ordered, and they would have disgracefully taken my life."

"They spared thee, however, brave Clisson," said I.—"No," he replied; "hast thou forgotten? They passed a too cruel sentence upon me, for I was banished the realm as a false traitor to the crown of France."—"Banished, Oliver! banished! Woe to me, if such a fate were mine. I know no country but France;—her alone have I served, and for her I have lived. Let them do with me as they list, provided they let me die in my native land. My existence is worthless, if I am to enjoy it at the expense of all that is dear to me—if I am to eke it out far away from my friends and country. The soil of France has received the bones of my father and my children—and shall I be so accursed that it will reject mine?

"Out of France I should find in me nothing of myself. A stranger to everything, all would remain a stranger to me. Old and worn out as I am, is it not too late for me to begin life anew, and seek a land which should own me as a son?

God is my witness, that I would not, were it even in my power.

"A marvellous act of mercy indeed, that which would deprive me of all—even of the sky I have looked upon, and the air I have breathed since infancy—and leave me life, only to feel how much I have lost! Banished! it is worse than death;—the latter extinguishes all regret—but by exile, it is kept alive and embittered."

"Be pacified and take courage," said Clisson. "Knowest thou in what manner God will dispose either of thee, or of those who have risen up against thee? He is their master as well as thine, and discovers not his purposes in a single day. And be assured, that misfortune becomes still greater to those who cannot endure it patiently. Bear this in mind. My Lord, the Duke of Burgundy, a wise man and of great foresight, notwithstanding he worked evil against me, was one day exhorted and urged to my prejudice more bitterly than usual, by several around him. But he told them that the

rod was perhaps already cut wherewith they would themselves soon be castigated and corrected: 'for,' said he, 'there is no season which affordeth not profit, no fortune which turneth not, no sorrowful heart that doth not rejoice, nor any merry heart that hath not its saddened moods.'"

As he finished speaking, another figure passed slowly before me. His eyes, dimmed with sorrow, seemed to seek mine and yet fear to encounter them. Though there was nothing in his appearance which either pleased or attracted me, I was impatient to hear him—and yet a sort of instinctive feeling seemed to repress the expression of such desire. His hood, long gown, and girdle with pendant tassels of gold—joined to a certain austerity which was not that of age, a dignity without any mixture of pride or ostentation—showed me that in him I beheld one of those vigilant and learned men who founded the reputation of our Courts of Justice, long, very long before the period when I had

the signal and perilous honour of being chosen to direct them.

I called to him; he stopped with regret. "What desirest thou, my son?" said he; "consolation? Thou must find it in thyself. If thy misfortunes be great, elevate thyself to their level. If danger await thee, familiarize thyself with it. Arm thyself with strength against the severity of ill fortune; and if it come to thee in a milder shape, so it will be lighter for thee to bear."

My curiosity was highly excited, and I asked his name. "What matters it to thee?"—"Thy fate?"—"It would not serve thee to know it. But," resumed he, hesitating, "my fate differs less from thine, than thou wouldst suppose. I interceded with all-powerful royalty in favour of the people, and royalty mistook me for an enemy. Thy intervention was employed with the people, who have become powerful, in favour of royalty, now feeble and in danger; and the people, in their turn, have mistaken thee for an enemy.

Let us pardon the errors of both—they are natural and inevitable. The people possess not the sovereignty on better terms than Princes. Neither can they know of truth more than their courtiers choose to tell them. Envious men thought it their interest to cry thee down; and they imputed to thee a mind and character resembling their own. The people believed them; —and could it be otherwise? Thou wert neither seen nor heard. They who approached, and knew thee, were in small numbers, and their voice was drowned in the noise of the multitude.

" I will not tell thee that thou shalt not die, for what means have I of knowing? Neither will I tell thee that there exists no law whereby thou canst be doomed to death; for what matters law or justice to him who is without power to enforce them? Revolutions made by the people are essentially popular; and the people comprehend not these nice and subtle distinctions. How canst thou expect that since God has given

to man the power of destroying man, the people will think of inquiring whether he has not forbid them to exercise that power? The multitude feel that they *can* do it, and that is enough for them.

"Alas! my son," he continued, "death is the sad and constant auxiliary of life. It supports and protects the life of man, and the life of human society. It is a want, and a right. Let us humble ourselves and adore the will of the Almighty!..... That which thou must more particularly guard against is hope. By flattering the mind, it softens the stubborn energy of courage. Prepare thyself for the terrible moment, for come it must, some day or other. When it does come, what matters it whether it be a day sooner or a day later? No human being has the power of making thee die twice, or of preventing thee from dying once. Dare to look death in the face;—it is not so hideous as cowards suppose. He who has lived well, has lived long enough. Death, which cannot be avoided, may

yet be rendered less bitter. Let us make it honoured, and we destroy its pain and agony. But those men honour not death who receive it like cowards."

"Is it then decided?" I exclaimed. "No, my son;—but if it were? Thy life has not been so happy as to give thee much cause of regret, nor so ill employed that thou shouldst fear it will be forgotten. What more canst thou require than to die in peace?"

"Old man," I replied, "thy language fills me with respect and admiration, but it is harsh and severe."

"Thou wouldst have it so," said he; "thou shouldst not have called me. Beware of illusions. That which is now most necessary to thee, is a just appreciation of the vanities and misery of human life; and I have stated that which I thought best calculated to enable thee to do so. Give credence to my counsels; they are good, for I have myself proved them."

"Thou!" I exclaimed. "Yes, my son; and

may Fate, who has betrayed thee, as she did me, spare thee, at least, the last trial which she forced me to undergo."—"In pity," said I, with earnestness, "tell me who thou art; for I feel that the authority of thy name will fortify and give value to thy words."—"Desmarets," he replied. I threw myself at his feet. "Admirable man!" I exclaimed, "and is it you?—you, who, when called upon to beg mercy of the King, uttered these noble words from the very scaffold: 'I have served well and loyally King Philip his great-grandfather, and King John his grandfather, and King Charles his father; and these three kings, his predecessors, found no fault in me;—neither would this king, if he exercised his own authority; and I firmly believe that he is in nowise culpable for my doom. I have no reason to crave his mercy, nor that of any other man. To the mercy of God alone will I appeal."

"Do as I did," said he. "I will, Desmarets."

* * * * * *

Whoever thou art that readest this recital, abstain, friend, from treating it with harshness or derision. I have related the thoughts and lives of the sad tenants of my prison-house.

END OF VOL. I.

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PARIS;

OR, THE

BOOK OF THE HUNDRED-AND-ONE.

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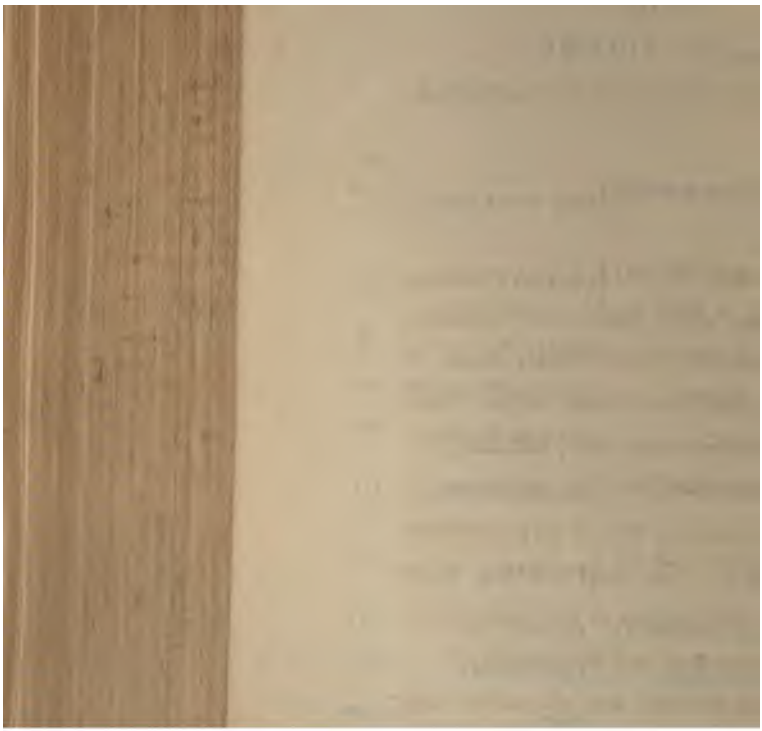


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THE CHURCH OF THE PETITS-PÈRES.

One summer's day, in 1812, I was crossing, with my husband, the Place des Victoires, adorned at that period with a colossal statue of Dessaix. In spite of the defects of this work of art, we remained for some time, admiring the beauty of its expression, and its nobleness of attitude, which seemed so well to express these memorable words:—"Go and tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done sufficient for my country and for posterity."

The heat of the weather was excessive; and as we passed before a church situated between the Rue Nôtre-Dame-des-Victoires and the

In time, and after many vicissitudes, the good fathers joined some other monks of their order, and purchased a piece of land contiguous to the mall, for the purpose of building a house and chapel. One of their number, called Brother Fiacre, having foretold to Ann of Austria that she should bear a son, and the birth of Louis XIV. having verified the prediction, this circumstance gave the *petits-pères*, or little fathers, as they were termed, great influence at Court. The Queen built them a church and convent. Louis XIII. laid the first stone of the church, to which he gave the name of Nôtre-Dame-des-Victoires, "in commemoration," says Dulaure, the learned historian of Paris, "of the fatal victories which he had gained over the Protestants."

It was two o'clock when we entered the church, which, at that hour of the day, was deserted. Beautifully ornamented, it had not that appearance of paltry economy which, in these times, divests God's temples of all their ma-

jesty. The lofty chandeliers of vermeil, and
angels of gold on each side of the tabernacle
the altar, were not bedecked with those ridicul
costumes of stuffs and linens, which, while th
bear witness to the poverty of our churches, a
the want of religious zeal in those who freque
them, show likewise the necessity of careful
preserving things which could not be conve
ently replaced. This ever reminds me of certa
provincial drawing-rooms, where the chairs, c
delabras, and antiquated ornaments are alwa
enveloped in coverings, except on days wh
there is company.

Far from offering the appearance of desol
tion which marks some of our churches of t
present day, this elegant and well-lighted chur
had its grand altar, and its chapels adorned wi
natural flowers. Their perfume, mingled wi
that of the incense and the wax, spread throug
the atmosphere a sweet and mild fragranc
whose mysterious influence disposes the min
more than is generally supposed, to religiou

meditation. The choir contained lofty stalls of richly-carved wood, of a dark colour, and round it were hung beautiful and valuable paintings. The better to examine these in their proper light, we entered at the door on the right leading to the sacristy, whence we penetrated into the sanctuary.

Whilst my husband, a great lover of art, and particularly of painting, was making me notice the effect of a picture representing, I believe, St.-Augustine's Conversion, a slight noise behind me induced me to turn my head, and I beheld close to us a handsome old man, with silver locks, who seemed to be attentively examining us. He politely bowed; and, seeing that my husband's look was still fixed upon the picture, "May I ask, Sir, whether you are an artist?" said he, with that particular accent with which an amateur addresses one whom he supposes initiated, like himself, into the mysteries of art.

"Not quite, Sir," my husband replied; "but

I am passionately fond of painting, and I sel
look upon its productions with indifference.
am now admiring a Carl Venloo, which displ
a vigour of colouring and an effect not usual
the works of that master."

"Ah! Sir," replied the priest with a sigh
for this venerable personage was the Curé of
parish—"before the revolution, we posses
treasures much more valuable!——Besides
paintings before you, this convent, of which I h
then the honour to be prior, had many mast
pieces of art. Our refectory was hung with
works of La Fosse and Rigaud; we had a spl
did library, a cabinet of antiquities, a magn
cent gallery of pictures, by the greatest maste
a Guercino, an Andrea del Sarte, Sir; a
paintings by Valentin, Pannini, and Wouv
mans.——But all was pillaged, sold, and d
persed.——Ah! Sir, the revolution did us
great deal of harm; and a long period m
elapse before we can repair our losses."

The tone of voice with which this

uttered, evinced so much regret, and a feeling of such discouragement, that I felt considerable emotion.

"I presume, Sir," said I to him, with a view of turning his thoughts from unpleasant recollections,—"I presume, Sir, that you are an amateur of painting; and that you regret the treasures you speak of, rather as a painter than as the proprietor of them."

"You are right, lady," he replied, with a smile. "I am fond of painting; and, I confess, that next to our holy religion, which teaches us how to bear up against misfortune, it is to the practice of that art that I owe the only pleasure of my life. I have been fortunate enough to collect some fine specimens of the old masters, which console me for the loss of the others;—and as you are fond of art," he continued, for he saw that we listened to him with interest, "you would, no doubt, like to see my collection. If, therefore, you are not alarmed at the idea of ascending to a garret, I should be delighted if

you and your husband would honour my humble abode with a visit. I have some pictures of rare merit, and well worthy of your attention."

As the venerable Curé spoke, he led us gently from the choir. I assured him of the pleasure I should feel in being permitted to see his collection, adding that I was ready to ascend as high as he pleased, even unto heaven.

"Oh! not yet," he replied with a smile of benignant playfulness, "although, be assured, Madam, that it would be very agreeable for me to conduct you thither."

This compliment, which rather savoured of the man of the world, was uttered with so much simplicity of manner that I could not take it amiss, and it seemed to me nothing more than the expression of a pious wish not at all unbecoming in a priest.

The Curé led the way through a small door, and we found ourselves in the cloisters of the old convent. After crossing several large halls,

which still bore marks of devastation and pillage, we ascended from story to story, and wound our way through a labyrinth of tortuous and dreary passages, which sometimes seemed to lead us onward, at others to make us retrograde. As we proceeded, I expressed my surprise to the priest at the singular approaches to his dwelling. "Formerly," he replied, "my apartments were more splendid!——But since the revolution!——However I must not repine, for I consider myself still fortunate in being allowed to occupy a small place in this house, in which I spent my youth and the greatest part of my manhood.——Here I hope to end my days, a consolation of which I was deprived during several long years.——They have offered to make me a canon of St.-Denis, but I have not the heart to quit this dove-cot in which I have found repose."

We reached the top of the building, and at the summit of the last staircase were the apartments of the good old man. He opened the

door with eagerness, and ushered us into an ante-chamber where stretched canvas, easels, old pictures [redacted] of oil and varnish bore [redacted]e and pursuits of its occu[redacted]ssed five or six rooms all a[redacted]s or encumbered with objects [redacted] pieces of carved furniture of sum[redacted]t gildings of different kinds, and richly illuminated Missals and other old books of vellum. The sight of these things impressed me with a higher notion of the owner's mania, as a collector, than of his good taste; for I remarked that among the numerous pictures hung upon the walls, there were very few good ones. With all the minuteness of a true artist, the Curé pointed out to us the beauties of a Schalken, which was really fine. He had cleverly heightened the effect by means of a curtain of red silk; and a vivid ray of light was thrown directly upon the enlightened part of the picture, which represented a young girl bearing a torch. It was truly beautiful. We,

likewise, saw a Holy Family by Guercino, and an exquisitely painted Madonna by Stella, which, perhaps, had belonged to the former gallery of the convent. But the Curé did not tell us how it came into his possession, although like all picture-fanciers, he loved to relate how he had obtained such and such pictures,—what others he had given in exchange for them,—and to dwell upon all those particulars, which are so interesting to collectors of works of art. When he came to what he considered the gem of his collection, after taking the usual precautions of cognoscenti, namely, closing, one of the window-shutters, and giving a slight inclination to the picture which he placed upon an easel, he said, addressing particularly my husband, as he prepared to remove a curtain of green silk, with which this mysterious master-piece was covered,—

"Here is a gem, Sir; a real diamond, a treasure which the Musée-Napoléon would envy me, if its existence were suspected.——But I will never part with it. It is an invaluable work

—it is the original of the *Madonna with linen* a Raphael in short."

So saying, with his face bent towards us, and his two hands upon the curtain, he suddenly removed it, and we beheld this splendid composition, in which the prince of painting has represented the Virgin Mary wearing an azure diadem, and in the act of raising a transparent veil which covers the sleeping Saviour.

My husband, to whom the works of the old masters were familiar, having examined the picture with attention, expressed some doubts of its originality,—that in the Musée-Napoléon having been always considered the original. The worthy man listened patiently to my husband's objections, which seemed rather to please him, because they would, he thought, render the evidence he had to produce more triumphant. As soon as my husband had concluded his account of the picture in the Museum which had been given by Raphael himself to Cardinal Adrien de Gouffier, the Pope's Legate in France,

as an acknowledgment of the good offices which the latter had rendered him with Francis I, the Curé, without replying, suddenly turned the picture and made us examine the old wooden panel upon which it was painted. Here we saw some old impressions in red sealing wax, of Raphael's seal, some letters cut in the wood, and the date of 1519, which was the period of the Legate's journey to France.

It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the sparkling look of triumph and delight of the priest-artist, as he pointed out these proofs—incontrovertible in his estimation—of the authenticity of what he termed his treasure. "Well, what do you think now?" said he after a long pause, and with an air which meant, 'can any proof be stronger than this?' It became us, therefore, to yield, or appear at least to yield to this evidence, which, however, did not seem to me quite conclusive.

"How is it then," said I, again looking at the picture, "that this work, which really seems to

me to contain much of the delicacy of Rapl
pencil, is not only tarnished, but some
colour

"Ah replied the worthy p
with a is another of the effe
the re And it is a miracle
this pictur put to an ignoble use
not perish nes like a vile piece of
wood!——The manner in which I disco
and obtained it, is singular." And he relate
following anecdote.

During the reign of terror, the Curé, who
taken the name of Citizen Fontaine, lived in
Rue de Clery, where he said mass in private,
kept a boys' school, the profits of which ena
him to live in obscurity, without exposing h
self to the persecution inflicted at that pe
upon disguised priests. One evening he
tered the shop of a brazier in the neighb
hood, to buy a small iron stove for his room
was in the autumn, and the days were begin
to shorten.

Whilst he was driving his bargain with the brazier's wife, a squabbling of children, in a small room behind the shop, attracted his attention, and that of their mother, who ran into the room to silence them. Having distributed a few blows among the obstreperous urchins, she took from them a board which was the object of their dispute. "This, said she, "is always making you quarrel; you shall neither of you have it, for to-morrow it shall serve to light the fire."

The tears and lamentations of the children increased at this threat. "What ails the poor children?" asked the Curé.

"Why, Sir," replied the woman, "they have found in the lumber-room, a board upon which there is some painting, and they use it as a little bench to sit upon. Each of them wishes to have it, and it leads to eternal squabbles among them."

At the word painting the worthy priest pricked up his ears, took up the board in question, and looking at it by the light of the fire, perceived

you not think," added he, looking around with complacency, "that they are well placed here?"

I never felt so strongly the power of the fine arts, as when I contemplated the radiant countenance of the enthusiastic Curé whilst he gave us the above account. Formerly at the head of a convent celebrated for the life of ease and luxury of its inmates—exiled during many a long year of trouble, from the house in which he once commanded, and where his life had sped calmly on betwixt the easy duties of his office and the sweets of study—this excellent old man was now happy in a garret, surrounded by objects of the art he loved, and which he had rescued from the depredations of ignorance, and of something still more fatal!——

Calling to mind that, in the church, the Curé had insinuated that he was himself an artist, I looked among all the pictures, great and small, to see if I could discover any production of his pencil, but finding nothing that I could reason-

ably attribute to him, I asked to see some o
own works.

"Oh!" said he, with an air of modesty
tainly not assumed, "you may readily ima
Madam, that I take good care not to exhibi
own trash among the chefs-d'œuvre which
round us. I love to paint, it is true; but
only a poor amateur, and my efforts in th
are limited to the mere copying of a few hea

We pressed him to show us some of
copies, and the obliging old man, with ev
reluctance, opened the door of a small r
which he called his studio. Upon an ease
the head of a Madonna, not yet finished.
worthy Curé was right; his talents were in
only those of an amateur;—he was, how
not devoid of taste; the drawing was good
the colouring very imperfect.

We had already spent an hour in this hu
museum, and notwithstanding the entertain
I derived from the observations and anec
of the Curé, I was fearful, not only of pu

his kindness and extreme complaisance to too severe a test, but, besides, of occupying too great a portion of his time; and I was preparing to take leave of him, when he said, with some appearance of hesitation, "I have still something to show you, but——" Here he stopped, and seemed as if he wished to conciliate two opposite sentiments. I thought, at first, that the struggle lay between the wish to retain us a little longer, and the fear of fatiguing us, and I hastened to assure him that he had made us spend our time too pleasantly not to desire a prolongation of our visit, if he did not consider us importunate. Whilst I was expressing this as well as I was able, the old man eyed me with an expression I could not define;—then his look, directed towards my husband, conveyed a kind of indecision. At length, he took the latter on one side and whispered something to him.

"No, certainly," said my husband, in his usual tone of voice. The Curé again whispered,

and my husband replied, "Oh! she has a g
deal of courage." Then turning to me, "
dear," said he, "our new friend is going to s
us something hideous, and he inquired with pa
nal kindness, if you were in a state to bear
sight.——I have made him easy on this s
and have assured him that your courag
equalled only by your curiosity."

"I am a woman," I replied, laughing,
addressing the Curé; "which means, my
Sir, that I should be glad to gratify the pec
failing of my sex—that of curiosity."

"Such being the case, my dear Madam,"
the Curé, "your wish shall be gratified; ar
you love not only to see pictures but to
the stories connected with them, I will rela
singular one to which this fine picture re
But sit down, for my recital will be a
one."

I obeyed;—this preamble had excited
curiosity in the highest degree.

Meantime, the Curé placed at a proper

tance, just opposite to us, two large boxes, such as are used to inclose and preserve valuable pictures. Having opened them, we beheld two beautiful half-length portraits, large as life.

One represented a handsome young man, with a very agreeable expression of countenance. His brown hair fell in graceful ringlets over his noble forehead. He wore a rich doublet of velvet and satin, covered with pearls and gold embroidery. Upon his broad chest was the large collar of the Golden Fleece, and a diamond clasp fastened over his shoulders the short Spanish cloak, which was a necessary part of a gentleman's dress in the sixteenth century. A coronet of rubies surrounded his cap, adorned with a white feather, and which was placed on a table near him. His air was at the same time mild and imposing; his countenance beamed with dignity and happiness. He seemed like a young monarch who had just taken possession of the throne of his ancestors.

The other portrait was that of a young female,

fair and delicate. Her hair was light aub
her blue eyes denoted deep affection, mild
and melancholy. Her mouth was small, ro
and smiling; but there was sadness mixed
with the gracefulness of that smile, and a sl
inclination of the head, which imparted to
whole figure something infinitely affecting
amiable. On her person, the rich and stiff d
worn by the house of Medicis seemed grac
and not out of keeping with the elastic for
youth. There was a profusion of pearls, rub
and gold upon her corsage and sleeves; but
beautiful hair was ornamented with nat
roses. Other flowers, intermingled with ch
of gold and precious gems, lay upon a table n
her, surmounted with a magnificent looki
glass,—which indicated that she had just c
pleted her toilet; and it might be inferred fi
the tender expression of her eyes, that she
been adorning her person to please some belo
object.

Whilst I was tracing a connexion betw

the portraits of this charming couple, my husband, with the eye of one who took more interest in the painting than in the subject, was closely examining the pictures, and exclaiming, "These belong to the school of Titian—perhaps the productions of Pardenone or of Tintoretto!" The Curé who seemed to enjoy our surprise and admiration, began, in the following terms, the recital which he had promised. I do not vouch for its historical accuracy; I only relate it, as nearly as possible in the Curé's own words.

"When the Emperor Charles V. was only an archduke, he, in a journey of pleasure to Italy, fell in love with a beautiful lady of that country, whose name, like that of most of his other mistresses, has not transpired. All that is known concerning her is, that she was of noble descent, and that, had she given birth to a son, the Prince would have acknowledged him; she died, however, leaving only a daughter, whom Charles loved most tenderly, and had carefully educated.

"At fifteen, this daughter appeared at the
of Charles Sforza, whom Charles, then em
had re-established in the duchy of Milan.
her beauty and accomplishments attracted
of admirers, and among them a young n
the house of Medecis, handsome and an
but without fortune. His family having
driven by factions from Florence, he ha
tered the service of the Emperor. Althou
humbled fortune allowed him not to asp
the hand of so distinguished a lady as the
peror's daughter, he could not refrain
paying her attentive homage, for which th
merous fêtes afforded abundant opportun
The lady, on her side, felt a reciprocal pas
but, though she knew the secret of his
she dared not encourage the love she ha
spired. She, therefore, by a mixture of re
and affability, endeavoured to reconcile her s
feelings with what was due to her rank.

"At this period, Italy was devastated by
Rome had just been sacked by the troops

Emperor, who was irritated at the league which the Pope had formed against him, in conjunction with France, England, and the Princes of Italy, to expel him from the latter country. The youthful Medecis, forced to follow the fortunes of his relative Clement VII, took leave of her who was so dear to him, left Milan in a state bordering on despair, and joined the Pope, then a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. To the disgrace of the Christian world, the captivity of the head of the church lasted upwards of six months. At length, to obtain freedom and peace, Clement accepted the conditions imposed by Charles, and deputed his relative to bear his submission to the Emperor. Two years after, the young Medecis was appointed plenipotentiary to treat with the Emperor on the subject of the alliance which Clement was about to form with him, and to obtain better conditions for the Roman States in the general peace.

The youthful ambassador proceeded to Bar-

celona, whither the Emperor had brough
daughter. Here the lovers met for the
time after their long separation, during
they had remained faithful to each other.
lady now found means so to dispose the he
her illustrious parent, that, either from ex
love for his daughter, or from some po
motives which have never transpired, C
consented to their union. He immediately
ferred upon the husband the title of Duke
restored to him the inheritance of his ance
by placing him at the head of the govern
of Florence.

So great and unexpected a happiness wa
much for this amiable pair, whose portrait
before you. They tasted of its sweets wi
seeming to believe in their reality. Their
was beyond their powers of enjoyment—ar
unaccountable heaviness of heart seeme
prognosticate that it could not last. This
striking illustration of the false happiness o
world, and of the folly of human desires. W

we fancy that such or such a combination of events will afford us perfect felicity, we find, on the realization of our wishes, that our souls want energy to bear the bliss it produces;—and this proves that we require other than terrestrial organs to enjoy that which belongs but to Eternity!

The cares of government kept the Duke several hours every day from the presence of his bride, and the latter, during her husband's absence, was overwhelmed with the most distressing forebodings. She was as much afflicted at this daily separation as if it were a real misfortune. Ever anxious, always in a state of excitement, the least noise threw her into an agony of fear. As the hostile party in the state had evinced great repugnance to receive the Pope's nephew as their master, the young Duchess constantly imagined that the poignard of one of the factious was about to be plunged into the Duke's bosom; and so powerfully was her mind wrought upon by this idea, that she was often observed to start, scream, or groan, according as her ima-

gination conjured up some dreadful pic
assassination.

One day a great noise was heard in the
and the unhappy Duchess fancied she
guished the cries of "Carne! carne! S
sangue!" which commonly accompanied
insurrections in Italy. Wild with hor
alarm, and struck with the idea that her h
had fallen under the murderer's knife,
deavoured to rush towards the door, b
senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The circumstance was immediately
known to the Duke, who was just leavi
council. Profoundly affected by such a p
her love, but deploring its fatal effec
hastened home. On entering her roo
found the women in tears, the physicians
palace in mute consternation, and his
wife upon the bed, pale, motionless, and
appearance dead. In reply to the inq
glance which he cast around him, there wa
a more violent paroxysm of tears on the p

the female attendants. He approached the bed, touched the white hands, and kissed the cold cheek of her he adored, called her by the tenderest and most touching names—but she remained insensible to his caresses. Her lips were cold, her bosom motionless, and her heart had ceased to palpitate. The Duke uttered a fearful cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the body of his wife. For a long time, every attempt to restore them to life was of no avail. On a sudden, one of the Duchess's women thought of an expedient, which was to call with a loud voice close to the ear of her mistress—'Madam, Madam, come to the assistance of His Highness the Duke! He is dying, Madam! The Duke is dying!"

These terrible words were successful. The Duchess awoke from the lethargic convulsion which had held her faculties suspended; she opened her eyes, the blood again coloured her cheeks, and her senses returned. She rose from the bed, and with unsteady footsteps approached

government of your dominions in the hands of the elders of the republic, and then, free from anxiety, live solely for each other, until it shall please God to call us to him. And if, in his goodness, that be soon, so much the better, my own love, for we are too happy to remain upon earth! Bliss like ours belongs only to Heaven. But that our short lives may not pass without teaching a useful moral to the world, let us leave a great example of the vanity of that which is commonly called happiness. Let us show to what extent the desires of man, when gratified in this world, render him miserable, since we, who are young, handsome, rich, powerful, loving and beloved, find not these blessings sufficient to prevent us from desiring death! Let us send for some skilful painter, who shall represent us in this our day of beauty, surrounded with all the splendour of our rank. Let a hundred thousand crowns be the price of these portraits, on condition that the same painter shall make two other portraits of us six

weeks after our death, and faithfully depic
such as we shall then be. Do you conse
this, dearest love?"

The Duke, acted upon by a like melanc
imagination, raised no objection to her sin
proposal, which was in accordance with th
aggerated feelings of that age. They sou
painter of sufficient courage and abilit
execute the intentions of the Duchess, and
choice fell upon Robusti, surnamed Tintor
This celebrated artist accepted the strange
mission, and swore upon the Holy Evange
to fulfil both the first and the last part of it

The lovely Duchess who, since she
formed her determination, had renounced
splendour of rich attire, once again resu
her bridal robes. She adorned her person
gold and jewels and flowers; she insisted
her husband should also wear all the insign
his rank and honours. Tintoretto painted t
both, as you here see them.

Scarcely were the portraits finished, and

preliminary measures taken for the new life the Duke and Duchess intended to lead, than the health of the latter, already feeble, suddenly declined, and her husband feared that her sad anticipations would soon be realized. And in truth, whether it were the result of an organic disease, or the consequences of an excited and overwrought mind, the Duchess died almost suddenly. Some moments before her death, unable to speak, she fixed a long and tender look upon her husband, extended her trembling hand towards him—and her fingers, already chilled by the approach of death, seemed to make him a mysterious sign.

The Duke was inconsolable. He survived his wife only long enough to pay the last duties to her remains, and take measures for the execution of her dying wishes. He sent for the painter, and made him renew his promise, which Tintoretto religiously fulfilled.——

As the Curé uttered these last words with a penetrating though almost stifled voice, he

turned the pictures. Good God, what a si
——The young Duke and his lovely wi
were two corpses! Those brilliant eyes, s
of joy, of love, of life—were now glazed, s
and disgusting!—That beautiful nose was
stroyed—the naked bony prominence wa
that remained!—That mouth without lips
those pearly teeth, grinned hideously!—T
long tresses were falling from the skull, drag
with them the withered roses and the p
which so lately adorned them!—That beau
throat, and that neck so graceful, so white,
of such exquisite form—was now a mass of
flesh in the last stage of decomposition—
earth-worm was crawling from it!—And
looking-glass which reflected in tints still r
livid, more frightful, and more revolting,
dreadful vision—it was death, the whole
death, and more than death!—"Oh! enou
enough! close the box!"

"Sic transit gloria mundi," cried the pries
a severe tone of voice.

A MAGASIN DE MODES.

THE HISTORY OF A HAT.

Cosa bella mortal passa e non dura.—*Petrarch.*

I.

It was certainly the prettiest hat in the world,—the most elegant, the most graceful, the most coquetish!—It was a hat of lilac gauze, with trimmings of straw round the brim, and a bunch of wild poppies and corn flowers mingled with bows of ribbon, slightly inclining towards the right, and resting upon the brim!—

And it was, also, the frailest and least profound love possible!—a light sentiment of a light woman,—a sentiment of fantasy, with capricious favours and artificial tendernesses!—

Now, hear what befell this hat of gau
this sentiment of fantasy!

II.

On the 7th ne month of June 18—
dined at the h e of Madame de Sain
who, for three days past, had deigned to
me with her ki ess and her tête-à-tête.
revelation is painful to me;—but it wa
lutely necessary to the understanding
story. It will be seen, too, in the end, i
be any foppery in my indiscretions.

Be that as it may, this lady (I am con
further to explain) occupies the *entresol*
of the houses in the Rue Vivienne. I
entresol of the house directly opposite,
work-room of a *marchande de modes.*
in the working hours, are assembled the
ladies round a long table;—and there a
vented and manufactured—hats. When fin
they are taken down into the warehouse
which forms a shop, opening to the

There, they are exposed behind the glass of the show-cases, mounted on long stands of mahogany, which offer, in truth, no bad resemblance, when thus crowned, to certain English ladies who arrive at Paris, from our provinces, towards the month of October.

That evening, I was to go out with Madame de Saint-Clair. After dinner, she retired to her chamber, to dress, and left me alone in the saloon.

I am bound to render full and entire justice to Madame de Saint-Clair. Amongst other solid qualities which she possesses, she has especially the eminent merit of being very expeditious at her toilet. However, every toilet takes time; and this, which commenced at seven, could not, in conscience, be expected to conclude before eight. There was, therefore, no resource for me but that of killing as ingeniously as I could sixty minutes, one after the other. You will find that it was an easy task.

III.

I had established myself in a comfortable
teuil, near the wi w of the dining-room, w
precisely fr that of the work-room o
Magasin de . I could there see,
ease, all that passed in that work-room, wit
being myself seen. I had effected this by d
ing slightly aside, at the corner, one of the s
muslin curtains of my window,—that of
modistes being wide open.

The following, then, is the general as
which the work-room of these ladies presen
at the moment when, from my commodious
servatory, I levelled my glass at them.

There were present eight young and h
some girls,—some carelessly reclined, as if
asleep; others standing, with flushed cheeks
flashing eyes, laughing unrestrainedly, sin
and talking wildly.

As for the various stuffs with which the
was covered, no one was busy about them

one seemed to think of them. No doubt these young ladies had just dined;—for these grown-up children it was the hour of recreation and repose,—as, for the little boarders, at the convent, after luncheon.

In the midst, however, of these fair girls, so wild and careless, there was *one* pensive and thoughtful. From the place which she occupied at the upper end of the table, near the casement, and still more, from her air of distinction and superiority, she was easily recognized as the *première demoiselle*.

IV.

Here, necessarily present themselves certain considerations, which are by no means to be taken as a digression, but which, on the contrary, result essentially from the subject.

In the first place, this is an axiom:—

There are *marchandes de modes* everywhere: there are *modistes* only at Paris.

A true modiste, be it observed, is not a work-

woman who fits corsets or makes embroi
by the day. She is one who works only
own time—a modiste is a poet!

A hat is not, like a handkerchief or a g
work of calculation and of patience. I
work of art and imagination;—it is poetry

It is, however, important to distinguish;

There are different kinds of hats.

There is, in the first place, the hat ma
order;—that which is made for customers.
hat, undoubtedly, requires talent and skill.
execute it well, however, a modiste has
only of observation and cleverness. All t
required, in fact, is to adapt it suitably t
character and physiognomical habits of the
son who is to wear it.

That is not the true poetic hat!

But, there is the impromptu hat,—the
which should not and cannot fit any
than one head,—a head which the artist
never seen, but of which she has, neverthe
dreamt.

Oh, that hat!—That is indeed the hat of inspiration,—the lyric hat!

V.

It was one of these hats that the première demoiselle of our Magasin de Modes was in the act of meditating.

One arm, resting on the table, sustained her inclined head;—her other arm fell carelessly over the back of her chair. She was in an attitude nearly resembling that of Corinna, at the Cape of Mycenum.

She, too, in fact, like Corinna, was busy with an improvisation. But, assuredly, it was not intended to be a mournful one.

Quite the contrary!

A careful observer of the expressive physiognomy of the young modiste might read there all the early symptoms of a poetical creation; and that approaching creation was certain to be of an elegant and graceful character,—for, assuredly, at that moment, the thoughts of the

young woman were, themselves, smiling
The brightness of all her features betraye
inward satisfaction. Oh, yes! Some fai
ject gave assurance of deep hap
for the c that evening. The th
which was v in her, under the influe
those precious inspirations, was about to pr
itself starred and oloured with all their ra

This meditation lasted several minutes.

At its close, the modiste turned sud towards the table; and seizing, with ene large piece of lilac gauze, which lay befor measured several times its alnage upon her from the fore-finger and thumb to the sho She examined it in all ways, turned it, fold puckered it several times and in several sh and, finally,—its dimensions well consider spreading it on her knee, she suddenly sna a pair of scissors, and boldly cut right int gauze.

'Twas done! She had said, "This shal hat?"—It was a hat!

VI.

That the work might be finished before the night, it was necessary to lose no time. There was but one hour more of daylight to reckon upon.

In an instant, recalled to order by the voice of the première demoiselle, all the young girls betook themselves obediently to work; each one busying herself ardently with the share which was allotted to her.

To one was entrusted the brim, to another the form,—to this one bows, and to that one rolls,—to a fifth the lining, and to a sixth the trimmings.

It was a fine spectacle to behold these active workwomen emulating one another in the dispatch of their task,—tilting with their long needles and long scissors. For it may not be useless to remark, in passing, that,—distinguishing themselves, also in that matter, from the common herd of workwomen, as the cavalry are distin-

guished from the infantry, by their long
and tall lances,—the modistes use only s
and needles of a prodigious length.

A ıe quarter of an hour, the
works ere brought to a termi

For, int nstruction of a woman's
frail, gen n s that slight edifice may
to you,—there e r more solid elements th
imagine. The coarse lawn, the thrice-sti
tulle, the pasteboard, the edging, and wire,
form its skeleton and scaffolding,—are not
truly, carpentry and locksmith's-work!

Be that as it may, these different prepar
were successively laid before the premièr
moiselle. It is she, the architect,—she, th
artist,—she alone who is destined to unite
and form them into a whole. She only wh
conceived this hat could give it breath—l
and realize in it her own dream!

On a pasteboard doll, which she hel
tween her knees, the skilful modiste had qu
by the aid of pins, adjusted to one anothe

form and the brim of the hat. The long needle concluded the indissoluble union of these two principal parts of the structure. Then, in a few minutes, under the light fingers of the artist, the gauze inclosed and covered the vivified skeleton of the hat, and folded over it in graceful plaits. Some twists of straw were added round the brim and round the form; and a pretty *bavolet** was placed behind, above the border.

All this had been performed with great rapidity, and with incredible energy.

The young ladies, who had, each, finished her particular task, sat watching, with curious and attentive eyes, the interesting labour of applying their various preparations.

The modiste, wholly absorbed in her creation, smiled calmly on its progress.

She raised the hat in air, on one hand, turned it lightly round, examined it under all its aspects, inclining the crown to the right and to the left,

* A *bavolet* is a species of head-dress worn by country-women.—*Tr.*

and from time to time, with her other
pressing the edge of the brim in divers
rectifying some of the folds of the gauz
giving, thus, harmony and perfection
ensemble of the work.

VII.

This was not, however, all. The most
cult and most important part remained yet
done. The point was, now, to place the bo
Every one knows that this is the decisiv
ment; and that on the fixing of the bow
flowers, or the feathers, depends the whol
of a hat, however well it may have succeed
to that point.

The deepest silence reigned in the
room. A lively anxiety was depicted o
faces of all those young girls, gazing on th
which was drawing towards its accomplishm

But our artist was not abandoned of h
spiration. Under her hand, the corn-fl
and the wild-poppies mingled with the kn

gauze, and grouped themselves in an enchanting manner, divinely inclining to the right of the form of the hat, and reposing on its brim.

The last bow fixed, the artist set gently down the frail head-dress at the edge of the table; and with folded arms, leaned back in her chair, to contemplate her work.

A satisfaction not to be described beamed on the features of the young woman; it was evident that she was saying to herself—"I am content; behold my idea expressed!"

But her reverie was not of long duration. Rising and approaching the glass, she called to her one of the young girls.

Then suddenly sprang forward one of the most arch and roguish faces of a young girl ever seen at the Grande-Chaumière, or at Tivoli. The hat was placed upon her pretty head, to be definitively proved. It was the final trial. Nothing could be better! One burst of enthusiasm filled the work-room. The hat had universal success. Indeed, it became the lovely

girl enchantingly. And so
thing with the head-dress
part with it; but, holding
the ends of her fingers, d
the glass, in admiration of

She was obliged, howev
dear hat!—as soon as the
to it, it was taken down
it was immediately place
on the first rank, on on
stands.

Our beautiful modiste
ing the disorder which her
in her dress. She had c
hair—she now took her b
went out.

I followed her with m
Rue Colbert. There stoo
good-looking young man,
mustachios. She took hi
they departed together.

Did I not tell you that she reckoned on some happiness, for the close of that evening?

Her work completed, let us leave her, satisfied with herself, to go where she pleases, with her friend so true to his rendezvous. Assuredly, she has earned her walk and her happiness.

But, what will now be the fate of our hat?—

VIII.

Madame de Saint-Clair was a little behind her time. Eight o'clock had struck, and she had not yet finished her toilet.

It was still daylight, the modistes had closed the window of the work-room. I opened mine, and looked out into the street.

At that moment, I observed approaching, from the direction of the Palais Royal, a couple whom I at once singled from the crowd of passers, and who soon attracted all my attention.

They were evidently man and wife, and had been so for about the period of twelve moons, including that one which, no doubt, had been of

to which the poor husband was compelled painfully to carry his cross.

Thus, they came forward slowly,—he pulling with all his might, like a free and generous thill-horse,—she not suffering herself to be drawn along without a vigorous defence, and disputing the ground valiantly, foot by foot. It was a regular joust, and of the most obstinate kind.

In this manner, they had arrived under my window, and opposite the Magasin de Modes which faced it.

IX.

I ought to declare, here, that I really make no pretence to more penetration than has been bestowed upon me!—but scarcely had I seen the restless and capricious face of that young woman, before, at one, and the first, glance, I had discovered the secret relations and affinities which existed between it and our hat of lilac gauze. There was, in both, the same coquetry, the same lightness, the same fantasy. Assuredly, at the

very first moment, I thought to myself,
the foolish head which must have app
our modiste when she conceived her foo
" And you, Madam," I added, " you ar
for your head-gear, are you not?—O
quickly, then. It is ready,—it is wa
you."

Everything happened just as I had
In spite of the resistance of her husb
young wife had stopped before the Ma
Modes; and, in an instant, she had
guished, in the show-frame, amongst
other hats, the one destined for her,—
which had been created expressly for *her*

There, then, at the very door of the
contest speedily arose between the two spo
very different, in point of gravity and
ness, from the little skirmishes which h
ceded it. The young wife, this time,
confine herself to looks of admiration an
She insisted upon entering the shop,—
determined to try on the hat, and ask th

of it. On his part, seeing the danger imminent, and judging, like a man of sense, that if the threshold of that door were once passed, the cursed hat would not only be tried on, but bought, at the expense, probably, of a whole month's savings, the husband stood firm, and defended his purse, like a desperate man.

Unfortunately, two of the modistes, who happened at this moment to be in the shop, having observed the struggle, readily divined its object. Whereupon, without regard to the law of non-intervention, the malicious creatures came to the assistance of the young wife, by opening the door, the handle of which they saw her grasping and endeavouring to turn. The fight was no longer equal. Without making a scene in the street, there was no escape from entering.—The husband resigned himself to his fate. As he had but too justly apprehended,—in a few minutes the purchase was made, and the hat paid for, with seven beautiful five-franc pieces, all new,—which I saw glisten through the glass of the



Her husband himself, it was evident, however great his wrongs from her, could not resist the seduction of this magic head-dress;—for, as he pursued his path up the Rue Vivienne, towards the Place de la Bourse, with his pretty wife on his arm, I saw him cast upon her, frequently enough, glances of complacency and reconciliation. I would not answer for it, however, that, in the midst of the disenchantments of the sleeping-room, he did not experience, that night or the next day, a re-action against these good feelings.

However, that is not our affair. We are writing the history of a hat, and not of a household.

This frail head-gear,—that we have watched forming, thread by thread, ribbon by ribbon, flower by flower,—behold it, then, launched into the world, on a very charming head, but endowed with very little more brains than the dolls of our modistes! I pray that, in the keeping of such a fool, no evil happen to this rare child of

genius! Let us leave it, in the meanti
seek the boulevard, under the protec
Heaven. Stormy and threatening as
begun to look, within the last few minu
will not doubt that Heaven will have pity

X.

It was almost dark. Being with di
able to continue my external observati
quitted the window, and walked abou
saloon.

Half-past eight chimed from the pendul

"Madame de Saint-Clair has forgotte
thought I, "or else her toilet is a little t
to-night."

At that moment, one of the doors o
room opened, and Mademoiselle Lise en
with a candle in her hand.

Mademoiselle Lise, that you may not b
norant of the fact, is the intelligent and fa
femme-de-chambre of Madame de Saint-
This girl,—naturally very crabbed and disa

able,—had, at the present moment, a certain amiable and gracious air which made me tremble. —I concluded, at once, that she had come to me with some unpleasant message.

"Madame will not go out, and has been obliged to lie down, by a violent head-ache;—she begs that Monsieur will not wait for her any longer,"—said Mademoiselle Lise, dissembling but awkwardly a malicious smile.

As for me, who am the kindest man in the world, I took in great seriousness the sad news that Mademoiselle Lise had brought me.

"Now, truly," said I, "this is a very impertinent head-ache, which, wholly unannounced, takes the liberty to enter a lady's room, while she is dressing! Lise, say, I beg of you, to Madame de Saint-Clair, how much I am afflicted at leaving her in the arms of this untimely visitor."

Thereupon, taking my hat, I departed, not giving the charitable creature an opportunity of long enjoying the pleasure which she might

XI.

Thanks to the somewhat rich stock of philosophy which I possess, and whence I draw, in the hour of need, courage against the vicissitudes of life, and consolation for its sorrows!—the strange indisposition of Madame de Saint-Clair had not, at the worst, affected me either a very long time, or beyond a reasonable measure. In fact, I was employing myself in considering the means by which I could pass, as pleasantly as possible, the remainder of the evening without her,—when new events arose, which took that burthen off my hands.

Scarcely had I reached the end of the Rue Vivienne,—and nine o'clock was striking on the clock of the Palais de la Bourse,—when the storm with which the sky had, all the evening, been charged, at length burst decisively forth.

As I entered upon the Place de la Bourse, I was attacked by a fearful gust of wind, which rushed into the Rue Vivienne; lifting up the

dust in thick eddies, and making the
dance like so many swings. Then c
lightning and the abrupt thunder-burs
huge drops of rain began to descend.

I turned back, and endeavoured to ru
as the Galerie Vivienne. But the vio
the shower left no time for this; and
compelled to shelter myself under the firs
cochère that I found empty. As chanc
have it, this happened to be the very
longing to our Magasin de Modes; and
quently, fronting the window of the ap
of Madame de Saint-Clair.

There, a few stragglers, surprised like m
storm, had already come in search of an
and—while the rain fell in torrents, a
kennel rose against the walls—there, cam
more. Poor creatures, who seemed to
to no sex;—strange apparitions, half dr
who came in like swimmers, with thei
grotesquely hooded in shawls or handke
and their gowns or pantaloons tucked u

little enough regard to decency;—each face more piteous and chop-fallen than the other;—and of the whole of which I would here give a descriptive inventory, were it not that such an episode would retard too greatly the march of our history.

XII.

The hurricane had soon, however, spent itself. The greater number of our shipwrecked companions had already risked themselves on the faith of the stars, and ventured forth upon their route. I was about to depart, myself, when two victims of the storm passed before me, more cruelly ill-used by it than all the others whom I had just had so much leisure to pity.

At first, I had some difficulty to recognize them;—I could not, however, be mistaken—it was SHE!—it was HE!

Yes! yes!—it *was* he! It was our excellent and miserable husband, drenched in every part, soaked through to the very bones!

It *was* she! It was our charming gi
swamped as if she had fallen into the w
As for her hat,—alas! I knew it no m
had still upon her head some shreds
some streaming flowers, some dishevelled
but they had neither form nor name.
hat no longer—it was no longer anythi
Poor drowned bird! Poor young
Poor trembling linnet! Oh! what wo
have given, in that moment, to press
my bosom, to dry thee on my heart,
thee in mine arms, to wipe thine eyes
garments!

And then, each of us had so much
consolation! Together, we would hav
long, and not without tears, of the unti
of that hat,—dead almost in the mome
birth, and which only *we* had known
derstood!

XIII.

But a disgrace, which was entirely

came suddenly, to divert me from this disinterested and generous pity, and to challenge its share of my regrets and my sensibility.

The young wife had entered into the shop,—no doubt to get back her straw hat; happy still, inasmuch as there was yet that refuge left, to shelter her head to her home!

A hackney-coach, which splashed me from head to foot, stopped before the shop. There, whilst I was mentally offering, to those who had bestowed upon me that baptism, the benedictions usual in such cases, I beheld descend gaily from the ominous carriage, and enter, also, into the shop—whom do you think?—The fair *modiste*,—who returned, I know not whence!

But, in truth, I had not leisure to reflect long on that subject,—nor on the sad spectacle which she was about to witness in the shop, and the pangs which would penetrate her modiste's maternal heart, on beholding the ravages committed by the tempest upon that hat,—no doubt

the loveliest of all the daughters to
poetic fancy had ever given birth!

The driver of the hackney-coach—pa
hand, apparently,—had remounted his
was about to depart, when he was ca
one of the windows of the apartment of
de Saint-Clair, by a shrill and squeak
which I, at once, recognized for that
moiselle Lise.

This struck me as singular!

The coachman turned his vehicle,
up before the door of the house of M
Saint-Clair.

I crossed the street, in haste, and
myself against the wall, a few paces be
carriage.

Can you imagine to yourself my
when, after waiting several minutes, th
cochère was opened, and I saw emerge
lighted by Mademoiselle Lise, and esc
a very handsome Polish officer,—Ma
Saint-Clair, lovely as love, and dressed

angel, in a low robe of rose-coloured crape, with flowers and ribbons in her hair?

Madame de Saint-Clair, supported by the hand of her gallant knight, ascended the coach, with that perfect grace which she communicates to her slightest gestures—to her simplest movements. The Polish officer followed, and placed himself by her side.

"To the Opera!" said he to the coachman, as he closed the door.

And the coach departed,—splashing me all over, a second time.

XIV.

There was no room for doubt.—I was sacrificed!

Madame de Saint-Clair had loved me three days!—The gauze hat had lasted three hours!

I returned slowly home,—very sad and very wet,—making grave and profound reflections on the instability of women's affections,—and of their hats!

THE PARISIAN AT SEA.

Chapter I.

Matthew Guichard was the son
Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint-
He was about seventeen, of the middle
slim, nervous, and pale. He had small
ling grey eyes; and thin, silky brown hai
countenance indicated a singular mix
cunning and simplicity; and his livid a
complexion had that unhealthy and sh
appearance so common among the chil
the poor and working classes in Paris.

In his moral constitution,—if, indeed,
a moral constitution,—Matthew was i

lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous; he was, moreover, a scoffer and a bully. He was neither infidel, nor believer, nor sceptic; but of a stoical indifference in matters of religion;—never invoking the name of God, but in a manner so detestable, that he had much better not have invoked it at all. But, in truth, we must not bear too hard upon him on this account; for the very first words which his father, formerly an artillery-man, taught him to utter, were the most frightful oaths. These lessons formed the recreation of the old soldier, when, after a hard day's work, he was seated near his extinguished forge. He would then place young Matthew upon his knee, and listen with delight to the renegado oaths lisped forth by the child. Sometimes his wife would talk of prayers, and of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Saviour; but Jean Guichard would reply, "Peace, woman! I don't choose that my boy should be either a maccaroni parson or a Jesuit."

Now, in this respect, Matthew did not disap-

point the expectations of his worthy fath
was no maccaroni parson, and certainly
Jesuit.

When he was ten years old, he woul
his mother—insult old men—steal old iro
the shop to raise the wind—do no work—
sound threshings from his father—and
whole days from home. At twelve, h
already commenced his career of gallantry
broken lamps—beaten the watch—and h
come one of the leaders of the low blackg
and the Funambules, who frequent the
theatre of the Ambigu.

As he advanced in years, so his misde
creased; and the torrent of his offences b
so strong that it threatened to sweep aw
reputation, the honour, and the savings o
Guichard, his father; who had in vain op
to it, in the form of a dyke, sundry elm an
cudgels broken upon the back of his son
thew, but without improving the habits
youth. Fortunately, Jean Guichard r

bered an old proverb, common with the Parisians, which represents a ship as a sort of moral cess-pool, into which all the filth and rubbish of society is thrown. Thus, when a youth of condition commits one of those egregious follies, which never occur but at the dawn of manhood, there is a meeting of the family, and a grave resolution passed, that the young Don Juan must be shipped off to the West Indies, to encounter the hard rubs of life, until he be polished down into discretion.

So also, when a young villain, the terror of the neighbourhood, puts no longer any restraint upon his enormities, after being threatened, in succession, with the commissary, a prison, and the gallies, the climax is wound up by saying, "He must be sent to sea;"—which proves the high estimation in which a sea-faring life is held in France.

Now it happened that, one morning, Jean Guichard entered his son's bed-room, who, I know not by what chance, had slept at home.

On opening his eyes, Matthew shud
he perceived that his father had no cu

"He is certainly going to stra
thought the lad.

"Listen to me, Matthew," said old
coolly: "thou art now fifteen years ol
most consummate scoundrel I know; b
no effect upon you, and you will die
gallows. I have been a soldier, but am
man; and things cannot therefore go c
do. You must come with me to Havr

"When?"

"Immediately;—dress yourself."

Matthew said not another word; bu
ment his clothes were on, he cast a sly
the door; then making a sudden bolt,
moment upon the stairs. But his fa
watched his motions, and Matthew, alr
ulting in the anticipation of his escape
muscular grip of his father's huge hands

"Softly, lad—not so fast," said Jean,
ceding Matthew into the shop, he ord

wife to call a cab, into which the father and son mounted,—a big tear starting in the eye of the latter, when he saw his mother, in an agony of grief, throw herself upon her knees near the forge, and sob as if her heart was bursting.

From the cab Matthew passed into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who left him not an instant. The next morning they arrived at Havre.

In every commercial sea-port town in France, there are certain tavern-keepers who supply unemployed seamen with board and lodgings upon credit. As soon as the latter are hired, they pay their tavern bill out of their advance of wages; and on their return from sea spend at the same tavern the money they have earned during the voyage. Then credit again succeeds to ready money; and this goes on until a wave off Cape Horn, or a tropical squall, puts an end to these alternate days of dearth and abundance. It is in these taverns that the masters of vessels recruit their crews; and to the landlord of one

fully opposing his father's will; but, finding the odds against him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

"Come Matthew," said Jean Guichard, "embrace thy old father. Behave thyself well, correct thy errors, and we shall meet again, boy."

"Never!" replied Matthew, drawing back from the paternal embrace, and whistling a tune with the utmost nonchalance, as he followed the captain.

"But if he were never to return!" thought Jean Guichard. "Bah! a stray pigeon always returns to the dove-cot."

Nevertheless, Jean Guichard was very sad for a long time after his son's departure.

Chapter II.

Meantime, five days had elapsed since the Charming Louisa, a brig of 180 tons burthen, bound to Pernambuco, had left Havre, bearing off the only son and heir of the Guichard family;

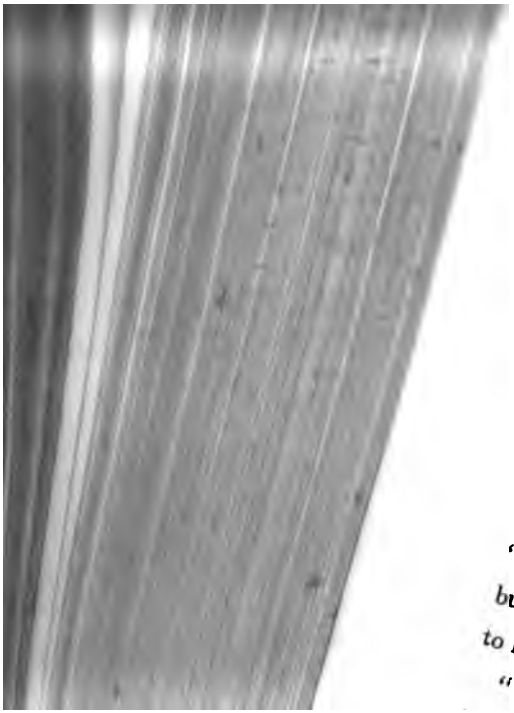
I
So
hole.
proud
" What
said the
the lad is

stomach turned inside out. No such thing. The Parisian was not at all sick; he nibbled his biscuit, tore his salt junk with his iron teeth, drank two rations of wine,—because he stole one from a sailor belonging to his mess,—then went upon the forecastle to smoke his pipe.

"Has the motion of the vessel no effect upon you, you young savage?" said an old sailor, who expected not only to laugh at the contortions of the Parisian during his sickness, but to drink his wine for him when he should be too ill to notice it.

"That's nothing new!" Matthew boldly replied. "I have played too often at balancing in the Champs-Elysées, and rode too often upon the Russian swing, for that to have any effect upon me."

This answer was accompanied with clouds of smoke, which, for an instant, concealed everything around from the Parisian. When the smoke disappeared, the smiling face of the cap-



d

eve
watc
fore h
" T
been pu
him in t
" I sha
Parisian
" but I will
but no matt
to him who pr
" But,

how dared you go aloft as fast as we could? You know it was only to flatter the officers."

"Yes," roared the others, in chorus, "he did it on purpose."

"Listen to me," said the Parisian: "if any one of you will fight me alone, let us each take one of those pointed irons (looking at two marline spikes), and we will see which is the best man."

"Done," replied the orator.

"The father decidedly deserves to be keelhauled," thought the captain: "the son is a fine fellow."

The captain having interposed his authority, the dispute ended; but the fight took place in the evening, and the Parisian was the conqueror.

From that day, nobody on board presumed to molest our hero, who, "enjoyed the esteem of his superiors and the friendship of his comrades."*

* A cant phrase in the French army and navy.—*Tr.*

Chapter III.

Had the captain been endow
faculty of analysis, he certainly
called it into action with regard to
of Matthew Guichard. But the
never analyzed; he contented h
beating the Parisian or overwhelmi
favours, according to his opinion o
deserts. Without amusing himsel
effects to causes, he appreciated o
he then made up his accounts, as
and paid the balance—kicks or
buffet or a glass of grog, as might be

Meantime, two years had gone
which it is difficult to say whether th
was in favour of buffets or glasses o
in point of fact, our hero was neithe
worse than at first. A young mind
parching atmosphere of Paris, becon
ed, and preserves for ever the fi
sion.

Thus Matthew had brought with him, and maintained that careless idleness, that nervous and instantaneous activity which characterize his race. He had preserved that febrile exaltation which would make him leap the most frightful gulph; but he had none of that continuous and patient strength which would have enabled him to climb a mountain.

If there was anything laborious to do in fine weather, the Parisian was sluggish, lazy, and taciturn; but when the wind whistled and the thunder roared, it seemed as if the storm produced a re-action on his irritable temperament, and centupled his strength and energy. In such times he was seen at the yard-arm in the post of danger, as cool and steady as an old sailor; for there he had neither a weight to lift, nor an oar to handle,—he had only to tie a reef, or to cut a rope. He risked his life, it is true, but then it was not in doing anything laborious and fatiguing. As soon as the fine weather returned, Matthew Guichard sunk into his former apathy,

and became what he was before—what a
sian always is and always will be—lazy, in
fond of [illegible], because he possesse
vivaciou[illegible]uresque spirit of the P
populace,—[illegible]nning because he wa
strong, a[illegible]y his *gab* (let us be pa
this vulgari[illegible]it alone can convey the
ing,) he had gaine[illegible]d a wonderful ascendanc
the crew, and even the captain himself.

No matter whether the Parisian was
irons, sent up the shrouds, or started
rope's end, he lost not a single joke,
single mouthful, nor was his sleep a wi
sound. He would take off everybody; th
tain first, with his hoarse voice, his half
eye, and his favourite oath. The grey
coat and the oilskin hat were alone want
make the portrait perfect. Then the hea
had his turn; his twisted leg and stupid s
ing were hit off with exquisite facility.

Then came the bacchanalian songs, a
romances, and fragments of comedies,

drames, and comic operas, which Matthew gave out in broad and characteristic declamation, imitating the gesture and voices of the favourite Parisian actors.

Nobody could resist Matthew's fun. Everything was forgotten in listening to him;—the helmsman steered wrong; nobody slept on board; the hammocks were deserted; and the open and simple countenance of the sailors might be seen, crouching in a circle around him, listening with imperturbable gravity to his readily-coined and most monstrous lies.

As for Matthew, he continued to be astonished at nothing. The sailors had anticipated much from the effect which the sight of negroes, and palm trees, and sugar canes, and many things beside, would produce upon him. All this, however, had no effect. The eternal "That's nothing new!" disconcerted all their hopes. Matthew had seen negroes at Robinson, palm trees at the Jardin des Plantes, had bought sugar cane on the Pont Neuf, and had actually

made a cup from a cocoa-nut shell for
tress. What was to be done with so en
dical an organization? Be silent and
and that is what the crew did.

Chapter IV.

It was on a Sunday. The Charming
generally employed in voyages to th
Indies, had, on this occasion, been freig
Cadiz, whither she carried Bordeaux w
was to bring back sherry in return.

The Parisian, surfeited with the West
with negro wenches and women of colour
sorry for the change; and no sooner
brig safely moored along-side the qua
Matthew, at a single bound, found hin
shore, with thirty francs in his pocket, a
crowned and wide-brimmed straw hat u
head, decked out in a pair of white
and a blue jacket with anchor button
shirt collar was fastened by a clasp of A

berries, a love-present from a lady of Martinique.

The Parisian was endowed with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and it enabled him to solve every difficulty, without exception of language or idiom.

His method was, simply—whenever he asked an Englishman to direct him on his way, he would imitate, as nearly as he could, the ridiculous *patois* given to the English in the French plays. In addressing a German, his language underwent a slight modification, as it also did when he spoke to an Italian or an American. It is true that this method was not always successful; sometimes, indeed, foreigners who would very probably have understood him had he addressed them in proper French, could not comprehend his jargon. This he attributed to obstinacy, ill-breeding, or national jealousy; and it must be confessed, that Matthew Guichard was not troubled with that embarrassment and timidity generally felt by a foreigner in a

country whose language he does not understand.

Thus the Parisian walked on with as firm a step, and as li[illegible]s if he had studied for seven years t[illegible]ar of Rodriguez y Berna at Badajos[illegible]

As Matthew [illegible] coup-d'œil pleased him. That an[illegible]titude, those picturesque costumes, the men with small hats and long brown cloaks, the women with satin or silk shoes, those small feet, short petticoats, dresses fitting closely to the shape, and natural flowers scattered with so much taste among their dark and luxuriant hair—their gait, their walk, their *salero*,—all this excited the ardent attention of our young hero, who mentally compared these beauties with the women of colour in the West Indies.

As he passed by a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a female near the top, ascending the remaining steps with great speed. This rapid

ascent enabled him to perceive a beautifully moulded leg and Andalusian foot, which induced him to run up the steps himself, and over take the fair lady who displayed such charms. As he possessed much more of assurance than of timidity, he, with great familiarity, approached the young girl—for she was a young girl, and a very pretty one too—and, looking in her face, said, in a kind of French *patois*, which he made to resemble Spanish in sound as much as possible, "Spanish girl, you are very beautiful!" The young girl blushed, smiled, and doubled her pace as she drew the hood of her mantle over her head.

"Where the devil did I learn Spanish?" ejaculated the Parisian, certain of having been understood, and following with eager steps his new conquest.

Just opposite to the Custom-house, the lady descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, crossed the little square de la Torre, and entered an adjoining street.

side of a head adorned with shining ebon hair. Next came a grey monk bearing a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He pointed to these figures with one hand, and with the other presented a money-box for the souls in purgatory.

Everybody knelt; some gave money, others, in whispers, pointed out the Parisian, who was leaning upon the back of the lanterned monk, and endeavouring thereby to raise himself, so that he might try to discover his fair Andalusian.

At this moment a splendid shrine of gold, set with jewels, and containing the arm of St. Sereno, excited the general attention and respect of the multitude. Our hero alone, who had remained standing, interrupted the general silence by one of those cries peculiar to the populace of Paris, which are sometimes heard at the theatres of the Boulevards. The fact is, he thought he distinguished the black mantle



made every one look u
that the Parisian had
his hat on, before the
arose a murmur of ind
a low murmur, but it
a storm getting to its
of impudent and stern
the Parisian, it burst f
Meantime the Host
fringes of gold reflecti
the sun, its waving p
the monks of La Me
ating the beautiful po
pressed;—the rash Pa
his resistance. He he
with both hands, and s
phemies, that no one

commenced between an athletic Andalusian and our friend Matthew, the latter sprung back to avoid a blow, and fell at the feet of the Archbishop, who was behind him, and accidentally received a rude shock. On seeing this, the multitude cried out, Sacrilege! Impiety! Down with the Frenchman! The tumult became dreadful; and, in spite of the intervention of the prelate, knives were drawn, and——but we draw a veil over the horrible end of the Parisian.

The French Consul took up the matter; but as it was proved that the Parisian was the aggressor, the captain could obtain no redress.

In bad weather the Parisian was not much regretted. But when the sea was calm, and the Charming Louisa performing quietly her six knots with a steady breeze, something was found wanting to the comforts of the crew; and the sailors used to point with regret to a hencoop upon which the Parisian always seated himself to tell his wonderful stories.

Ever since his death this hencoop has been

THE CASTLE OF HAM.

I, secundo
Omine; et nostri memorem sepulchro
Scalpe querelam.—*Hor.* iii. Ode xi.

THREE generations had passed away since the standard of France floated over the turrets of the Kremlin, and over the Pyramids—that age of military royalty, parliamentary royalty, and royal democracy, had run its course, and passed the fatal gates which open upon the abyss of eternity, and which time itself passes not twice.

On the eastern bank of a muddy and rapid stream, at some distance from the sea, and near to a wealthy and populous city, stood a seigneurial, though modest mansion, of graceful and almost modern architecture, sheltered from the

but none were strangers to each other. They consisted of the old Count Richard, (he had no other name in the country,) his children, and his children's children.

The Count had already reached an advanced age ; but his simple and mild manners, the habitual calmness of his mind and temper, and the strength of a naturally healthy constitution, upon which excess had never proved its baneful influence, retarded in him that sad and inevitable debility which, in the midst of life, is the commencement of death.

Each evening, when the last gleam of daylight had disappeared, the whole family assembled round the Count, in the drawing-room of the mansion. This apartment was large, lined with plain gray wainscot, and a bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling. On one side of a chimney of white marble was an immense arm-chair of green morocco leather; it was old, mutilated, and worm-eaten; but the Count, who always punctually occupied it, held it in great

veneration; for it was the
father.

Opposite to this precious
hung a large picture; the br
rect work of a painter who ha
celebrity. The principal figure
a flowing purple robe with pe
Near him, and on a stool of black
small chest of chased gold of exq
manship. Nearer still, stood a rich
table, upon which a roll of parchme
folded, disclosed the word AMNESTY, co
the date of 1825. Below was the sig
of the then reigning monarch, Charles
under it the signature of his keeper of th
This picture was an object of great vene
to the inhabitants of the mansion. It p
tuated recollections dear to the family;
Count Richard, anxious that the tradition
the events which it recorded should not be lo
often made it the subject of conversation wit
his grandchildren.

He was old enough to have witnessed the reverses of fortune which his grandfather had undergone. He was born during the first administration, of which the latter was a member, when all seemed to prosper and succeed with him. He afterwards saw him struggling against parties, then retreating before them, then returning to his high office; always a devoted and self-immolated victim, whenever the extreme of peril threatened the prince and the state.

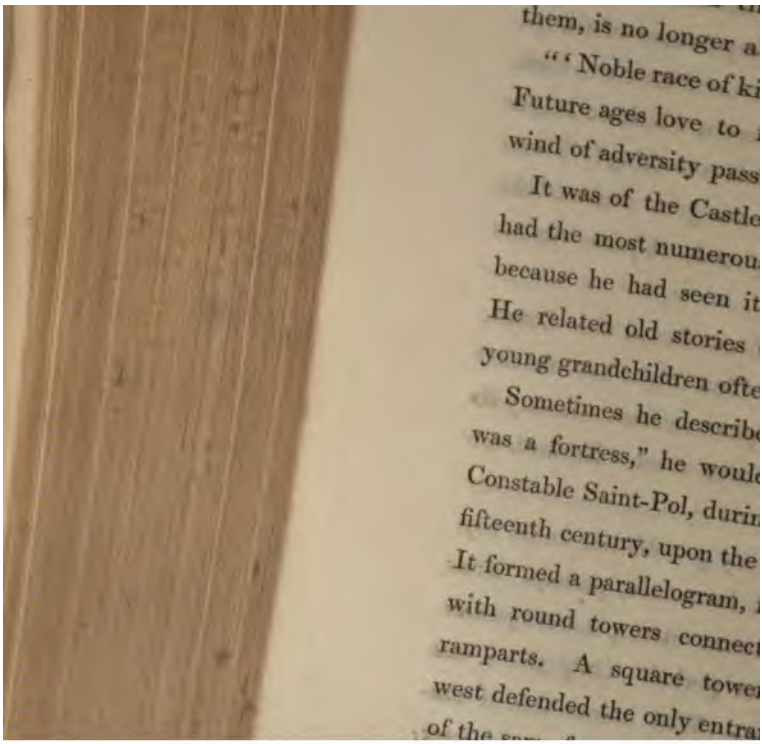
Richard's precocious intellect, cultivated with the most assiduous care, was already developed and matured, when a dreadful reverse of fortune justified the forebodings of the faithful minister, by overturning the frail edifice of his fortune, and throwing him, proscribed and a captive, among the fragments of a soiled and broken throne. Richard had penetrated into Vincennes, the Luxembourg, and Ham. He had seen the sufferings of his grandsire, and felt the profound emotion which they inspired. He had played upon the platform of the donjon, and had sat

lessons to man, it always selects virtue to afflict with misfortune!

"'What matters it that misfortune leads to crime? Such is the ordinary course of things, and all men know it. What need have we, then, of a common and sterile lesson, which no longer surprises, and therefore teaches nothing? Those burnt offerings, by which the great faults of the human species are expiated, require victims without blemish.'

"I well remember," continued the Count, "that deserted court. You might have fancied yourself among those poor recluses who say to each other whenever they meet, 'Brother, we must die!'

"'Yes, certainly,' my grandfather would say, 'the evil was deep, inveterate, perhaps incurable. If ever extreme attempts were justifiable, it was at that period. Only there was still room for delay. Who knows that if the enemy had not been attacked, he would have risked anything; or, risking everything, whether



were the only external works. Parallel to the south-east rampart, and at its foot, flowed the canal of the Duke of Angoulême. The river Somme, upon whose banks the town is built, was not far off. In the court-yard were two shabby brick buildings, used as barracks. The state prison was at the extremity of one of these buildings. It was there, my dear children, that, in a small and dismal room, I used to see your great-grandfather, calm, patient, asking for nothing, complaining of no one, and forgetting none of the misfortunes of his country, save those which appertained to himself only. He had graven above his mantel-piece the simple and mysterious device of Philip the Bold—*Moult me tarde!*

"There was, however, in this castle one thing deserving of notice. I mean the eastern tower, which still bears the constable's name. It was a rough and heavy mass of stone-work, a hundred feet high, a hundred feet in diameter, and its walls were thirty-two feet thick. Three

prisoners, and that only at a distance.—'Look at that tree,' said my grandfather to me one day; 'it was planted by a celebrated man, called Bourdon, one of the founders of the French republic, and whom that same republic rewarded by incarceration in this prison. Captive as he was, he still obstinately adhered to his political creed, and planted on yonder spot a young tree, which, in conformity with the folly of the times, he consecrated to liberty. Nature, in its turn, in cruel derision, chose that the tree of liberty, withered and dead everywhere else, should flourish in a prison. It still flourishes, my son; but when will liberty flourish?

"'You will no doubt ask me, (he continued,) what the tree of liberty was. It was a symbol, my son—a powerless and inefficient symbol—which awoke no recollection, excited no emotion, and had in itself nothing to inspire enthusiasm. But that tree could not kill the tree of the Cross, which alone is the true symbol of liberty upon earth.'"



at. In his person, a number of ideal beings are pursued, themselves comprehending a host of others. In opposing him, you contend against a principle, a theory, or a power, of which he is the expression and image. You would love him, perhaps, were he but himself; but in crushing him, you crush that into which he is transformed. His enemies are not his own, but the enemies of those only whose friend he is.

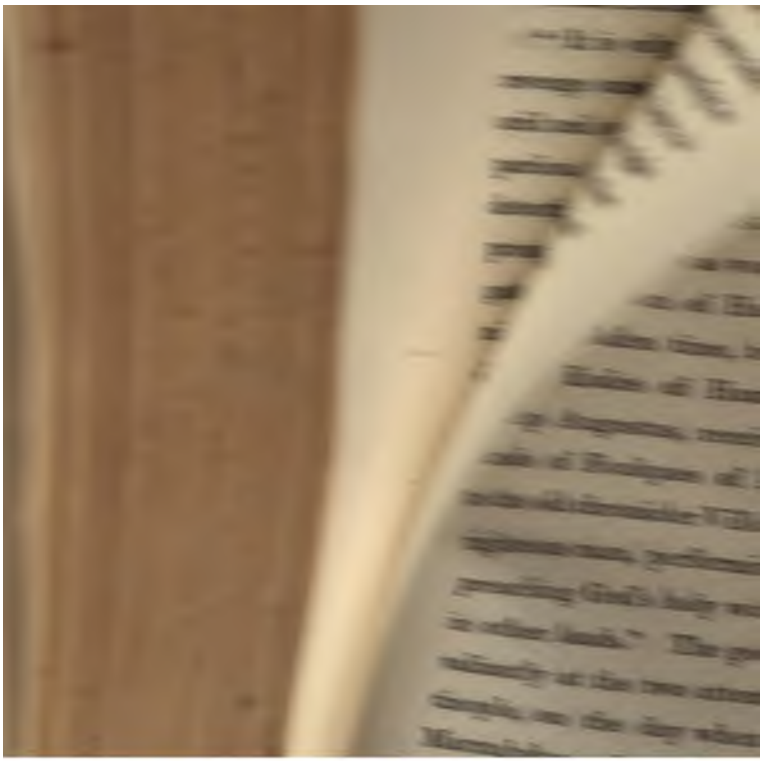
"'Let your thoughts and feelings soar then above personalities: I have no quarrel of my own; do you have no resentments or regrets. Let all your animosities merge in the love of your country. The future is deep and impenetrable;—it will perhaps be as favourable to you as the present is fatal to me; and should you ever obtain power, remember my sufferings, only to avoid making others endure them. To avenge me would be a treachery to myself.

"'Revenge is often an injustice, but oftener still a fault. For one enemy of whom you rid yourself, how many new ones do you raise up

iniquity of a sentence, when its execution is eluded? Were I to accede to your wishes, I should destroy its wickedness by my own fault; I should almost efface its injustice by putting an end to its operation. I must remain here, to bear daily testimony of its violence; it is right that my sufferings should be prolonged, that they may imprint upon my existence a deep and lasting memory. It is for them upon whom its responsibility weighs to get rid of me if they can. I shall certainly not save them the trouble.

"'Besides, my children, reflect a moment. Plans of this description are not executed without exposing to some risk those who favour them. God forbid that I should ever expose any one to the least danger! The few years I have to live are not worth such a price.

"'The greatest philosopher of antiquity refused to escape, even from death. So noble a determination would, at present, perhaps, elicit surprise. True, it is scarcely comprehensible; and who would even imagine that it could be



.cek em-

a Count of

of Ham performed

.at unhappy battle of

.e heroic Count of Blois

.mperor Baudouin fell into

King of Bulgaria.

.s another Lord of Ham killed at

of Montlhéry, at the very moment

at-arms of Louis XI. had put to rout

.t wing of the Count of Charollais.

'Next, we may mention the crafty and deceitful Heribert, that disloyal Lord of Ham and Vermandois, who despoiled his master without daring to use the spoil, and basely put him to death at Peronne, after having retained him in captivity six years. The illustrious queen Edgiva, wife of the betrayed monarch, succeeded, by her courage and talents, in saving her son, then an infant, from the clutches of the usurper, and, after paving his way to the throne, fought



theless take from this
suited to an humble
courage.'"

Sometimes Count Ri
connected with the histo
his grandfather was won

"'The town of Han
birth, in olden time, to
lords. Eudes of Ham,
Philip Augustus, receiv
hands of Foulques of N
to the old chronicler Ville
righteous man, performi
preaching God's holy wo
in other lands." The go
valiantly at the two atter
tinople, on the day wher

them, suffered the crown of the Greek emperors to encircle the brows of a Count of Flanders.

"'Three years after, Hues of Ham performed great feats of arms at that unhappy battle of Adrianople, in which the heroic Count of Blois perished, and the Emperor Baudouin fell into the hands of the King of Bulgaria.

"'There was another Lord of Ham killed at the battle of Montlhéry, at the very moment the men-at-arms of Louis XI. had put to rout the left wing of the Count of Charollais.

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—not indeed so deep in crim
still culpable to a great ext
Saint-Pol, that triple traitor
trayed at the same time the
the King of England, and th
and who but too richly deserv
by treachery.

"'War,' continued my gra
wise extended its ravages he
brard, son of that Count
killed by the Normans when
camp at Arras, made himse
Castle of Ham. Count He
castle, and made Hébrard pris
Raoul and Hugh the Great la
was obstinately defended, but
ers of Heribert were obliged

began, in 1411, that hateful and bloody struggle which so long divided his house and that of Orleans. The Flemish troops who composed his army had great difficulty in overcoming the resistance of the inhabitants. On the surrender of the town, it was given up to sack and pillage, "and all the churches and edifices," says Monstrelet, "were consumed by fire; even the Abbey itself, from whence only six or seven monks escaped."

"'It rose, however, from its ashes; but in 1414 it was taken by John of Luxembourg, and again sacked. Twenty years after, it was retaken by Lahire. But this time it was summoned in the name of the king to surrender. The inhabitants offered no resistance, and the troops of Charles committed no acts of violence.

"'Look there,' said my grandfather, pointing to the gate of the fortress; 'it was at a very short distance from that gate, that, in 1595, D'Humières was killed—that valiant soldier, at whose death Henry IV. shed tears. Gomeron, who

folly. His son, who succ
occupied the castle, gave
a weakness of another kin
know not with what expe
two of his brothers to the
Brussels. When the latt
power, he wanted to take
obtain possession of the ca
ened Gomeron's mother, w
the fortress, to send her the
sons in a dish, if there was
dering the place. Dorvillie
ther-in-law, who had taken t
nant at this base treachery,
D'Humières, who came and
niards in the town, was twi
last killed by a musket shot

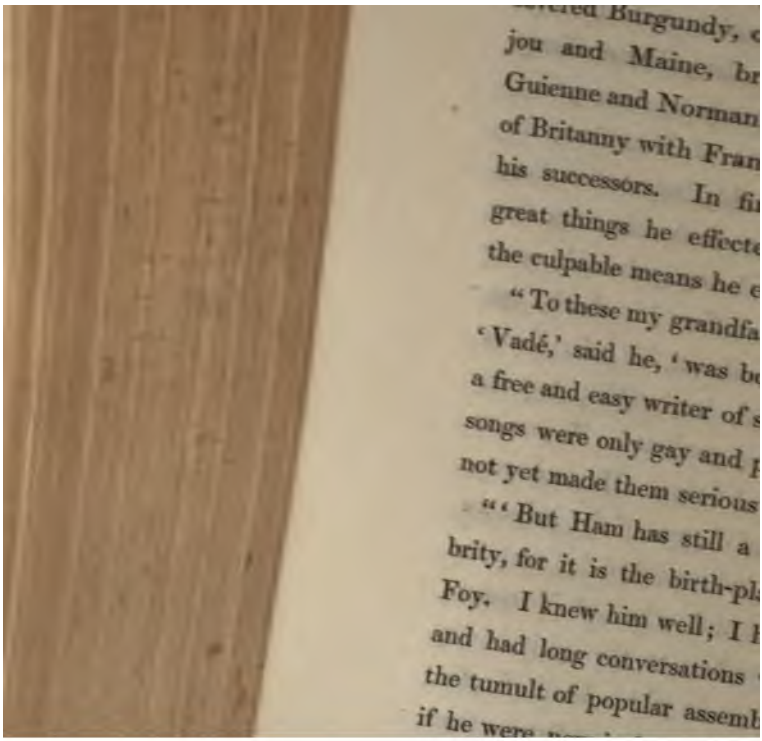
fifteen hundred Spaniards who defended it, put to the sword.

" ' Their general was then carrying on the siege of Catelet. Irritated at their defeat and the loss of the town, he came to Ham by forced marches, summoned the castle to surrender, was received with cannon balls, and, not succeeding in taking the place, he hung the unfortunate Gomeron under the walls. A tree was shown but a few years since bearing the name of that unhappy man; it was the one which had served for his execution.

" ' Two hundred and twenty years subsequent, a foreign army again laid siege to Ham. Ten artillery-men and eighty-seven veterans composed the whole of the garrison. The besieging army amounted to no less than thirty thousand men. The resistance was long and able; it led to a most honourable capitulation. A record of this noble proof of the courage of our soldiers, is carefully preserved in the archives of the fortress.

Duke of Burgundy; a
equitable as he is repres
restore, although he wa
dred thousand crowns of
vanced. This became a
sion and ill-will betwee
Louis XI. What a kin
What a strange and inde
contradiction was this mo
censured, dreaded, and de
time. He threw off, aft
times, the yoke which th
upon his neck; he made u
out subjecting himself to
without its preventing
single crime. He was
superstitious; or rather

with what bravery he had fought before Liège, and at Montlhéry. He bears the odium of the snares into which he drew Charles the Bold, without placing in the opposite scale the criminal league against him, or the poisoner Hardy sent by his vassal of Burgundy to destroy him. On the suspicious evidence of Brantôme, the death of his brother is rashly imputed to him, although the latter died seven months after the supposed period of his being poisoned; and made a will a few days before his death, appointing Louis XI, then absent, his heir. Louis was parsimonious, cruel, implacable; but he once repented not having pardoned. He was an unnatural son, and a bad father. He took vengeance, by the death of Agnes, of the influence won by her beauty, and punished by an atrocious death the doubtful crime of Nemours. He was a king according to the spirit of his people and of the age in which he lived; displaying still more ability in adverse fortune than in prosperity. If he laid many snares for others,



part I shall ever render him the tribute due to his high character. He was a man of talent and sincerity, who followed only from afar those who influenced his opinions. He was perhaps the only one among the many orators of the same party, who was not below the repulation he had acquired.'"

Next came the particulars which the good old Count Richard had collected respecting the prisoners of Ham Castle. "There were few of importance," said his grandfather. "The successive governments preferred sending the latter to Vincennes or the Bastille, both of which were nearer and more secure.

"A King was, however, confined there—a betrayed and spoliated King—a lawful sovereign of France. When that perfidious vassal the Count of Vermandois, seized upon the person of the too confiding Charles III, he confined him, at first, says the Chronicler Frodoart, 'in a fortress of his own, upon the banks of the Somme.' He next removed him to another at Chateau-

other Charles, also a despo

"An Earl of Oxford, a
vant of the house of Lancas
a prisoner in the Castle of
at last, accompanied by the
ter Blount, whom he had su
This was the same Earl of
so valiantly for Henry and
rible battle of Barnet, and
the day, had it not been lo
of the Earl of Warwick.
which he so cruelly expiat
not, as is supposed, the Ca
on the banks of the Somm
is wrong; it was another
name.

"There exists a tradition

a narrow dungeon in the tower, and died there with a great reputation for sanctity. The faithful long went to pray by the side of the stone which served for his pillow; and female votaries touched it with their garments. This was a simple and affecting devotion, paid to misfortune; and a marvellous virtue was attributed to it, and not without reason.

"Another tradition is prevalent, of more recent date and less uncertain in its details. A young man of the name of Lautrec, handsome, ardent, and formed for extremes—qualified for excess of virtue or excess of vice—had met with a young girl, graceful and handsome as himself, but chaste, pious, full of candour and modesty. Lautrec loved her with the whole ardour of his soul—with furious and extravagant passion. The young girl was also surprised by love; but her love, though strong, was pure and innocent.

"Her condition was obscure, and she had no fortune to make up for it. He for a time imagined that her love for him would overcome her

ficed.

"Lautrec had no hop
pride of his father, and
tempt it. The useless pa
him, became a deep-seated
The hue of health fled
features became thin and
lost their brilliancy. He
morose, and taciturn. He
who addressed him, and
moans.

"Lautrec had an uncle,
arrived at the highest dig
and had always evinced gre
This uncle remarked the c
and character, and put ma
to him. The young man el

his importunities. Lautrec, yielding at length, allowed his secret to escape.

"The morals of this period were not of the purest kind; and it was not usual to treat love so seriously. The uncle undertook to plead for his nephew. He saw the young girl, and exhausted every artifice, every means, to shake her resolution. Sometimes he besought her, for Lautrec's sake, to renounce her love for him, in order that the object of her affection might be freed from an engagement which was fast destroying him. At others, he offered, if love were not sufficient, to add immense wealth, as an indemnity for the sacrifice he solicited for his nephew. Another time, seeing that her affection was so deeply rooted that she had not the courage to sacrifice it, he offered her advice of another kind; giving her to understand, that any hope of a legal union being impossible, she had no remedy but to yield, if she could not conquer her passion.

"But the virtue of the young girl was not less

strong than her affection.
plicity of her youthful
attempt to undermine h
heart of the uncle was sha
a perverse, dreadful, and fa
sion of his mind. He had
but was himself seduced.
overcome him—such extra
excited in him the most ur
The unhappy man felt the
dared to disclose it. A cry
was the only answer he rece
girl; and he fled in confusio

"At the same instant La
object of his love shed abun
marks of the most violent d
man, in affright and trepidat
of such agitation. He woul
immediately, without reser
At the same time suppliant

girl do? Overcome by her own emotion and Lautrec's impetuosity—unable, in her astonishment and indignation, to calculate or foresee the consequences, she suffered some imprudent words to escape her lips, and Lautrec either learned or guessed the treachery of his uncle.

"Thunderstruck, his mind became troubled and his reason fled. He ran and seized his arms, followed his uncle, found him at the altar covered with the emblems of his priestly dignity, struck him to the earth, and left him wallowing in his blood.

"A dungeon in the Castle of Ham was long the refuge allotted him for his crime and madness. He had been there forty years, when the revolution of 1789 broke out; he was then set at liberty; but, forgotten, reputed dead, and disowned by his family, he no longer found food or shelter. The town of Ham took pity upon him, and paid a poor woman to take care of him, and procure him food. He survived his freedom but three months. Perhaps he might have

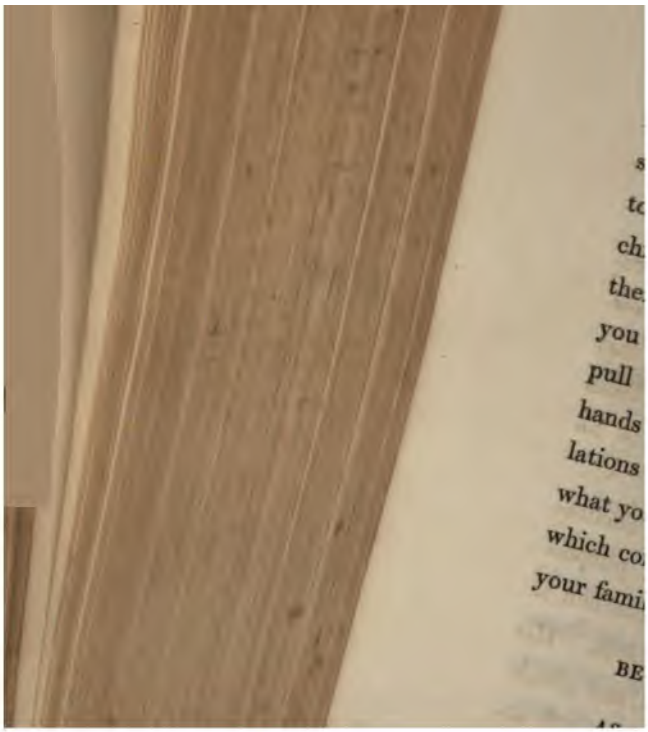
Ham of some of its inma
their places with other vict
when the Convention, tryi
strous justice upon its ov
in one day of Barrère, Bi
Collet-d'Herbois, by tran
Bourdon, Hugues, Châles,
and Chiodieu, by consignin
of Ham.

"Soon," continued Count
received inmates of anothe
other rank: certain emigra
the coast of France by a s
Choiseul, and a Montmore
ourselves, of civil discord—
to suffer death for the cr
wrecked, the commutation o

by the Government which had dared to order its infliction.

"Almost at the same period came that other victim, the same Prince Polignac, whom fate has again brought hither; an unhappy prince, whom an inexorable fatality seems to pursue. He was then implicated in the catastrophe of Moreau, Pichegru, and George Cadoudal; he has since been implicated in still greater misfortunes. He began life with a long captivity, and has again become a captive in his declining years."

The old Count's memory was inexhaustible. The recollections of Ham pleased him. There was one point, however, upon which no one presumed to ask him any questions. He had often begun the recital of the actions of his unfortunate grandfather, and, each time he had undertaken it, his emotion had prevented him from proceeding. An agitation of this kind was now considered too dangerous for his advanced age. But one day, the youngest of his grandchildren



THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

You all of you knew the kind-hearted Theodore, upon whose tomb I have just been strewing flowers and praying that the earth may bear lightly upon his remains. In the present article, I purpose to devote a few pages to his memory.

Twenty years had elapsed since Theodore withdrew from the world—for what purpose was a secret. He seemed always absorbed in thought, but none could tell the subject. His whole time was passed amidst books, and people hinted that he was writing one that would supersede the use of all others. This was a mis-

take. Theodore was too learne
that such a work was written
years ago. It is the thirteenth
first book of Rabelais.

Theodore no longer spoke, lau
or ate as he used to do; he went
balls or theatres—the ladies whom h
in his youth were no longer flattered
a look—and the tastiest slipper, co
prettiest foot, obtained from him o
and an exclamation, "Alas! what bea
rocco thrown away!"

Yet Theodore had once sacrificed to
and his contemporaries inform us that he
first who tied his cravat on the left side,
position to Garat,* who tied it on the rig
in defiance of those who, even to the p
day, vulgarly persist in tying it in front.
he cared no longer for fashion—in twenty y
he had only one quarrel with his tailor—"S
said he, "this is the last coat you shall make

* An eminent singer and coxcomb, lately dead.

me if you again forget to put *quarto* pockets to it."

Politics, whose singular chances have raised so many fools to affluence, had no power to disturb his meditations. They put him out of temper, ever since the ill-judged expedition of Napoleon to the north, which had raised the price of Russia leather. He approved, however, of the intervention of France in the affairs of Spain. "It is," said he, "a good opportunity of obtaining chivalric romances and *Cancioneros*." But the army paid no attention to such things, and he was mortified. When the affair of Trocadero was mentioned to him, he ironically replied with the single word *Romancero*, which made him pass for a liberal.

But the memorable campaign of M. de Bourmont to the coast of Africa, delighted him. "Thank heaven," said he, "we shall have moroccos from the Levant very cheap!" This made him pass for a Carlist.

Last summer he was walking in a crowded

street, passing over a treasured
same individuals, reeling from a
they had just left, put a knife to hi
hail him cry "Long live the Poles."
my heart," replied Theodore, whose
with love towards all mankind, "but
you wherefore?" "Because," repli
lightened citizen of the party, "we are
declare war against Holland, which oppr
Poles, in consequence of their dislike
Jesuits." "God help us!" exclaimed our
crossing his hands upon his breast, "sh
then, be reduced to M. Montgolfier's coun
Dutch paper!" Upon this the champion o
linction and liberty struck poor Theodore a
with a bludgeon, which broke his leg. Th
months was he confined to his bed, study
catalogues of books.

Predisposed as he always was to exciteme
this occupation inflamed his blood.

Even during his convalescence, his sleep was
dreadfully agitated. His wife awoke him one

night, when he was writhing under the horrors of the night-mare. "You come in time," said he, kissing her, "to prevent me from dying of pain and affright. I was surrounded by monsters who would have given me no quarter."

"And what monsters can you dread, my love, you who never injured any one?"

"It was, if I correctly remember, the shade of Purgold, whose fatal scissors were lopping off an inch and half of the margin of my beautiful unbound Aldine volumes; whilst that of Heudier pitilessly plunged into an acid the most perfect of my princeps editions, and withdrew it quite white. But I have good reason to think that they are both in purgatory at least."

His wife fancied he was talking Greek, which he knew a little, by the token that three shelves of his library were loaded with Greek books, whose leaves he had not yet cut. Thus, he never opened them, being satisfied with showing them to his intimate friends, and stating with the most imperturbable assurance, by looking at the

As he seemed evidently
his physician was sent for
pened, by chance, to be a
philosopher. Discover hi
doctor found that there wa
and made a splendid repor
in the 'Journal of Medica
is designated under the n
monomania, or the *biblion*
the disease was not notice
Sciences, because it wou
competition with the chole

He was advised to tak
him towards the Quays, i
sight of the river would de
up his spirits. But he n
above the level of the pa

been visited by those champions of the press who, in February last, burnt the Archbishop's library. We were more fortunate on the Quai aux Fleurs, where we found plenty; but of what sort? All which the journals had been praising for a month past, and which, as usual, had found their way, from the author's study or the bookseller's shop, to where you take your choice of volumes for half a franc. Philosophers, historians, poets, novelists—works of all kinds and sizes, upon which the most pompous and puffing advertisements had not been able to confer immortality, remained neglected and mildewing in these stalls, until the term of their presumptuous existence should have gone by. I there opened the satined pages of my own octavos, which I discovered among the works of some half dozen of my friends.

Theodore sighed, but it was not at seeing the offspring of my imagination exposed to the rain, from which the oil-cloth was but an inefficient protection.



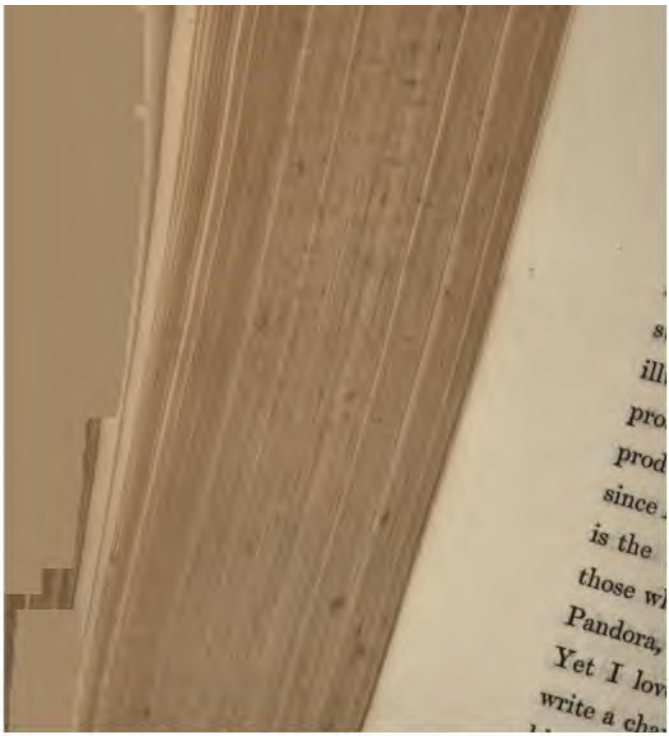
gems that he was able to
liography, containing se
It was on that spot,
Monmergué,† in his wa
tice, and the wise Labou
prolonged their scientific
was hence that the venera
every day a toise of rarit
self, and for which he
room in any one of hi
crammed with books ev
how many times, on su
wished he had the mode
or the elastic capsule o

* One of the librarians at t
Eugène Barbier, was many yea
of Bridgewater.—*Tr.*

† A judge of the Cour Roya
quary and bibliophilist. He

which could have covered the army of Xerxes, and was easily carried in the breeches-pocket. Now, all here is lamentable! You see nothing but stupid scraps of that modern literature, which will never become ancient literature, and whose existence evaporates in twenty-four hours like that of the flies of the river Hypanis. It is a literature worthy of the charcoal ink and execrable paper bestowed upon it, and that even with regret, by certain typographers lost to all sense of shame, and who are as stupid as the books they print. But it is profaning the name of books to bestow it upon such trash in black and white, which is no better than the dirty rags from which their odious paper is made. From this time, the open book-stalls on the quays will form but a charnel-house for contemporary fame."

He again sighed, and so did I, but from a different feeling. I was anxious to get him away; for his excitement, which went on increasing, seemed the precursor of an alarming



"Behold," he continued, "that shop with the green walls. It belongs to the worthy Crozet, the most amiable of our young booksellers, and the one who can best distinguish a binding by the elder Derome from a binding by the younger Derome. He is the last hope of the last generation of bibliophilists, if such can still exist in our barbarous times. I regret that I cannot today enjoy his conversation, from which I always learn something. He is now in England, where, by way of reprisals, he is disputing with our rapacious invaders from Soho Square and Fleet Street, the precious relics of our own beautiful language, forgotten during two centuries, on the ungrateful land which produced them. *Macte animo, generose puer!*"—

"But," said he, turning back, "this is the Pont-des-Arts, whose useless platform will never support upon its ridiculous baluster, only a few inches wide, the noble trisecular folio which, with its binding of sow's hide and its bronze clasps, has rejoiced the sight of ten successive

generations. The passage affor
is profoundly emblematic, it is
to the Institut, by a road whic
science. I know not if I am
invention of this kind of bridge
the eyes of the erudite, a flagran
the decay of letters."

"Look," said he, as he passed
"at that white sign of another acti
nious bookseller. It long made my
but I cannot look at it without the n
emotion, since Téchener reprinted,
types of Tastu, upon beautiful pape
volumes elegantly got up, the gothic m
Jehan Mareschal of Lyons, and Jehan
ney of Avignon, extremely scarce bag
which he has multiplied by splendid cour
editions. The paper, white as snow, is he
to me, and there is nothing which I de
prefer to it, except that which it becomes
it has received, from the brawny exertions
the hangdog of a pressman, the deplorable

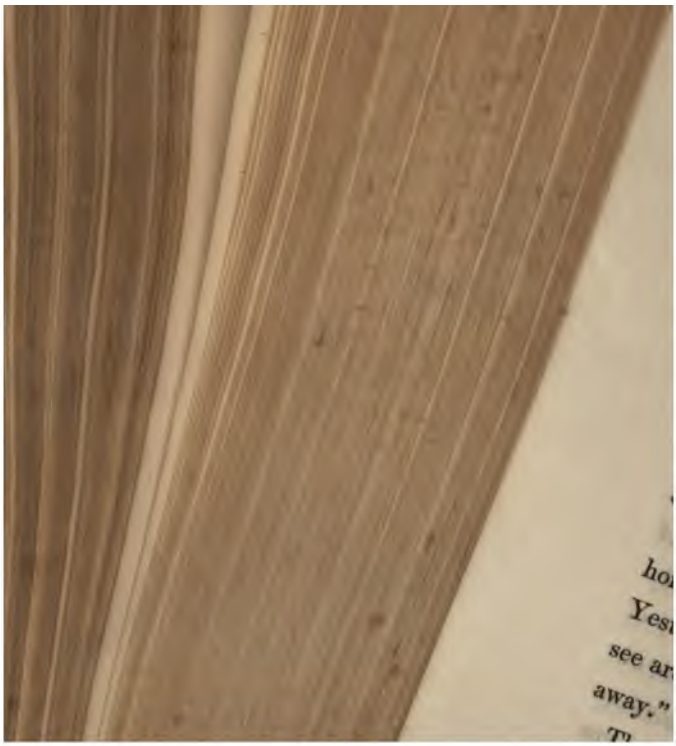
print of the reveries and follies of this iron age."

Theodore sighed still deeper, and seemed getting worse and worse. We came at length to that splendid bazar of literature, the noble literary auction-room of Silvestre, in the Rue des Bons-Enfans; a place honoured by the learned, and where, during the last quarter of a century, more inestimable curiosities have succeeded each other than ever were contained in the library of the Ptolemies,—which was, perhaps, after all, not burnt by Omar, notwithstanding what historians say. I never saw so many splendid volumes together as in this room.

"Woe to those who part with such treasure," said I to Theodore.

"They are either dead," he replied, "or they will die of grief."

But the room was empty. Even the indefatigable M. Thouret was not to be seen there, making with the most patient accuracy, upon carefully prepared cards, fac-similes of the titles of works



"Well! I see in this only my usual ill-fortune. But pray who are the purchasers of these treasures, which would do honour to the libraries of the De Thous and Grosliers of the day?"

"As usual, Sir," replied M. Silvestre; "this fine old edition of the Classics, these old and perfect copies autographed by celebrated savans, and these philological rarities, of which neither the Academy nor the University ever heard, belong to Sir Richard. They are the share of the English Lion, to whom we yield, with good grace, the Greek and Latin we no longer understand. These beautiful collections of natural history, and these master-pieces of iconography, are the property of the Prince of Essling, whose taste for study leads him to so noble a use of his immense wealth. These Mysteries of the Middle Ages, and these phenix Moralities, of which there is no second copy in existence, curious specimens of the attempts of our ancestors at dramatic composition, are destined to augment M. de Solenne's beautiful library. These merry

conceits, so ancient, so slim, so elegan
and in such admirable preservation
chased by your amiable friend M. Ai
I need not tell you to whom those boo
with the fresh and splendid morocco
It is an edition of the Shakspeare
Minor Theatres, the Corneille of th
drame, the able and often eloquent int
of the passions and virtues of the peop
after having treated them rather cont
ously in the morning, extols them in the
ing, though not without grunting betwee
teeth like a wounded boar, and turning upo
competitors his tragic eyes shaded with b
eye-brows."

But Theodore had ceased to listen. He
submitting an old volume, in tolerably go
preservation, to the test of his Elzeviriomete
that is to say, to the half-foot rule, with a scal
graduated almost ad infinitum, by which he re
gulated the value, and I regret to add, the in-
trinsic merit of his books. He applied the

instrument many times to the book, verified over and over again the correctness of the measure, then uttering some words which I did not understand, changed colour, and fell fainting into my arms. With great difficulty I conveyed him to a coach. My entreaties to be made acquainted with the cause of this sudden grief were long of no avail. He neither spoke nor seemed to understand what I said to him. At last, seemingly overcome by the intensity of his feelings, he exclaimed, "In me you behold the most miserable of men! The volume I measured is the Virgil of 1676, upon large paper, of which I thought I possessed the giant copy, and this volume is longer than mine by the twenty-fourth of an inch. My enemies might almost be justified in saying the sixteenth of an inch!"

I was thunderstruck. Poor Theodore was delirious.

"The twenty-fourth of an inch!" he repeated furiously, threatening heaven with his clenched hand.

fourth part of an inch is not
in the most delicate affai
"Not of consequence!" he
the twenty-fourth part of a
of 1676? Why, it was the
inch that, at M. Cotte's, ad
to the price of the Nerli Ho
you consider as nothing the
of an inch in a bodkin tha
heart?"——

At length we arrived. "
part of an inch!" said he to t

"The twenty-fourth part of
the latter to the cook, who ca

"My paroquete has escape
young daughter, in tears. "
left open?" he replied. "Th

"The people have revolted in the South," observed the old aunt, who was reading the evening paper.

"What the devil do the people meddle about?" replied Theodore. "The twenty-fourth part of an inch!"

"Your farm-house at Beauce has been burnt down," said his servant to him, as he helped him into bed.

"It must be rebuilt," Theodore replied, "if the estate is worth the expense. The twenty-fourth of an inch!"

"Do you think this attack dangerous?" said the nurse to me.

"You have not read, my good woman, the 'Journal of Medical Science,' or you would not ask that question. You had better send for a priest."

Fortunately the parish priest called at that moment, to enjoy, as usual, a little conversation with Theodore, about a thousand literary and bibliographic curiosities, from a love of which

is but a passage, and the wo
upon eternal foundations.
every thing that has had a b

"Did you ever read," Th
treatise on its origin and ant

"What I know on the s
the Book of Genesis," replie
but I have heard that a sop
tury named Mirabaud, wrote

"*Sub judice lis est*," e
Theodore. "I have proved
that the two first parts of the
by that silly pedant Mirabau
the Abbé de Masorier."

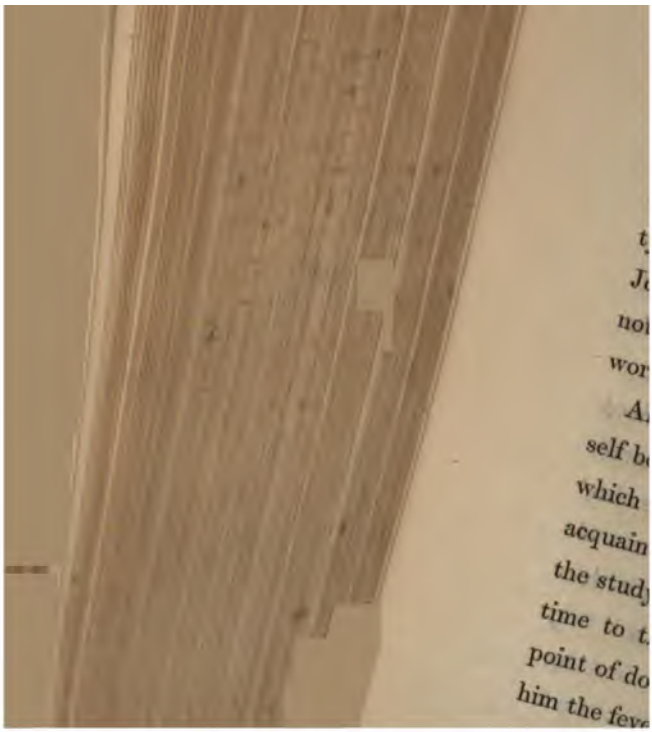
"But," said Theodore's ol
spectacles to her forehead,
America?"

replied. "Do you believe in the Trinity?" he continued, addressing Theodore.

"How should I not believe in the famous volume 'De Trinitate,' by Servet," answered the latter, raising himself upon his pillow, "when I saw *ipsissimis oculis*, at Mr. Macarthy's, a copy, for which that gentleman had paid seven hundred livres at La Vallière's sale, fetch only the trifling sum of two hundred and fifteen francs?"

"We do not understand each other," exclaimed the worthy Pastor, a little disconcerted. "I ask you, my son, whether you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?"

"Well, well," Theodore replied, "we need only explain our meaning. But I will maintain against all opponents, that the 'Toldos-Jeschu,' from which that ignorant Pasquin Voltaire took so many stupid lies, is no more authentic than the Thousand and One Nights;—that it is only a contemptible rabbinical absurdity, and unworthy of a place in the library of a man of erudition."



Simonian. He turned his face to the wall. For a long time he spoke not; and we should have supposed him dead, if on approaching him, I had not heard him mutter, "The twenty-fourth of an inch! God of justice and mercy, how will you restore me this twenty-fourth of an inch, and in what manner will your Omnipotence repair the irreparable mistake of the binder!"

A bibliophilist, with whom he was intimate, called soon after. He was told that Theodore was dying, and that for the last quarter of an hour he had been speechless.

"I will try that," replied his friend; and, turning to Theodore, "Pray," said he, "by what error in numbering the pages, do you distinguish the good Elzevir of Cæsar, published in 1635?"

"163 for 145," replied Theodore.

"Very right. And the Terence, published in the same year?"

"108 for 104."

"Excellently well," said Theodore's friend;

weaker.

"I know your misfortu
philist, "but it is nothing
About a week ago, I misse
nymous sales, which one o
of by the placard at the
1527, as beautiful as your
tian vellum, with pointed
renewed."

All Theodore's faculties
in one idea. "Are you q
were pointed?"

"Like the iron of a lan
replied.

"It was then," said Theo
tine itself."

"It was. We had on

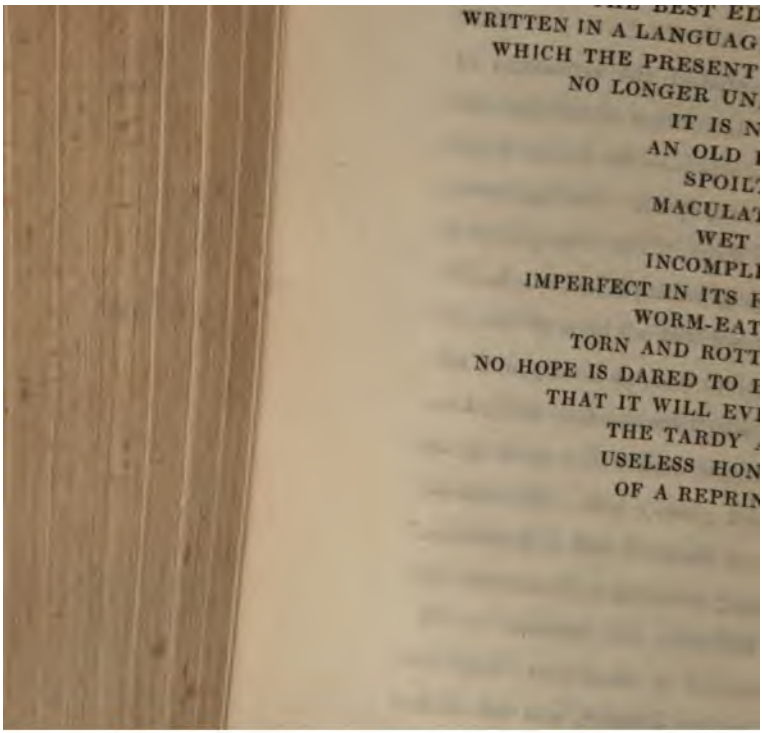
wit and talent, and champagne. I arrived three minutes after the work was knocked down."

"Sir," said Theodore in a fury, "When a Vintisettine edition is to be sold, people do not dine."——

This last effort exhausted the remainder of his strength, and the animation which this conversation had kept up, was like the action of the bellows upon an expiring spark. His lips, however, murmured once more, "The twenty-fourth of an inch!" But these were his last words.

From the moment we lost all hope of his recovery, his bed was rolled into his library, and we took down for him whatever volume seemed to catch his eye, keeping it before him as long as we thought it would gratify him. He died at midnight, between a Deseuil and a Padeloup, his two hands lovingly pressing a Thouvenin.

Next day we followed his remains to the grave, at the head of a numerous body of afflicted morocco-leather dressers, and we afterwards placed upon his tomb the following in-


BEST EL
WRITTEN IN A LANGUAG
WHICH THE PRESENT
NO LONGER UN
IT IS N
AN OLD
SPOIL
MACULA
WET
INCOMPL
IMPERFECT IN ITS
WORM-EAT
TORN AND ROTT
NO HOPE IS DARED TO
THAT IT WILL EV
THE TARDY
USELESS HON
OF A REPRI

A YOUNG LADY OF PARIS IN 1832.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Chapter I.

How beautiful she is!——You must certainly know her.

You have more than once, no doubt, on a fine day in July or August, between four and five in the afternoon, mingled with the elegant crowd whom fashion entices, and a refreshing coolness retains, within those broad vistas overshadowed by luxuriant foliage, which distinguish the gardens attached to the royal residence.

Or else, on a serene evening, when the azure of the sky is gradually melting into the darker hue of night, your steps, heavy with the weight

and the puffs of smoke
modern Exquisites. In
out metaphor, you have
at the Tuileries, and in
Boulevard de Coblentz.

Well! in one or other
terres of young ladies in
young coquettes, and of st
if your practised eye, quic
ing countenances and gra
mined those fascinating g
enamelled like the flower
penetrated into those hed
adorned and all lovely—yo

Seen whom?

Why, the young lady o

airy, and so elegant—whose delicate features beam with intellect, whose smile is so fascinating, and whose look sparkles with wit;—if, before such a being, your feet have seemed chained to the ground, you must have exclaimed instinctively, "Heavens! what a lovely creature!"

Now, such an expression as this is never lost. —It must have been heard, and the object of it has blushed with pleasure.—Her still handsome mother has smiled, whilst her prudent and careful aunt, always on the alert, has suddenly drawn over the beautiful shoulders of the thoughtless girl, the waving and fugitive Barège handkerchief, under which a zephyr was at play.

This young lady is an angel, a fairy, a being made up of loveliness. See the wit, and playfulness, and intellect, which sparkle from under her long silken eye-lashes! She counts but seventeen summers, and has all their charms.—— You could not, in your dreams, fancy a more lovely being; and if you will promise to be



elegance, of music, of dancing, of poetry, of eloquence, and of that magic art of speaking with the eyes and features as with the tongue ;— for, in all celebrated boarding-schools at Paris, young ladies are instructed in the dramatic art.

To enumerate her accomplishments in a few words, Amanda is the prodigy of the day. She knows almost by heart Walter Scott, Byron, Cooper, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Lamartine. Her mind has blossomed under the rays of romanticism. She has read little of Racine, nothing of Fenelon ; and her brow, encircled with pearls, reddens and turns aside in disgust at the uncourtly language of the ' Malade Imaginaire.' But Amanda, fed with the fruitful manna of our modern master-pieces, has an ear for the ingenuous accents of ' Marion Delorme,' and an eye for the modest proofs of Antony's love.

To all these qualities of a brilliant and well-cultivated mind, I must add, that this amiable creature, like all pretty women, possesses, in a

supreme degree, the divine art
person with the most exquisite
heightening her beauty with the
most refined coquetry. And if,
she does, such irresistible attra
powers of mind, and such beauty of
do not say that she is the most per
married young ladies,—then, you d
that the fascination of her smile, an
soul-kindling eyes, as they throw a rap
around the circle of her admirers, should,
chance, good fortune, absence of mind, or
strike upon you. But beware, lest your
be caught;—I think it right to warn
Listen.——

Chapter III.

Amanda is going to be married.

Good Heavens! you don't say so! And t
whom?

Do not therefore despair. A country cousin,

to whom she is betrothed, is coming to Paris to marry her.

Ah!——

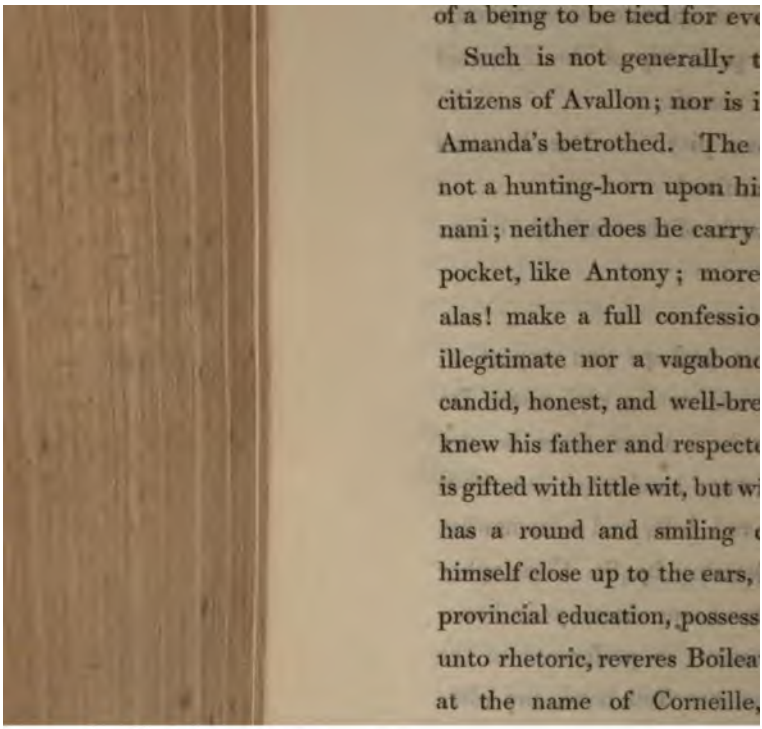
Yes, a young man of provincial simplicity. He is even now most probably on the high road to felicity, in the mail-coach.

Oh! plague—what a pity!——Does he come from Gonesse or Pontoise?

You are not very wide of the mark—he comes from Avallon.

Happy cousin!

Eh! what!——But perhaps you expect to see a Dumolet? Are there any such now? Do not fancy either that he is a hero from the new manufactory—a brawny, handsome, dangerous young fellow, with red hair, and a somewhat pale complexion, swearing by St. Christopher and by'r Lady!—who never enters your house but through the window, in preference to the door, and that always sword in hand, and without either guide or candle, groping his way as he can, and trusting to the friendly light of the pale



of a being to be tied for eve

Such is not generally t
citizens of Avallon; nor is i
Amanda's betrothed. The
not a hunting-horn upon hi
nani; neither does he carry
pocket, like Antony; more
alas! make a full confessio
illegitimate nor a vagabond
candid, honest, and well-bre
knew his father and respecte
is gifted with little wit, but w
has a round and smiling
himself close up to the ears,
provincial education, possess
unto rhetoric, reveres Boilea
at the name of Corneille,

In a word, he is so unsophisticated, that he takes off his hat before a lady, and believes that love speaks and expresses itself, just as it did in the days of Tibullus and Ovid, by modest blushes, timid glances, and tender respect.——The poor cousin is far behind the age in which he lives. But it must not be forgotten, that, in a provincial town, the progress of manners cannot keep pace with their rapid flight in the metropolis.

Nevertheless, to counterbalance his being a little romantic, and as an excuse for being born in lawful wedlock, as attested by an extract from the baptismal register of his parish, the happy cousin brings with him in the mail-coach a rent-roll of sixty thousand francs a year, perfectly *classic*, and arising from a noble landed inheritance;—he likewise brings a heart never before touched, and all the pure passion of a first love.

The cousin is arrived. He has been received like a prince,—and a prince too who is well received.

cousin on his arrival—an ex
lips. He spent the first
before the beautiful Aman
tion, a hundred times in
how I love you!" Dazzled
candour, by the lovely bein
be united, he observed ever
Providence, how beautiful
Paris are, even when com
Avallon!" And in sooth,
right.

The future son-in-law was
The honours of his betroth
just as the seller of an e
honours to one who came t
is the custom at Paris,—an

On the morrow, the young lady displayed her accomplishments. Neither the linnet nor the nightingale ever uttered strains so melting as those of Amanda. On the piano, her fingers seemed to be those of Zephyr himself hovering over the keys. Noblet and Taglioni have less of grace in their motions, less of the voluptuous in their steps and attitudes.——Lastly, no delicate and masterly pencil ever better depicted upon vellum the beauty of nature. There were, it is true, some beauties which it would have pleased the fastidious taste of the cousin much better, had they been placed under the folds of a modest drapery, rather than under the eyes of a young lady. But he was informed that these things were not objected to at Paris; that they were to be found in all works of art; that they were mere objects of study, and every body was accustomed to them.——Well! custom becomes law——be it so! The country cousin was reconciled to the works of art and objects of study; and he still remained entranced.



Next day, the weathe
drive to the Bois de Bo
an open carriage. The
Barège handkerchief, ro
and the speed at wh
around Amanda's hea
—a rainbow—a lamber
silver. The young lad
a goddess.

Thirty cavaliers, your
bearing—with bristling
Gaulish beard—firm and
passed lightly along tu
prancing, and hovering
carriage. They came li
paladins to caracol arou
a word, present a flow

brilliancy by the animated bloom upon her cheeks, followed in their career the motions of the fiery destriers and their intrepid riders.

"Mama! there is the young Duke.—Speak to the chevalier; don't you see him?—How do you do, Arthur?—Look, mama! see how well Alfred sits his horse! Ah! mama, there is the handsome singer who is so much in fashion; pray ask him to dinner. Apropos, Isidor, have you still your sorrel mare? Pay attention, aunt, the Baron is bowing to us. Ah! heavens! Stop, I beg pardon——Albert, I have dropped my fan——

Not an Exquisite passed without receiving a bow and a smile from Amanda.

"Ho! ho!" thought the country cousin, "my betrothed seems upon very familiar terms with a great many handsome young men! But perhaps this is another Parisian custom. We are no doubt too rigid in the country.——Besides, she is so beautiful that she cannot appear without attracting general admiration."

The poor cousin, however, bec
——but he continued to love her;
lovely!

Chapter V.

The Mama gave a ball on th
day.

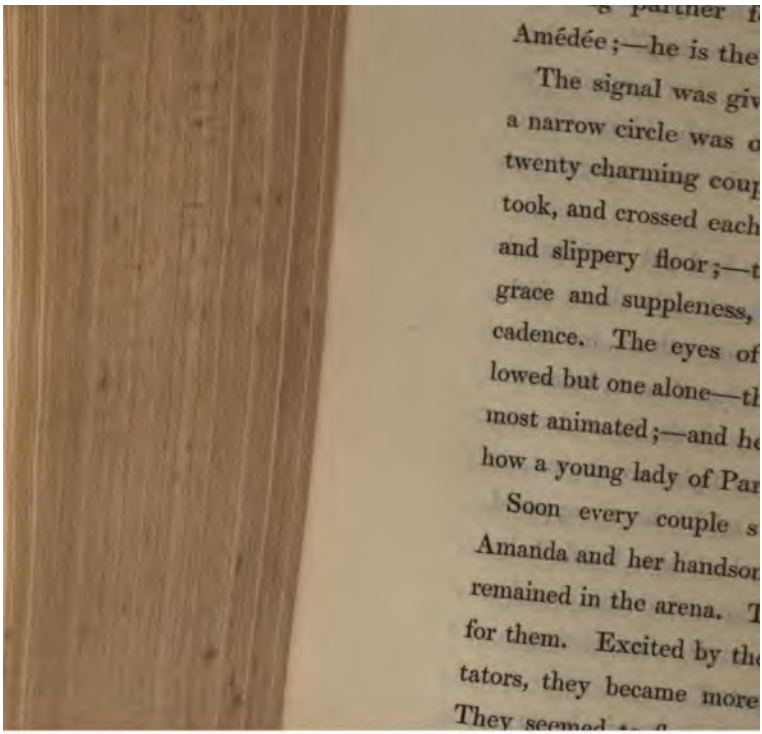
A ball at Paris!——When the
were lighted up, and the company
cousin from Avallon fancied himself
of Olympus, and imagined he behel
of Venus. Nevertheless, certain g
black, and without any appearance o
in some degree his mythological illusi
and he found their dress wonderful
for such an occasion. But then Amar
lovely Amanda!—she seemed a com
Flora, Aglaia, and Terpsichore—of al
and all the Graces, under the form a
of a sylph, of a fairy, of an angel.
short, a young lady of Paris, at a bal

All the elegant cavaliers whom they had met at the Bois de Boulogne, and many others besides, had long claimed their turn to dance with her, and each taken his inscription in numbers. The poor country cousin applied rather late; and could only obtain her promise to dance the seventeenth set with him. Good Heavens! It is a fact——she was engaged for every other.

The intended bridegroom had not anticipated this disappointment. What! only dance with him once!——and the seventeenth set, too!—— But then, would he not see her chasser, balancer, and execute the moulinet with the finest dancers at Paris?—— She was so light, so elegant, so lovely! And then one might have supposed, from the manner in which she lavished her smiles and her fascinations, that she aimed at the conquest of all the cavaliers in the room.

"The waltz, gentlemen!"

"The waltz!" repeated the cousin, in surprise and dismay; "Do people waltz at Paris? Ah!



sylph-like Amanda had tripled the time in quickness, and they whirled round and round with increased enthusiasm. The crowd, in wonder and delight, urged them on with cries of admiration.——United, pressed close to each other, feet against feet, and knee against knee, they seemed to form but one being, to have but one breath and one motion, so rapid and simultaneous were their movements, so well concerted were their steps, so readily did the flexible form of Amanda obey the nervous arm which surrounded her taper waist, and raised her from the ground—so obediently did she follow the indications of the hand which pressed her fair form, guided her forward, and regulated her movements——until the moment when, palpitating, intoxicated with pleasure, her cheeks flushed and her bosom heaving, she fell, breathless, laughing, and exhausted, into the arms of her partner, who, proud of his victory, bore her in triumph to her mother, amid the reiterated *bravi* of the company. The mother's eyes sparkled

exclaimed to himself,
well a young lady of P
poor man had seen nothi
not half over.

"The galopade, gentle

The country cousin sta
which he was sitting—
Mama, who was surround
mirers.

"Madam, is it not a
ears deceived me? Is the
danced?"

"Certainly, my dear co
Amanda's triumph; she e
to surpass even herself; a
any ball that she does not
most fashionable dance th

partner—the most fashionable dancer in town, and the only one who can at all compete with her. See! see! the company are applauding beforehand. They start! Do you hear the clapping of hands? How charming! how delightful! But, my dear cousin, pray applaud your intended bride."

The country cousin made no reply; he thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and fixed his eyes upon the ceiling. He looked as if something below had offended his sight, and embarrassed him. I know not, in truth, what it could be; for the galopading couple galoped beautifully. The citizen of Avallon would have preferred seeing his betrothed figure in a minuet ——and a little further from her partner. How ridiculous are provincials! Would you believe that he retired to a corner of the room, sulky, and muttering to himself,—in a very low tone, let it be understood,—

"The police interferes to prevent, at the guinguettes, the performance of a certain dance

whose very name is proscribed by mode
then, the decency which the lower orders a
to maintain, banished from the higher c
society—from the fashionable ball-room

It must be admitted, that this remar
young pedant, smacked furiously of provi
but, he afterwards added, with more ap
of good sense—"But after all, it is,
the custom at Paris; and if this galo
really the fashion——why—then——
——besides, a young lady of Paris dan
beautifully!—However——"

The family did not retire to bed till da
and Amanda's country cousin and
husband, did not find upon his pillow, d
bliss, and of flowers.——Nevertheless,
still in love.——And the next morning
trothed was so lovely, as she sate at he
with a small purple apron over a sno
dress!——Oh! ye young ladies of Pa
pretty ye are! in the morning as in the
and in the evening as in the morning!

Chapter VI.

On the morrow, to allay the fatigues of the ball, they went to the play. Amusements, at Paris, follow each other in quick succession.

"Good!" thought the country cousin. "Hitherto I have had an opportunity of observing only the grace, talents, and somewhat coquetish bearing of my lovely cousin.——The qualities of the heart are the most essential of all.——Comedy, as I have learned at College, is the school of manners, and the mirror of the heart.——But we are going to see a drama. I pray, that the features of my fair betrothed may prove to me a mirror of her mind!"

The evening came. Dinner was hurried over; for Amanda had long evinced her impatience to set out. The theatre was her delight.——The expected hour struck——"Let us go, Mama."——The ladies were enveloped in scarves, shawls were thrown into the carriage, and the party set

tiful in their young and virgin loveli
suffused with tears; and her palpitati
which an innocent affection had per
warmed, was now heaving under th
impressions of vice, represented in all
ness upon the stage.

At length, all eyes were wiped dry
tion suppressed, and every fair form
in a shawl. The drama was terminat

"Oh! mama! how interesting is
what power! what strength of wom
How true to nature!——Only see hov

"You see, my young cousin," said
"what a nervous and exciteable
Amanda is! what sensibility she evi
Poor Amanda, she understands all the
—don't you, love?"

"Dear mama, what a delightful e
have spent! We must see this play a

. . . . . .

Next morning, the country cousi
make his appearance at breakfast.

"Oh! he is asleep——Go to his room, Joseph, and call him."

"Madam," said the servant, returning, "the door was open, and upon the table was this letter——"

"And himself?"

But the letter contained an answer to this question. The country cousin had renounced the hand of the fair Amanda, and was already on the road to Avallon.

"The impertinent fellow!"

"Oh! dear mother, don't be angry. He is a poor fool. Don't be afraid that I shall ever be at a loss for a husband."

"I have no fear on that score, truly——You are so beautiful, dear Amanda!"

The same evening the fair mother took her daughter to see——*one more!*

THE PUBLIC FESTIVALS AT

After the visits paid on New Yea
ceremonious dinner party, an amateur c
sonata executed on the piano by the yo
of the house, or a party for finding out
and riddles;—

After the speeches of certain deputi
cussion on finances, a lecture at the law
or a meeting of the Philotechnic society

Lastly, after reading proofs from the
and after being in company with mon
perfection, I know of nothing so insu
tedious as a public festival.

A public festival! For heaven's sake, mention it not;—it gives me the blue devils for a whole fortnight. I am overwhelmed with profound melancholy, misanthropy, and disgust of life, each time that one of those great solemnities takes place, at which you are expected to be amused—for an order of the Police imposes upon you the task of being gay—and you are enjoined, under penalties, to make a *voluntary* illumination.

I cannot help it; but I have never been able to endure those rejoicings, periodical or not, those anniversaries, those commemorations, those advents, those coronations, those hymns of praise, those births, those Te Deums, those banquets at which healths are drunk,—all those festivals, in short, and all those ceremonies, the programme of which is distributed a month beforehand, in order that the whole population may have ample time to elaborate the spontaneous transports of the national joy.

A prince ascends the throne,—to our sorrow

perhaps; no matter, we must rejoic
we like it or not. A doubtful vict
tained, at the cost of oceans of the be
our citizens, and which carries despai
into the bosoms of thousands of fa
matter again,—we must go to the cat
gala dress, and in crowds, to thank I
just as if all the bulletins on the subje
the truth. This is the way of the w
derision, hypocrisy, and grimace. I
sickening when we think of this c
commanded enthusiasm—this pictur
this lie of happiness, concocted in col
the offices of the Prefecture de Polic

As the solemnity approaches, the g
take their measures; and everything i
for an explosion of general joy on a
and at a fixed hour. Pass-words
parts distributed to the actors, and r
termined upon. An estimate is mad
administration know to a fraction l
two or three days of felicity will cos

city of Paris. Places are assigned to singers, instrumentalists, and buffoons. All these are specially hired to represent the general satisfaction; are enregistered beforehand at the office of the agency of public happiness. There is so much for the poets who write odes for the festival; so much for the acclamations to be raised on the appearance of the sovereign and his family; so much for many other things. All this is debated like a budget of ways and means, and concluded like a commercial bargain. Fear not that the capital will appear sad on the day appointed for its being gay. Were every one of its inhabitants in mourning—were it depopulated by war or an epidemic—were it oppressed by plague and famine, means would be found of procuring for it the necessary portion of joy, and of forcing its population to be amused.

We are moreover bound to acknowledge that on such occasions, the farce is much better played in the streets than at court. Heaven preserve you from the harangues, by which the

great body of the state, the high fun
of the government, place at the foo
throne, the homage of their loyalty, th
sion of their fidelity! Although the
pride themselves upon being good ac
upon perfect skill in expressing that w
do not feel—the contrary of what th
think—still, nothing is generally mo
than those laudatory speeches, thos
ments, those congratulations, those
tions of zeal and affection which they a
princes—who, however, do not believe
that is uttered, and are right in so dis
There is an accent of the heart which
assumed, although they strain every
give a good imitation of it. Before t
the presence chamber, they do all the
deceive each other; each has beforeh
delled his accent, meditated his empl
culated his warmth, and rehearsed his
smiles. Useless precaution! no one is
of this laborious hypocrisy. The

places, and the fawning, emphatic, and perplexed style of the orators, show that they are come merely to perform a task, and that their professions are as hollow as their eloquence. Their enthusiasm is sepulchral, their joy is like the burial service, their happiness like a funeral dirge, and their inspirations seem to come from the undertaker's.

Let us leave the Court and return to the people, whom it is not very difficult to deceive, and to persuade, during twenty-four hours, that they are amused and happy.

Ever since I can remember, the Champs-Elysées have been the principal theatre of public rejoicings. How often have I seen the people rejoicing there during the Imperial government and since the Restoration! and how often shall I see them rejoice there again, if Providence in its goodness grants us fifty years more of existence.

It is a fine thing, after all, to behold a fête in the Champs-Elysées, if only to abuse it. The

preparations begin long
and the true Parisian
much as he enjoys th
are built, orchestras e
wooden garlands hung
nailed to every tree.
such a day there are to
fails to attend.

Ho! get out of the
motion. Take care of
open, and the waters o
through. Every outle
into the Champs-Elys
their foaming waters
and arrière-ban of Pa
motion, and myriads
the same point. It i
nity;—everything ente
Even the suburbs are
this ocean of men, whic
Elysées.

Such a day is one o

go on foot. They are kings in their quietude and pride. There is nothing to interrupt them, for carriages are not permitted to enter the crowd. The bourgeois, in his best attire, with his wife and children hanging upon him, appears with a half-satisfied, half-wearied look. The recruit, just arrived at Paris, looks on in stupid admiration; whilst the soldier drilled into effrontery, advances bold and erect, setting off with majestic pride his gaudy uniform. Near them passes, with a sardonic smile, the conceited milliner, leaning upon the arm of a tall young man belonging to the civil—to the superlative of the civil—in spite, of his would-be military airs.

The Champs-Elysées have become an immense fair, abounding more particularly with eatables; for there is no good fête without stuffing. See! it is a day of feasting; it is like the wedding of Gamacho. There are liquids and solids here in profusion. All the moveable shops in Paris are assembled here; an immense stock has been

laid in. What loads of dainties of all kinds! What a store of pastry and of sweets! What heaps of sugar-plums, comfits, candies, gaufres, biscuits, gingerbread-nuts, short-cakes, and barley-sugar!

Pray, look at that flat cake: did you ever see one smoke so before? I will tell you the secret; it is a common trick, though not very difficult to detect. Upon a basket, with feet to it, are placed two tin plates, upon which the cakes are piled. Between these plates there is a small separation, and under the basket a pot of water boiling upon a small furnace. Thus, by the evaporation of the water, there is an uninterrupted emission of steam, which, at a little distance, seems to the inattentive spectator to proceed from the cakes themselves, and to confirm the cry of the dealer, "They are all hot, ladies and gentlemen, just from the oven!" And yet, it is very clear that no kind of pastry, even when just taken from the oven, could reek in this manner. Moreover, the purchaser seldom per-

ceives that all the steam issues from one place; and he is astonished to find that the cakes, which, an instant before, smoked like Vesuvius, are cold, stale, and at least a week old. This is industry; and industry is the genius of trade. I could make you acquainted with twenty such stratagems.

When you look at those tents afar off, would you not fancy that you were in a camp, in the midst of an army? All those establishments are temporary eating-houses. Feasting is going on everywhere. The canteen women distribute wine and brandy. Here, the fritters hiss in the frying-pan; there, garlic sausages make your mouth water. On one side, there are wheel-barrows, full of crabs and prawns, ready boiled; on the other, hogsheads of beer and cider. Come, my good fellows, fall to—here's plenty for you!

Is it not a fine thing to be able to present your mistress with a stick of barley-sugar that has not already been sucked by the dealer?—or

else with a red herring, or a glass of
some other refreshment? Would y
her a still more worthy present? H
are shooting at a mark with a cross-bow
prize for the best shot is a hare, or a
a lean goose. Come, try your skill,
circle, and you will gain something w
may slip, like a nosegay, into the boson
fair one.

Gormandizing is at the bottom of a
rejoicing. Thereby is good-will elici
both great and small. It was on tha
that government formerly distributed
food to the crowd. Under the Em
long after the Restoration, at certai
the people were pelted with eatables.
a delightful custom, upon my word
pity that it has been abolished! At
tances from each other, buffets were
some for the wine, others for the
bread. O civilization, are such thy ben
If so, well thou knowest how to degr

kind! Pieces of bread and of butcher's meat were thrown to men as if they were brute beasts; and these men sprung upon the food like so many ravenous hounds upon a piece of carrion. Was not this a brimming cup of abjection and ignominy? Was it possible to inflict a more refined species of degradation upon a people bearing, after all, a great and noble name? Yet the people did not offer, even to despotism, the scorn of their refusal. Alas! no; the multitude picked up the viands, and even quarrelled for their possession! Was it not a singular balm to our self-love, to show us off to foreigners as a starved multitude—as wretched slaves, waiting for the pittance which their tyrant deigned to throw to them as to so many dogs, and fighting for it with a voracity disgusting and ludicrous at the same time? A half-starved population is a common thing enough; but ought the hunger of the poor to be made a subject of amusement?

On a given signal, the distribution began.



and a police commissary w
latter being a sort of securit
there was to be nothing b
sudden, loaves of a pound
penny pies, flew about to tl
hind and before. Avalanch
other charcuterie, fell, from
the gaping crowd, whose h
instant before, were now a
erced waves of the ocean.
were raised to dispute the
and many enormous mouths
tation, were opened only t
pable air. It seemed to il
ing—that quails fell from h
Was it not an ingenious th

make their distribution; but, in lieu of eatables, they gave bullets and paving-stones.

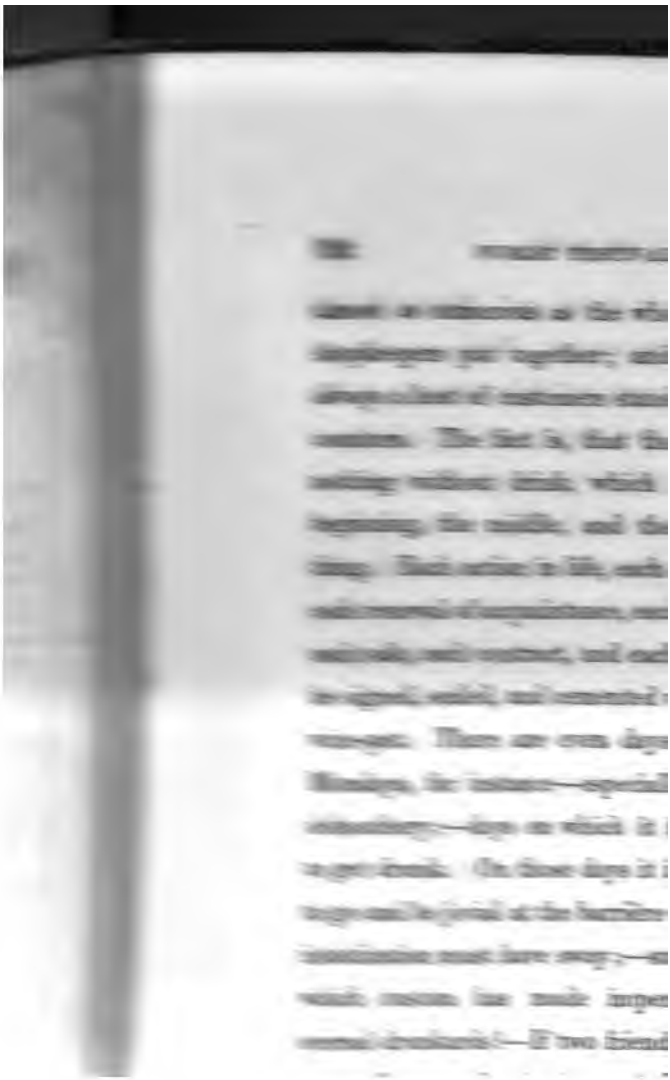
What fine things, however, are these distributions of indigestion! What burlesque success, and tragi-comic episodes give variety to the spectacle! The men hired to perform the office of catapults for the projection of the eatables among the crowd, laughed uproariously as they added a thousand tricks to their functions. Sometimes a loaf, like a bomb upon the ground, or a stone upon the surface of the water, performed a ricochet upon a mass of skulls in forced contact; at others, a ham made a carambol with a pair of noses. You may fancy the bumps, contusions, broken heads, and black eyes, which proceeded from all this; and the number was increased by private altercations among the competitors. So many appetites were in requisition, that nothing remained whole in the same hands. No one could succeed in carrying off a substantial piece of anything, for the favours of royalty were divided in a manner to

demonstrate the infinite divisibility
A poor wretch, having at length su
getting something to eat, might be
enjoy his prize, when a ball, in the
loaf, would knock out his remain
Now, surely nothing can be more in
at a distribution of eatables, than t
putting your jaws hors de combat.

All this afforded infinite amusem
disinterested spectators belonging to
orders of society, who were looking
the projecting range of the living
Among the latter, however, were a
and facetious fellows, fond of trying
cular powers, and every now and the
some other object, thrown with great
passing the line of computed probabi
alight on the cranium of a musked d
in advance than his fellows. Oh! the
ridicule of such an accident! To b
by a shot or the splinter of a bon
lightful,—but to be mutilated with

sausage, or knocked down with a chitterling, was the very acme of disgrace.

Matters proceeded in a different manner at the distribution of wine. I know not whether you have ever reflected upon the surprising love of the people for wine. That general, permanent, and unquenchable thirst, that frenzy for drink, that rage for drenching the stomach with the fermented juice of the grape, seems to me an inexplicable physiological phenomenon. It raises in me admiration and astonishment. What! shall no means be found of curing the working classes of drunkenness and crapulence? There must be, in the flavour of even the very worst wine, an unaccountable and irresistible attraction, which in the end will be discovered. Or, if this be not the case, the people must be wretched indeed to seek to drown the recollection of their miseries in such wine. Inquire which shops are the most frequented, and you will find them to be the wine-shops. The dealers in drink—and this may easily be verified—are



a half-pint, that it is not so." Father Noah's liquor is always in request. Then are unhappy wives obliged to seek out their husbands at the wine-shop, and drag them away by main force, —otherwise all the money would be spent and the children starved. Such madness is unaccountable. Lastly, whoever does a job for you, or goes on an errand, or carries a parcel or a letter for you, is sure to ask for something to drink. He does not want anything to eat; no, he can do without that; but he *must* drink.

The government sought to take the people by their weakest point, when it established gratuitous fountains of wine in the Champs-Elysées. Early in the morning, troops of topers and coalitions of drunkards were to be seen on their way to the happy spot; for all such men know quite as well as M. Say, the advantages of association. Each company reached the ground with colours flying, drums beating, loud shouts, numerous pitchers, plenty of buckets, and a huge tun borne by brawny arms in triumph, although yet

empty. Once upon the field of battle was deposited in a particular spot, with banner upon it, to rally those who bel the party, and with two or three men it to guard the common treasure. After confederates would go in a body to the sa buffet in order to support each other. one who had a bucket was placed u shoulders of one of his fellows, and thes men, these centaurs of a new species, wo await the battle signal.

This happy moment at length can drill acted its part, and the wine flowed its perforations. For some time the would politely permit the first who occu best place near the cock, quietly to rec purple liquid in his vessel. But soon, i of waiting, they would begin to pus distinct coalitions—of coal-heavers an carriers, for instance—would struggle cock. They would first collar, and c other names; then would blows follow.

would strive to carry the post of honour, and the same bucket would be pushed away empty, and return a dozen times. Now and then, a brawny arm of herculean power, would succeed in keeping a bucket for a few moments under the slowly flowing stream, when suddenly a violent shock would knock it aside. In the confusion of this ebb and flow of human beings, as much wine would be spilt on the ground as received in the vessels; and the more so, that sometimes a champion who had been driven too soon from the post, seeing his successor receive into his bucket a reasonable quantity of the delicious liquid, would upset the vessel as it was lifted over the heads of the multitude, and spill its contents,—just as if he had said, "I couldn't get any, therefore you shall have none." Then did the wine trickle down the faces of the expectant tipplers—then followed oaths and blows, and pitchers broken upon iron skulls.

Each who, in such medley, obtained anything more than cuffs, went and poured the fruit of

his labour into the tun before describe
when the confederates to whom it belong
numerous and valiant, was sometimes m
three parts filled. Meantime, others of t
were attending to the eatables, whilst th
rades returned to the wine-buffets whi
was a drop left. But no fountain f
ever. When the government tuns were
empty, the disappointment was imme
the mob never failed to doubt the truth
declaration. The common people are
picious; they always fancy they are
There were invariably some sturdy blac
who determined themselves to examine
the tuns were really empty or not, and
the distributors had not reserved one
unbroached for their own private use.
somewhat warm dialogues took place. T
enterprizing and outrageous would att
scale the buffets;—they would cling
boards which formed it, and the gendarm
obliged to crush the fingers of these in

devils with the but end of their muskets, to keep them from forcing an entrance.

Driven, at length, from the field, they would abandon the attempt to get more wine, because there really was no more. Each would then return to his flag, leaving round the buffets, broken pitchers, rags torn from each other's backs, and mud trodden and mingled with wine and blood, whence arose a mephitic and sickening exhalation. The associates would then set out in procession on their return to the faubourgs, with demoniacal faces, singing Bacchanalian songs in chorus, and giving to the whole city as they traversed it, the spectacle of their filthy delight and their sans-culotte licentiousness.

If all went home, however!—But, no! Many were unable to return home. Some of these in the last stage of degradation and brutality—their faces bloody and disfigured, their clothes in rags, —would remain there and exhaust upon every passer-by the rich vocabulary of vulgar abuse. Others were obliged to be conveyed to the hos-

pitals. Sometimes, an old man with
visage and Silenus paunch, would co
potations amid a crowd of spectators,
out of a bucket, until, like the helots c
who were made to drink wine to int
for the purpose of disgusting the Lace
youth with drunkenness, he rolled
ground, wallowed in filth like a hog,
into a profound sleep in the open air,
morning.

All this was disgustingly hideous and
Another fault might, likewise be fo
those distributions; namely, an ecc
meanness, a niggardness, an appearanc
simony quite out of keeping with the p
generosity of which it was intended to
a vast idea upon the multitude. I con
I love magnificence even in evil; and I
preciate the feelings of the Chinese E
who, according to tradition, dug a lak
he filled with wine like a cup, in order
his licentious revels on its banks. T

truly grand;—it was a sublime extravagance. But to apply meanness and frugality to the distributions at our public festivals,—to be sparing of candle-ends in such acts of munificence—to tap tuns with a drill, and thus open Bacchanalian fountains, which appear to run a long time—to pretend to quench that popular thirst whose extent is yet unknown, with a minute stream, a dribbling of wine—to ascertain exactly by a watch how long each tun will run before it is empty;—all this is really unworthy of a liberal spirit.

At length, thanks be to heaven, and I believe to M. de Belleyme,* the distributions of wine and eatables in the Champs-Elysées have been abolished. There is also another reform, for which we must be grateful. Gendarmes are no longer seen with drawn swords at public festivals;—their simple presence there is quite sufficient. Some years ago, whenever the govern-

* The Prefect of Police under the Martignac administration.—*Tr.*

ment invited the people to a public rejo
it never failed to send a strong boc
military police, sword in hand, ready to c
the citizens like sheep. These men of
and might, looked just as if they expect
encounter a hostile army. It was a sin
thing to behold, amid the joys of a festival
broad and shining blades which moved
waved in the air, threatened and glittered
sunbeam, just as I have seen them glit
the foot of the scaffold on the Place de C
when a criminal has been executed.

At present, there is no wine given
neither are there any drawn swords.
which remains is truly the best part o
public festivals. It is the Carré Marigr
the first place;—the eternal Carré Ma
with its stages, and its rope-dancers, and i
chestras, and its Mats de Cocagne.

Who is there to whom the Carré Mari
unknown? Who among us idlers of the
city, has not more than once whiled away a

hour in this vast space, the rendezvous, from time immemorial, of tennis-players, cricketers, foot-ball and skittle-players? And, in truth, I regret extremely that on days of public festival, the habits of these respectable citizens are broken in upon, and they are deprived of their sports. On such days, there are no foot-balls, no skittles, no tennis-playing. Simphonies are heard in different parts of the Carré Marigny;—hired musicians, from their high platforms, throw little bundles of printed songs among the multitude; and a shower of verses in praise of the reigning monarch, who gives such magnificent fêtes to his subjects, falls like flakes of snow upon the gaping crowd. Then in the heat of a burning sun, quadrilles and country-dances are executed to the sound of fiddles whose tones are lost in the air, or drowned in the noise of the multitude. Everything here is profit to the dancers; for even the gallant cavalier has nothing to pay. Draw near and amuse yourselves! On these occasions there is always some great

lout, who serves as the general buffoon
with his clumsy antics makes everybody la

While some dance on the ground, c
dance upon the tight rope. Madame S
company of rope-dancers perform their c
tions in the open air. The young ladies o
company, accustomed to show themselves
by candle light, now appear in open day
their paint, and their yellow complexions
their faded tinsel. Master Clown rubs the
of their shoes with chalk; they then seiz
balance-pole, advance with short steps upo
elastic cable, leaping, *zephyrising*, and le
themselves fall upon the rope, from which
rebound like a shuttlecock from a battle
whilst the clown holds his little cocked hat u
them, to catch them in case they should fal

Conceive the situation of a young girl, dre
in a tight jacket, and elevated thirty feet a
the ground, hovering like a bird over a lak
human heads, having around her three or
thousand pair of eyes, which examine her f

head to foot,—and obliged to assume all sorts of attitudes, to crouch upon the rope, rise again, lift one leg then the other. It is true that these dancing girls are decently clad; at the same time they must have been accustomed to such things from their childhood, to be able to reconcile them with female modesty.

As soon as each dancer has appeared on the rope, from the young child scarcely able to walk, up to the clown, who is the cleverest of all, and who dances without the balance-pole, the rope is loosened, the bridges let down, and every one, beginning with the shortest, presses the elastic spring-board with one foot, and takes the perilous leap. The clown, more expert than the others, jumps through several hoops with paper stretched over them, and thus accomplishes his leap.

Let us now turn to the right. Here we are opposite to a stage upon which, since the morning, the same pantomime has already been repeated twenty times. Upon this very stage

I once saw all the exploits of the Re
represented. I there saw an army
veterans invade a kingdom of Spain
square, and storm a pasteboard T
There I saw a battle of Navarino betv
small boats; and a Greek population
men, three women, and two children,
hands to heaven, and thank the liberati
composed of the aforesaid ten veteran
I saw a fleet of a single sail, batter a
single house which was called Algiers,
eternal ten veterans effect a landing in
four or five Bedouins, who, in the cours
day, were killed at least sixty times.

But something much more dramatic
this, is the *mât de cocagne*. There
around us. Their diameter, at the
about eighteen inches; they are very
and every time they are used, are anoin
black soap, or grease of the dirtiest kin
is not very attractive, as you may perce
is not the road to greatness often in t

state? and do they who reach the summit pay attention to the filth they may have collected by the way?

The masts, after being well greased, are strongly fixed in a perpendicular position. The summit is bedecked with flags, and the bandrol representing the first prize, placed at the highest extremity. The crown, a hoop adorned with foliage to which the prizes are fastened, is raised to the top by means of a rope and a pulley. These prizes are of silver, and consist of two spoons, two forks, a goblet, and a watch of the commonest kind. The shining metal of these prizes, resplendent from the sun's rays, is an irresistible lure to exertion.

Around the foot of the mast is a species of ditch—a line of circumvallation guarded by gendarmes, in order that fair play may be observed. This ditch, defended by palisades, is successively crossed by the competitors. The latter are not found among the ordinary populace; they do not belong to the class of opera-

tives which you and I are accustomed to
their strongly-marked features are never
but on occasions like the present. Thei
tenances exhibit a certain patibulary an
social expression, — their general appe
conveys an idea of the meanest and m
grading kind of latrocination;—they ar
people as you may see at the bar of th
tribunals, or standing close to the guillo
an execution;—a class, in short, compare
whom the rag-gatherers and shoe-blacks
streets are a high aristocracy. It is a si
sight to behold these half-savages almos
state of nudity, with their trousers tucked
high as possible, displaying their brawny,
and dirty legs.

The first who attempt the ascent are
out hope of success; they only prepare th
for others, by wiping, so far as they go, the
with their bodies, and rubbing off the
with their hands. In all human attemp
who leads the way generally encounter

most difficulty, and reaps the least portion of glory. The first in a new undertaking is seldom able to gather the fruits of success, although he has to encounter the largest share of trouble. As the mast is much thicker at the base than at the summit, the higher the competitor goes, the greater is the difficulty of climbing; consequently, the last usually receives the most applause, whilst the glorious efforts of the beginners, who, by wiping the mast, have led to this success, remain unnoticed and unknown.

By and bye the competitors get a little higher. Old experience mingles in the conflict, and the heroes of the contest, those who bear the laurels of former deeds of renown, and like the celebrated athlets of old, are accustomed from year to year to carry off the prizes, do not waste their strength at the first onset. They proceed carefully, climb slowly on, and go further than those by whom they were preceded. They do not exhaust their powers, they retain their coolness, and take care to rest every now and then.

All—and this is allowed—have at their g
small bag of ashes to sprinkle over the
and make it less slippery.

Nevertheless, during a considerable
every attempt is fruitless. After reac
certain height, the poor climbers slide
down again. There appears to be a fat
beyond which no one can go; and this line
to fix the limit of human strength. The
even certain clumsy louts who cannot rea
way to this line, and who, when scarcely
the heads of the spectators, fall heavily
ground, amid shouts of laughter. Are no
a true emblem of those ambitious men w
talents, of those would-be statesmen, who
rise above the surface but to fall back th
moment into their original obscurity, th
puddle in their native filth, covered with ri
and contempt?

At length the charm is destroyed, a
vigorous rogue passes the hitherto impa
point. Every succeeding competitor will

do the same; for men are so formed, that when, by example, the possibility of a thing is illustrated, that thing is no longer a difficulty, and thousands perform it. The robust rogue, however, gets on, and continues his ascent; but he is at length tired, and seems to flag. The spectators encourage him, and he has only a few feet more to arrive at the object of his desires. He makes an effort—it produces nothing, but he does not yet lose ground. He stops and rests himself. Cries are heard all round—"He will win! He will not win!" Poor Tantalus!

After a few minutes' rest, he resumes his labour—but in vain; he exerts his strength without advancing. He even seems to be going downwards, and actually loses some inches, which he, however, recovers by a superhuman effort. But this last attempt exhausts his remaining strength, and he slides down the mast amid the jeers and commiseration of the crowd.

This is truly not obtaining the reward of his labour. Such is a courtier, who, from the very

commencement of his career, has aimed
office of prime minister, who has used th
strenuous efforts to reach the object of hi
tion; who has ascended step by step the
dignities, is near his mark, and about to re
reward of his perseverance; when, on a
he loses his balance, falls to the earth, a
lights, with the spectacle of his fall, those
of his good fortune. Oh! what a sym
human ambition is a mât de cocagne! W
inexhaustible subject of moral reflection!
great lessons, what sublime affabulations
be found in a sight, which seems so de
meaning to those unable to understand
we had a philosopher with us, at the foot
mât de cocagne, what fine lessons would
give us, upon the fallacy of human hopes
the disappointments of ambition, upon th
culty of rising above our fellow-men, an
the slippery path which we must tread to
fortune and greatness.

But the example of the poor wretch jus

from the mast has proved that such a height may be reached; and others less deserving will be more fortunate.

Now, another ascends; a second follows; a third comes after; and a fourth, and a fifth succeed. See the blessings of ingenious industry; they serve as steps to support each other. The first places his feet upon the shoulders of the second, the latter upon those of the third, and so forth. After the leader has taken a little rest, he resumes his exertions. Will he reach the top? Yes. It is Americus Vesputius robbing Columbus of the fruits of his discoveries. He raises one arm;—he is not yet high enough. He forces himself a little higher, and tries again. This time he is successful. He seizes the crown, reaches the top of the mast, and takes possession of the bandrol, representing the first prize. Seated on the summit, he casts a look of triumph on the crowd below, then descends with his trophy. All is now comparatively easy. The mast has been wiped from top to bottom, and the other prizes

are successively won; for each success
vidual can take but one. The contest
been ended without great exertion; ar
occupied about the same time to strip t
masts. It has, I believe, never happen
any has remained impregnable.

The sun is now about to set, and has
sunk behind the trees which bound the
The crowd go to their dinner, and then
to see the fire-works.

The illumination begins. The shop
patronized by Government place ove
doors, flags and transparencies with appr
mottoes. The trees of the Champs-Ely
decked with lamps and garlands of c
glass; and, in the distance, the Pantl
seen with its ribbons of flame, and its
ascending to the sky.

The crowd in the Champs-Elysées is
numerous as before, notwithstanding th
trate drunkards upon whom they are fo
tread, and the melted tallow falling upo

clothes. The fire-works are let off at an early hour, on the Place Louis XV. The whole neighbourhood, the quays, the Rue Royale, and the terrace of the Tuileries, are crowded with a dense mass of spectators. The Parisians are never tired of fire-works; and, although these are always the same, he who has already seen them fifty times would not, on any consideration, miss seeing them again. For hours beforehand he stands upon his legs, in anxious expectation of an insipid pleasure which lasts only a few minutes. And heaven knows how many pocket-handkerchiefs, and watches, and snuff-boxes, and purses, are stolen during this interval. Neither is this all;—there is another annoyance to which the fair sex are peculiarly subject in such crowds. Certain dare-devil scoundrels go there on purpose to insult and take undue liberties with the female spectators; and, under cover of the darkness, pretended mistakes are committed, and kisses snatched from many a fair and unwilling lip. "Oh dear! who is that rude

fellow? How dare you touch me? H
Sir."—"Is your discourse addressed
Ma'am?"—"Yes, Sir; you are a rude
impertinent man."——

On a sudden, the signal is made, and
Ruggieri, fire-master to the city, puts t
to his pyrotechnic master-pieces. I
begin to play; these are followed by
stars, Roman candles, sky-rockets, s
suns, Chinese trees, and Bengal fire;—
is omitted. Huge frames, looking like i
skeletons, vomit torrents of flame; cas
sulphur and saltpetre cross each other
hiss forth their spray of burning sparks.
come the accidents; for without accid
Paris festival would not be complete. T
of the sky-rockets, falling from a perpe
height of three hundred feet, pierce t
hats, and heads as well; and, to compl
scene, twenty mortars burst at once.
battle is not more destructive; and it
unpleasant, you know, for a man who

search of a little amusement, to be obliged to search for an arm or a leg.

At such a consummation, fear spreads like wild-fire through the crowd, which begins to move, and each is preparing to take flight when a startling blaze of light suddenly illumes the whole atmosphere. This is the Bouquet, which will form the criterion by which the splendour of the fire-works will be judged, because the last impression is always that which remains the longest. It is like a vast meteor with thunder and lightning pent up within its bowels, which suddenly bursting, its flames are scattered into space. Hundreds of rockets, and in their flanks, hundreds of serpents diverge in all directions like fiery dragons, and hiss frightfully as they shoot through the air. They ascend, as if in emulation, one above the other, leave a line of fire on their passage, and seem to invade the very canopy of heaven. They are seen over head, and the dread of their sticks falling causes a terror, a confusion, a rout which it would be

impossible to describe. The pushing and sq
ing are dreadful; for the passages are too
to allow the mass to separate in an in
Meanwhile cr rs resound, and a rain
falls on all es. At length the three
bombs ascend estically, burst, scatter
stars in every tion—and all returns to
ness.

Immediately the spectators set out on
return home, conversing on the pleasures
day. Immense multitudes proceed to the
distant faubourgs, and steps are heard lik
marching of a numerous army. The fi
chat as they drag home, assisted by their
wives, their sleepy children. Some a
them are optimists and admiromaniacs
there are such people—and always mak
their minds to find everything magnif
These have the rage of always appearing
fied; and they defend such festivals, like
Parisians, as things necessary to their pe
comforts. Others, on the contrary, natu

discontented and fault-finding, do not conceal their displeasure, and censure all that takes place. According to them, the bouquet is meagre; it is not to be compared with the fire-works under the Emperor. "They were something like. The fire-works at the marriage, —those at the birth of the King of Rome! We shall never see such again!" Conversing thus as they walk along, interrupted ever and anon by the crackers which young urchins, in spite of the injunctions of the police, throw between their legs, they reach their homes.—The porters and portresses, who seem nailed to the doors, as they stretch their necks to catch a glimpse of the fire-works from afar, inquire with a sheepish air about the festival.—Then each retires to bed, bruised and weary, but ready to begin again as soon as you please, and strongly persuaded that they have all been admirably amused.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITA

THIS establishment, to my mind, is an e
of our present manners. Other write
wield their pens with more skill, and w
my masters, will paint with the power of s
talent, that vast panorama of the city
serves as a model for the whole world, a
life of variety which rocks the Parisian l
rolling of a ship at sea. I am but a you
server; and having looked at results onl
plain matter-of-fact way, I have made m
sketch upon the back-ground of the gre
ture. This our book is a history, a
subject I have chosen, were it done jus

might form its concluding chapter. Heaven grant that my sketch may be received with indulgence! In other chapters are to be found curious speculations, striking investigations, the warm colouring of street manners, and the polite language of the drawing-room;—in this, the naked truth, the tale of shame, and the ravages of death, must cover the weakness of the narrator. Neither is it my fault, if a subject, taken at a venture from the romance of a great city, reduces to a single idea, the source, the connexion, and the progress of contemporary society. Even in the simple fact of the existence of a Foundling Hospital, lies an important question of theory. Whether you witness the representation of an opera, or contemplate the corpse of a drowned man on the platform at the Morgue, immorality still stares you in the face with large and hideous eyes. Among some nations, the sum of their civilization is calculated by the age of their funereal monuments;—in France its progress may be estimated

from the cradle of infancy. You see t
man's reason has increased by the whol
interval which separates the beginning
end of life. This is an immense conqu
admirably suited to our giant imag
Egotism is almost literary,—it requi
sters.

I was just going to speak to you of
poetry; but I pause—my subject is an

No public edifice ever presented an
ance more in opposition to the painful re
to which its mere existence gives rise,
Foundling Hospital. You seem here t
much as you please of that contrast so
among us, between simple objects and p
horrors. You expect on entering, notl
tears and disgust, and yet you scarcely h
cries of the newly-born babes—you
matter for dark philosophical emotion,
see nothing around you but flowers, and gr
Sisters, and snow-white curtains, and cr
to which you may add, the fruits of

perhaps of crime. You walk between two rows of cradles, as in a flower-garden; only in the latter, nature gives to the orphan plants their proper nurture. Here you may see heads with flowing yellow ringlets, angel faces, a room poetically called *the crib*, a pretty little chapel, and a dissecting room. This edifice was formerly a convent of Oratorians; it is now a Foundling Hospital;—there are two centuries between these names. There is nothing remarkable in the building itself; it is like a college, a manufactory, a house in the street, or your father's house. But I had almost forgotten a statue which you salute on entering. Vincent de Paule * keeps watch in the vestibule of his temple; that same Vincent de Paule whose evangelical and philanthropic zeal saved the lives of at least one fifth part of the population now treading upon his grave. His contemporaries put his name into the Almanack;

* The founder.

—Napoleon would have made him a mini
state.

On arriving at the outer door, I
a sort of box or cupboard with a double
ing, one towards the street, and the
inside the building. It was much lik
letter-box at a post-office; and the comp
is strengthened when we consider that a m
often dropped her child into it as she wo
billet-doux, with this shade of difference
the billet began the intrigue, and the child
it. This box or cupboard is no longer
Formerly the unhappy mother deposited
mysteriously and at night, her new-born
then, after ringing the bell to awaken the
on duty, she disappeared—her tears and h
morse still heard in the surrounding darl
It is otherwise now—a singular abuse com
the change. Dead bodies of children were
found in the cupboard, put there either to
the expense of burial or to conceal a
This mode of defrauding the guillotine an

undertaker,* no longer exists. A sister sits up all night at the entrance of the parlour, and receives from the hand, the children that are brought to the hospital during her watch. The cupboard is closed, and its lock rusty. Besides, this mode has long since lost the charm of secrecy. Women now take little pains to conceal their pregnancy, for mishaps are thought less of than formerly. Whether the child be born in a boudoir or in a garret, it is now a mere family affair, and amicably adjusted. The infant is taken to the hospital at noon day; it is even recommended to the kind attention of the Sisters; its father's name is carefully repeated, and after a few tears the whole is forgotten. If, subsequently, the unhappy babe cry, expire, be cut to pieces by the anatomist, and its severed limbs sewn up in a canvas bag and consigned without ceremony to the earth, no matter,—family honour is safe; the mother goes either to

* In Paris funerals are a monopoly, termed *les pompes funèbres*, and farmed out by the government.—*Tr.*

a hell or to the Salpetrière *; civilizati
times its progress; surgical knowledge
ablutions, and we have lectures on
economy at the university. All this is adm
Sometimes — but instances are rar
mother is heart-stricken at the idea of a
tion from her babe. Her hands trembl
unrolls the swath; she sobs with agony
strains to her bosom the child who sha
call her Mother. I have heard of affecti
dents, of heart-rending sorrows, and of
dramas, whose forcible colouring imparts
character to such scenes of painful exci
Some poor girls of the working classes
mark upon their babes; others, suspen
the neck of the little innocent, a chaple
old ring tied to a ribbon. Others, again, r
a beloved name to the Sisters of the es
ment, and entreat that the infant may be
name. These unhappy mothers call every
and every week, to ask how their child

* A prison for prostitutes.

on;—for they are not allowed to see them; nor are they allowed to take the bodies of such as die—these are the prey of the surgeon's scalpel. Others, of these wretched females, unable to bear the separation, contrive, by an excusable deception, to get themselves hired as wet-nurses to the establishment, for the sole purpose of suckling their own babes. Such women deserve one of the prizes of virtue.

It would be a truly useful and philanthropic inquiry, that of ascertaining in what proportions the different classes of society furnish each their contingent of guilty mothers. The solution of this statistical question, were it practicable, would determine those numerous shades of vice which escape us by their mobility, and would give in round arithmetical numbers, the most satisfactory review possible of the complete and living Paris,—from the filth of its drains to the summit of its Pantheon. Never did the Roman people under the lash of Juvenal, bring to the Forum more indifference, and more corruption; never

were the scandalous pleasures of the Pr
revealed in more piquant memoirs, even a
pamphlet of Petronius, than the vices
would be, could we make a correct census
logue raisonné, a list by class and nu
the frail mothers of our innocent fou
What a destructive blow it would be u
fine net-work of elegance, under which
sins of Lutetia repose undisturbed. Perh
political economist would find, in this
document, the result which the poor
been expecting ever since the invention
science of political economy. Soon would
a strenuous emulation—if not the fruit o
the excitement at least of self-love—to
the number as near as possible to zer
kinds of morality would pass through thi
tical laminating machine;—great lad
grisettes, the bourdoir and the alley, lux
want, would be brought into the general
sheet. One day, the Chaussée d'Anti
strive to conceal its sum total, whilst t

bourg St. Marceau would ostentatiously display its fraction of a number. To complete the whole, the Academy of Inscriptions would open wide its doors to the compiler of such tables.

I know not whether the progress of philosophy will ever reach this attempt at perfection; certain it is, that the Foundling Hospital possesses already excellent means for making it. There is a register, a simple register, in which is inscribed, at the entrance of each child, the most minute particulars attendant upon its arrival. In this register, for instance, is written, that the child was dressed in coarse linen, or in a fine frock trimmed with lace; or, again, that it was quite naked—that the parents, or mother, had wept, or had not wept. The words they spoke are taken down, and their regrets, their anxiety or indifference, and their general bearing, are recorded—the day and hour of the child's arrival, its name (if it bore a name), and any disease with which it might be attacked, is minutely entered. This register, as you will observe, is

filled with distinct and positive infor
When the child dies, the date of its d
likewise added to the other particulars.
book, therefore, contains the most volu
and precise annals of the most extrao
history that ever existed. Moreover
chronicles of an hospital, this great reg
another species of national debt, is kep
useful purpose. When the parents are
of withdrawing a child from the hospi
old and stained pages of the register aff
means of identity. You purchase your r
tions from this book; and you drive
bargain for the few words, which are
remains in the world to establish the p
your paternity. They are your son's ta
The employés of the hospital, therefore
tain for this book the same respect a
vestry register. They put on their gl
open it—they consider it a precious relic.
a sacrifice of gold, and its tabernacle
opened unto you. Add twenty francs m

you will obtain materials to write the extract. Nobody sees this book; the person in whose charge it is, locks it carefully into a cupboard. He is afraid of making the public acquainted with the golden mystery of its possession.

It is a marvellous tax, that which is raised upon returning paternal affection, or upon an increase of fortune; it reaches not the consumer indirectly, but is drawn from the very fountain-source. It were impossible to adjust more equitably, the balance between the service, and its return in kind. This is a master-piece of financial jurisprudence.

Alas! why are we not Spaniards or Prussians? —for we should then see mothers lose their children on purpose that they might be afterwards *found*. At Madrid, all foundlings are reputed legitimate; whence it follows, that the streets are filled with illegitimates. In Prussia, under the Great Frederick, a soldier-prince, and consequently an anxious promoter of population, girl-mothers publicly nursed their illegitimate

offspring, and took their station by the
married women. This custom was revi
the Greeks. Let us add, that Frederick
for a king-philosopher. I never was in
but it is very probable that this philan
tolerance of the great monarch has fall
disuse.

There is one fact to which I call the a
of the utilitarians. Compared with th
capitals of Europe, and in proportion
number of its inhabitants, Paris is the cit
hospital receives, on a general average, th
foundlings. And yet, of all nations, Franc
one which shows the most indifference in
these unfortunate beings useful member
ciety. In London the education of these
children partakes of the Franklin school,
the hospitality of an industrious people.
rect manners, and even morals, are instill
them; which is rare with us. I must a
the mothers are obliged to appear, prior
accouchement, and declare their pregnan

although their names escape the dishonour of being registered, the shame of appearing beforehand, deters all but the most wretched and the most abandoned from availing themselves of the charity. In Russia and at Naples, the natural dispositions of the children are consulted before their future calling is decided upon, and at Moscow there is an hospital where the foundlings learn music, dancing, and all the other accessories of the dramatic art, in a theatre which they have themselves constructed. This hospital was the first to which Napoleon sent a guard, on the very evening of his entrance into Moscow.

In France, scarcely have the foundlings passed the age of childhood, ere they are dismissed from the hospital. They are dispersed, whether they will or not, among the lowest classes, with the present of an imperfect education; and if one of them should, under his homely garments, feel the thrill of genius, and try to wrench off the helot's collar, his choice

daily, and that the mortality of the hospital, at present, bears no proportion to what it was forty years ago. A single fact will prove this. Now-a-days, convenient carriages bring nurses to Paris from the country, and each Department has its foundling hospital. But can it be credited that, prior to the Revolution, the hospital in the metropolis was the only one in the kingdom, from all parts of which children were brought to Paris to receive a LIFE TICKET, which oftener turned out a certificate for death! A porter walked through the provinces, carrying upon his back a padded box containing three newly-born babes placed upright in it, supported by wadding, and breathing through a hole in the lid. This man quietly wended his way towards Paris, careless of dust, mud, the mid-day sun, or the bustle of inns. Now and then he stopped to take his meals and make his young companions suck a little milk. On opening the box, he sometimes found one of them dead. When this happened, he would throw the body by the

road-side and continue his journey
remainder. On his arrival he got a re
the goods delivered, without being an
for accidents on the road.

If the present system has obliterated
of this deplorable practice, society is
portionably benefited. In France, a
other continental states, the direct rat
increase in the number of deserted ch
progressive with the amelioration in t
nistration of these hospitals. This fa
men doubt whether it would perhaps b
for the healing of this social ulcer,
children had either been strangled at th
left to expire, under the pangs of hu
with cold upon the street pavement.
the opinion of Malthus, the celebrated
economist, who has written an admira
on Population. This terrible judg
however, not without appeal; but, on
at the number of admissions into the F
Hospital at Paris, the mind cannot s

help coming to a conclusion in its favour. During the last few years, in particular, the number of foundlings admitted has increased by a third. In 1830, there were five thousand two or three hundred; and in the course of the present year,* during which all the indigent classes of the population have been reduced to more than usual distress, the number has been much greater. I have before me a table of living inmates, dated the third of September, bearing the number 4202, and the winter has not yet begun.

It has been observed, that political commotions always tend to an increase of this kind of population. After the Thermidorian re-action, and during the patriotic illusions of the Directory, the number of foundlings was doubled in eighteen months. Whether the desire of filling up the gaps made by the knife of the guillotine during the reign of terror, were as great in the workman's garret, as amid the licentious revels at the Luxembourg—or whether our females, so singularly smitten with the then prevailing fashion

* 1831.

...ildhood-scene, loved the voluptuous fr... of its blossoms, but dreaded its fruit, I ... take upon myself to say; but the republ... was strongly marked with living proofs ... illicit attachments. This, however, ... well enough with the military notions ... future Dictator, anxious to re-establish ... most decided manner, the equilibrium o... lation. Mercier, in his 'Tableau de Pari... seriously, that it was at one time in co... tion to form a brigade out of the Fo... Hospital, and to give a soldier's baptism ... male foundling the moment he entered ... blishment. This would have been an e... quite à la Frederick. The project ... failed like many others.

But it would be in vain that the infl... such European crisis, the dark counsel... wery, and the cruel refinement of sel... heightened the tone of their crude and ... colours; they would still be pale when c... with the picture of that other rife plagu...

betrays infancy to grim death, and perpetuates in the heart of the city the inheritance of leprosy and other loathsome diseases.

I must here dip my pen into the kennel, for I am about to sketch a common sink.

Let me then describe to you the apartment not usually shown to visitors, which I entered with a thrill of horror; and those white and green baskets, which under their draperies, rock to a pure and gentle sleep the new-born babes reposing in the bosom of infection, and disfigured by disease.

Did you ever see the gallery of Dupont in the Rue Vivienne? Well, this apartment presents a similar spectacle, with the only difference, that you have here the reality of flesh, the tremulous motion of the lips, the sound of breathing, and the cold perspiration upon the skin. The poor babes lighten with their angel smile the infernal mask of their reprobation. Some, who bear the imprint of hell upon their brow, seem as if they dreamt of Heaven. The latter,

their sufferings, will shake your del
But you owe such a visit to th
wretchedness, for your sex has co
share in supplying these victims.
stand by the cradle of the foundlin
as you drop a tear, say with
"L'Amour a passé par là."

THE BLACK NAPOLEON.*

THE present generation must expect to be encumbered with sons of Napoleon, in rivalry with false Dauphins.. Each fallen dynasty has bequeathed to us its glorious illegitimates, and its counterfeit descendants. Not that the new branches of such families are much alarmed by such apochryphal pretenders; there are a thousand reasons why they should not be so. In the first

* The translator thinks it right to insert the following note by M. Léon Gozlan, the author of this article.

"It required all the interest with which M. Ladvocat's book inspires me, to induce me to give publicity to a life of such tragic excitement, as the one contained in this contribution. These facts were personally known to me. Would that they had never been so! They belong to history; I have, therefore, no right to withhold them."

place, their number destroys the proba
their being what they represent themsel
among these presumptive heirs, the foo
the rogues. But popular belief is fed fr
doubtful sources; and, provided the nos
mouth bear some faint resemblance to t
features in the ex-sovereign, the dress
rest. National faith is truly robust. Th
sixty false Neros, thirty-two pretender
name of Charles V; and we have
number of fictitious Louis XVII's. Let u
after that, whether the assumption of p
ought to be censured, where the nu
fathers exists in so alarming a proportio

This preamble shows, by anticipation, t
desire I have to seduce the credulity
reader, and my indifference whether or
share in my conviction. I am only anx
the simplicity of this narrative, and the a
of the dates, facts, and names, which I ad
inspire him with a little confidence.

Nothing has been less satisfactorily

than Napoleon's stoical indifference to women. They who have endeavoured to endow the Conqueror at Wagram with such coldness of heart, have judged him only by his bust. They have transformed him into a lady writing her own memoirs. He would certainly have been amused, if flattery had gone to such lengths in his presence. A Corsican and Italian by descent, of an ardent constitution, his ideas always in a blaze, making a passion of everything he did, is it likely that he should have been thus indifferent? To maintain such a proposition, is to take an undue advantage of the silence, which deep and noble regret is fearful of breaking; whilst, on the other hand, it is exposing us afresh to those tales of the boudoir which have already produced their profits to publishers, in the form of private memoirs.

During the moments of leisure between the thousand prodigies which have made the Egyptian campaign a poem, or a fairy tale, Napoleon, then called Buonaparte, formed acquaintance



[redacted] of a man, who
huge pyramid, from

I agree with the w
ning to have conque
ours, the plague, the
Desert: and they will
there is nothing extra
ng a descendant. I
reminds to me the p
Napoleon and a son in
was a half-caste, short, f
copper coloured like his

When I left school in
at Marseilles with a youn
years of age, named V

of knowledge from his conversation, and he instructed me in the Greek and Arabic languages; rendering his lessons truly delightful by recollections of his travels in Nubia, Ethiopia, and across the Jordan—by vast original information —and by those views which you cannot derive from books, because books are mutes, and have not the surprise of gesture, nor the flash of the eye, nor the music of the voice, nor the quivering of the muscles. His memory, which he pretended he had lost, was encyclopedical. If you asked him for a word, he would give you a volume. When he spoke, I more than listened,—I read. But the moment this overflowing of poetry, science, thought, and enthusiasm ceased, he would relapse into the deepest and most silent melancholy. Nothing could rouse him from it. A mild and constant smile alone denoted in him the motion of life. It was during this lethargic tranquillity that you were struck with the muscular power of his thickset body, and with the fine form of his shoulders, arched and moulded like

and dazzling blue, indicated that mental superiority with which God now and then invests certain men, to prove to the levellers of all ages the untruth of equality among mankind. The fascination of his eye dragged you within the vortex of his will, where you were forced to remain and encounter the shock of his emotions and the concussion of his mental excitement. His eyes, which you wished you had never seen, and which it was impossible to forget when once you had come within their influence, flashed fire; and the dark orbs which encircled these two burning mirrors, enabled you to comprehend at what price God sometimes bestows genius, and what constant suffering he kindles in those hearts which serve as its altars. From this description, which my feeble pen has left so imperfect, the reader will be reminded of the noble countenance of Napoleon, which will be handed down to the latest posterity. It is one of the family portraits of human nature.

Your idea of Tard*** would be incomplete,

if you forgot that he was a half-caste. U
huge, thick, and hard skull was stret
tanned skin always in perspiration. The s
hair of the Corsican fell over two large, fl
primitive ears. His was the frame of Na
covered with the skin of Sesostris.

Let those who comprehend Napoleon
sion upon earth, who know what ene
derived from the Corsican, Genoese, and
tine blood mingled in his veins, measure,
dare, the confusion into which the sam
would have thrown the social economy,
been born in Africa, his veins swollen wit
blood, galloping naked upon a horse wit
saddle, pointing with his sword to the
and showing it to his people, as a tamer
beasts would show a quarter of fresh mea
lion;—moving men not with ideas of in
dence and glory—which symbols have no
ing but among old nations rubbed smoot
worn-out civilization — but with mirac
deeds,—lengthening the desert where

passed,—realizing the unity of empires by death, and universal peace by silence,—leaving in each conquered city a flame for ensign, and fire for a garrison.

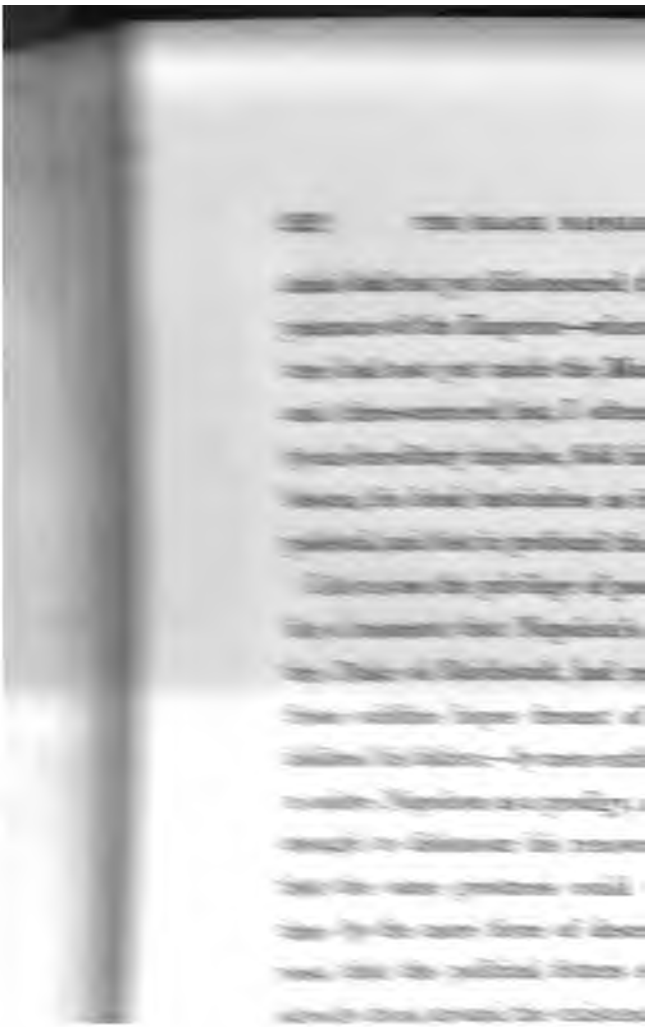
The consciousness of his high birth and two-fold origin now kept Tard*** in a state of sombre preoccupation. As soon as our intimacy warranted every kind of confidence, he constantly talked to me of his mad projects in the East. "The East is mine," he would say, "as the West belonged to my father Napoleon. I will state my descent, my name, and my projects; I will place myself at the head, not of the Turks, but of the Arabs. The former have run their race. With the Arabs I will restore the civilization of the Ptolomies. I speak their language; I belong to their race; I am of their blood;—and they will listen to me. I will call each city, each town, each hamlet, each man, and each child by their several names. All will come to me; and the Nile, and the sands of the desert, and the winds shall roll towards Cairo and

Alexandria as did the armies of Cambyse
cross of the Cophts, and the three colou
operate new prodigies. I will do for
that which my father had not the gener
do. He wanted it only as a road to India,
of making it independent. Egypt sha
me and by me, be free; free by my sw
the cross, and by the three colours. N
beys, nor pachas, nor slaves. Freedom, a
time of the Caliphs, will I establish.—S
this casquette!" he continued, "I will
upon the pinnacle of Mecca. Until tha
it shall never quit my possession; the
civilization revolve round it. Then sh
open our libraries;—then shall we call
science now enslaved in old Europe. I
come to us from Germany, and Italy, and
The Arabic of the Caliphs, the Greek of
and the Latin of Tacitus, shall run throu
streets of Alexandria. Then shall the
again come from the East, and the prop
be accomplished!"

And I have seen him, full of these strange ideas, full of projects of conquests, gallop half-naked upon the sand along the sea-shore, calling with his strong and sonorous voice, upon the nations who dwell upon the banks of the Nile, the borders of the desert, and skirt the mountains of Ethiopia, waving his hand in the wind as if balancing the scimitar, and shouting in Arabic, "Ye people and nations! behold the son of Kebir!"

Then stopping on a sudden, he would resume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the colour which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau.

At a period when the vanity of petty indivi-



our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood-stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between external war, and the public executioner at home);—let us suppose this, and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face, two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who, after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of human civilization? And why should not the young Egyp-

noble monuments of granite; that in lieu of this dust, would have sprung up columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date-tree, and all that population of statues formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

Egypt only produces statues made from its sand,—and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately; to-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

Tard*** added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean, threw him into extasy. His oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he had acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drow-

[redacted] those over his eyes that languor p[redacted] [redacted]ic women of the East, as well as t[redacted] [redacted]ligence.

Before we proceed further, I must st[redacted] [redacted] was mad, but his madness was [redacted] [redacted]times a philosophical monomania. [redacted] [redacted]ulated that it would not be worth [redacted] [redacted]ing did it not unravel the denouement [redacted] life, and fully justify the unhappy occ[redacted] which led to that denouement. I kn[redacted] from what course of reading or study imbibed his system. He believed neithe[redacted] mortality of the soul, nor in the mortality body. Death, so far as he could define it he seemed to consider a mere change of c[redacted] a forced journey from one place to a[redacted] The man murdered or presumed dead at[redacted] would be found at Berlin or London. H[redacted] tively denied a total disappearance. Th[redacted] said he had met somewhere walking to[redacted] Rousseau and Raynal, Buffon and Linnæu[redacted] according to him, grave-diggers were sine[redacted]

and cemeteries farce With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from a country, and a sentence of death only a passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favour of his claim to the throne of the Pharoahs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, the same man at Aleppo. Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of his system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard*** positively denied the mortality of the body.

He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition, with gigantic views and hopes in after years, cease to be in equili-

immense distance which separates what I am from that which I might be. By what sign or token, or by what name am I to make myself acknowledged by the multitude, who would sooner believe me if I announced myself the son of God than the son of Napoleon?"

Such reflexions as these were the forerunners of the resolution which Tard*** was about to take. Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard*** complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a book-keeper, to seeing him a Pharoah I., an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

One day, as I was walking with him
port of Marseilles, he began to play with
knife, about two inches long, which he
tween his fingers; he then begged me
for him a moment. Returning in a sho
he said, shutting his knife, "I have j
patched my two uncles for America-
means, in your language, that I have jus
them".*

At the same instant, two gendarmes i
my astonishment and stupefaction, by a
with these words, the expeditive nephew
the name of the law! Napoleon Tard *
are our prisoner;—you have murdered y
uncles!"

On his trial at the Assize Court of A
poleon Tard*** swerved not from h
racter. His metaphysical monomania
subject of death did not save him. Wh
dred feeling could exist between twelve
cial jurymen and this eccentric being, v

* One of the two survived.

not even condescend to explain to them what he considered the moral part of the action he had committed? A jury of Marseilles merchants decided, that either his head must be chopped off, or he must be branded upon the shoulder. On that day, these estimable traders were obliged to neglect the exchange. I do not, however, mean to insinuate, that this consideration had any weight in the finding of their verdict, or that their being debarred the opportunity of selling at least twelve bags of cochineal, had anything to do with Tard***'s condemnation to death.

He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half sinister and half lovely, which I before mentioned.

He must, moreover, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed

to the top of the guillotine. And to what kind of guillotine? Why, to a truly provincial one, old and dirty as a judge of the old parliament.

In the glowing beams of a sun-shine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles, to purchase a better blade, and two stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard***.

It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca, and rallied the civilization of the East.

THE MORGUE.

IT is to the spirit of philosophy, ev
than to the piety of religion, that we
consecration of this monument;—which
valent to saying, that the Morgue (a
whose appellation is without any pre
mology,) dates from no distant period.
it has existed for little more than twe
in its present form. Formerly the b
persons who had died by violence, e
than in their own houses, were place
Petit Châtelet,—in a vault as dismal as
pose to which it was applied;—and t
did the river bear along to this asse

skeletons, (the rugged banks tearing off the flesh in shreds,) the carcasses of the drowned,—cursed by the priests, and partly devoured by the fishes and the ravens. Complaints were sometimes made of deadly influences and infectious exhalations,—but there they stopped. The municipal police abolished these dwellings of contagion. In truth, we owe almost all our improvements to the municipal police,—and yet we have no history of it! I do not very well know what we owe to the clergy. But the priests went on excommunicating suicides.

The Morgue, seen from Notre-Dame, is stranded on the left bank of the Seine, in the City. It hides itself, gloomy and shrinking, between the Quai des Orfèvres, the Quai de la Cité, the Pont Saint-Michel, and the Petit-Pont. Why has it been shut up there, in the centre of Paris, at a point the most remote from those places in which the drowned are usually found? By isolating it between the Louvre and Passy, the Parisians who walk along its banks would

have been spared the dismal spectacle of
stretched on their backs, at the bottom of
and carried to their destination. Perh
was for the purpose of saving to the r
and friends the fatigue of too long a j
Perhaps, in the division of the amusem
the capital, the object was to bestow thei
also, upon the inhabitants of the City
Quartier de Saint Honoré has the Tuile
the King; the Marais has the Palais-Ro
the Archives; the Faubourg Saint-Germa
sesses the Luxembourg and the Peers; t
—which cannot well reckon amongst its
ments the Palais de Justice, the bells of
Dame, or the cries from the Hospital,—
Morgue!

The Morgue is the Luxembourg, the
Royale of the City. The people go there to
drowned,—as elsewhere to see the new fa
the orange-trees in flower, or the chesnu
(which sicken before the wind of autu
spring and in winter. I would not be su

there are not certain proprietors who make their possessions in the neighbourhood of the Morgue available as a source of profit. It is known that four windows, on the Place de Grève yield proportionably, ten times as much as a house in the Marais,—that is, in the prosperous years of the Grève. The population of the neighbourhood discourse of death. "He was a fine man, that one!"—"He was a fair one, this other!"—"Did you remark that grisette, this morning?—not proud! with her stockings of Scotch thread!"—"Another of them!"—"Do you think so?"—"Oh yes, she was; did you not notice her figure, poor young thing?"—They have made for themselves a pleasure of this, and I can conceive that it is a great one; for though it be one of every day, it is seldom that the same circumstances produce in all the same character of despair. The commentaries which are made, at the feet of the exposed dead, run over the whole varied scale of probabilities, in matters of suicide. The untamed eye, which fixes itself upon the greasy

counterfeiting a ten-sous piece;—there, a second is condemned to lose his head, for putting the same piece into circulation;—and down yonder, roses are sold—perhaps the judge has one in his button-hole!

Open to every wind, the Morgue is a building of about twenty-four feet in length;—eight for the public, twelve for the ground-floor of the proprietors, and the rest—you guess for whom! The place regains its entire width, at the story above the vault,—a work in stone which would give some idea of architectural solemnity, were it not abruptly cut by a partition of deal, dividing off the office of the Registry, and another of glass, separated into eighteen large squares, and frequently stained by the breath of those who gaze through it. To the right of the corridor is the dwelling of the Morgueur,—the working-man of the establishment. This man, to whom I addressed myself, on the first day of my visit to the Morgue, dared not take upon himself, and his privileges, to show me the prin-

cipal treasures of the building. The scru
his position took alarm at my questions,—
in truth, were natural and simple enc
have re-assured him;—but he had few o
nities of judging of their harmlessnes
similar indiscretion had ever occurred,
him any conception of that which I allow
self with him. Strange!—I have visi
Library of Florence, when I could have
to it, without the keeper of the man
perceiving me;—day by day, strangers m
through the most secret corners of the
Royal, and interrogate all the tricolou
vants of the King of the French, upon
jesty's domestic habits, or his manner
his family and towards those whom he r
—but the man of the Morgue persiste
fusing to let me pass the partition of
the glass-door which shuts upon his st
—To be sure, he is more than a king
Morgue,—for he is AT HOME.—" Co

morrow, and the Registrar will endeavour to receive you."

I can assure all fanciful imaginations (and they are the kind of imaginations that I love!) that the man of the Morgue resembles all men cast in that common-place and insignificant mould of which Providence has been so lavish. With the greatest inclination in the world to find realized in him that image of ugliness and horror, with which the popular tradition had previously supplied me, I was wholly unable, when beside him, so far to distort his naturally good physiognomy, his well-made figure, or his costume so like the costumes of other men. Like many others, I would very willingly have painted a heroic Morgue; but they have been beforehand with me, and have left me nothing to tell but the truth.

I did not even observe, in the dull and heavy face of this man, the cunning of gaolers, and of those whose business it is to scrutinize what

voice, there remained to me but a confused image; in the midst of which, however, appeared the face of a young woman, fair and tall, and with her hair carefully dressed.

"It is the daughter of our Registrar."

"Your Registrar has a daughter who sleeps here, who eats here, laughs, weeps—and loves *here!*"

"I know not, Sir, if she weeps or loves; but I can assure you that she was born here, as certainly as that she was baptized at Notre-Dame."

"Born here!"

"Will you excuse me, Sir, if I close the doors? it is dark,—my dead can see no longer."

That was his expression!

It was the second time, in my life, that I had seen the Morgue, and with very different feelings from the first.

It was, I remember, about night-fall, at the period of Mid-Lent. It was the washer-women's ball, and they danced on the water.

I can comprehend the song of the Vene
who brushes the quay with his oar, li
wing of a bird. He sings his song to the
by, to the open shops, and to the
theatres. He has everywhere an echo;—
in the glowing sky,—in the green and
water,—in that population which has, ev
swam thither from Greece—for it is
There is life on the bank, while he sings
water. It is but a distant conversation;
itself through the mist, and is taken u
on the wave! But to dance thirty fee
the ground,—to dance upon a narro
slippery and green with moss, and plu
the thick and greasy waters of the h
Paris alone has these pigmy pleasure
Paris, everything is supplied by a name,
the decoration. All things put on a ch
of importance in the great city. There a
works in cellars, and *bals champétres*
garrets of the Rue Quincampoix. B
called a port. Never did the rain pre

party projected by the citizens of Paris;—and it is quite certain, that if the sun were extinguished, they would be a fortnight, at Paris, without being aware of the fact!

It was, nevertheless, more striking than gay,—that boat, freighted with joy, and moored in front of the Morgue! A few curious spectators showed their heads over the parapet of the Quai Saint-Michel, half-hidden by the dome of the Institute; the sun flung under the huge telescope of the bridge his fitful beams, or had his rays thrown back from the distant windows of the City;—and, amid the murmurs of the Seine in the arches, the frolics of the sun, and the pealing of the hours from the Cathedral, were heard, mingling or alternating,—along with the merry laugh, and the bounding step,—the shrill sound of the flageolet, and the measured music of the violin.

At the moment when the night fell,—the moment when the apocalyptic lion, carved at the angle of Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie, opens



While I was gazing
picturesque appearance o
honour of which the bal
was informed that it was-

But, to return to my s

At ten o'clock, I kno
my *cicerone* of yesterday

"Ah! you are there!
mouth with a very white
tened in his button-hole,
might be,—"Come in!—
you see is a neighbour wh
to breakfast with me, wh
can assist me in my duties
friendship's sake!—It ha
morning, I have needed h

ing how readily women hang themselves, now-a-days!—don't you find it so? Another is a man, who has been four days in the water;—and we have a third, an infant, quite a little girl; who was smothered, last night, in the diligence, by accident. I suppose they took her for a parcel, and sat down upon her. However, she is as pretty as an angel."

"Perhaps," added the wife of the Morgueur, (the spouse of François, which is, I believe, the man's name,) "perhaps she had a mother, who waited for her, to clothe her feet, and dress her in fine white linen, with lace at the wrists!—By the bye, François, where have you put her?"

"On one of the slabs, dame, naked. Are you afraid she should take cold?"

"It is not that.—I thought she ought to be opened by the doctor, and that you would have put her on the dissecting table."

"Nonsense! Is everybody to be opened, to please you? Do you think the pretty child has been poisoned? Go, and look at her; she is as

clean as if she had just come out
and then, her nurse, who brough
apron, wept as if the little one h
own."

"Then she is not in the room
known'?"

"No, wife; she is with the oth
been identified by her mother. I'l
about it. The nurse told me as
coming from Normandy, and in the
were so many people that she wa
put the infant between her knees.
that she was fatigued, and that, f
past, she had had no sleep. Nigh
she fell asleep. The child slippe
Norman still slept. The child str
still she slept;—and, in the mornin
awoke, and, yet half asleep, remove
kerchief, to give it the breast, she
little corpse."

"Was that all?"

"You may imagine the rest.—Sh

go home to its mother, who is in Paris; and, not knowing what to do with the child, she brought it here, that it might be buried. That will cost her nothing. The Normans reckon these things. But, I could not get her away from the child. She kissed its hands,—she kissed its shoulders,—its feet;—saying continually to me, —'It is quite true that she is dead, is it not, Sir?'—She gave it to me, and then she took it from me again; and then she shook it, calling upon it, and kissing it, and biting it, and opening its eyes with her fingers. One does not like to drive people to despair, one tries to say something to console them! 'You cannot tell me how to open its eyes, can you?—Oh! those eyes were so pretty, so round, so blue, so little,—her eyes! My little girl had eyes as blue as her mother's—Oh! her mother will kill me! I might say she had died, in cutting her teeth; but all the village can say, it is not true!—or that she was taken from me in the diligence; but the conducteur would say, not true!—Ah, no!

I won't say a word! I will go back t
and wait till her parents come to
hadn't I better?—It will perhaps
months, six months, or a whole ye
am ruined, you see; for I can never
my village, never, if I have not my
little Leonore!'

"Do you hear, wife!—remember
—M. Perrin will register it; the child
the 'known.'

"And let me finish;—'I can neve
my village, said she, without Leon
see, she was known to everybody ther
body gave her sugar and cakes. T
was mad about my little girl. If w
bleed her?—No?—If we were to put
cold water?—or warm?—Oh! spea
there not instances of dead children
life again?—You know that,—you!
know there are, are there not?—tell me
No! Well, tell me, tell me what to d
mother will kill me, that is certain,—

kill me!—Oh! Madame, I swear it was not my fault!—And in my village, they will throw stones at me, and dirt, as if I were a toad!—Oh! listen to me! bring her to life again, and I will give her to you.'——

"Wife, are there still any bottles of Chloride left?"

"Still two."

"That's right;—for there's the "claimed" gentleman, that stinks terribly!"

"And is that all which she said to you, Monsieur François?"

"Yes, all;—except that, when she was going away, the Norman again kissed her infant on the cheeks, while I was busy undressing it. She asked me to let her take away the cap and handkerchief of the child. It is not the custom; but devil take me, the thing hurt me;—I said to her, "take them!" and she flung her apron over her face, and ran off towards the Rue de la Barillerie."

"You see," said the wife of M. Fra
this story, "people should always take
in the Diligence."

And that was all that Madame Fr
thought about!

The bell was rung, and the keeper
M. Perrin.

M. Perrin is a little old man.
continually. When I had expressed
discreet terms, the object of my visit,
offered to show me all the details of h
tration, regretting much, he said, that
not so varied as he could have desire
I can only offer you what I have. Le
stairs!"

While we mounted a narrow stair
he informed me that his establishment
the control of the Prefecture and the
the former, as to the budget of its exp
of the latter, as to its salubrity,—we w
to place ourselves against the wall

room for the passage of a bevy of young girls, dressed out, spruce, and graceful, and trembling in the wind which blew from the river, through the loop-hole that lighted us.

"They are four of my daughters," said the Registrar;—"I have had eight. François, the keeper, has had four; and he has had the good fortune to get husbands for them all.—He is a good father, François."

So!—thought I,—twelve children have been begotten in the Morgue! Louis XIII. was far less favoured under the domes of the Louvre. There have been dreams of happiness, and conjugal embraces, and a father's welcome, in this barrack of the dead!—Marriage, with its orange flowers—baptism, with its godfather in his black dress of ceremony—the communion, with its embroidered veil—love—religion—virtue—have been here, as elsewhere! God scatters the seeds of happiness everywhere!

"Papa! we are going to a distribution of prizes;—my sisters are sure to be crowned;—



"Go, my dears!"—a
him.

I thought of the little c
and of the mother, who, pe
looking out for her child, a

"This is the apartment
François did us the hono
the bustling satisfaction o
ashamed to show his estal
niture is comfortable. If th
çois were not crowded wit
were not a profusion of con
case with those who have n
it would be even gay. One
that the taste, the opinions
François are there represent

and of Kléber,—both in long coats, leaning on long sabres, wigged and powdered. Napoléon is there, three times.

"You are looking at these pots," said François to me;—"they are some preserves made by my wife. My wife is famous for preserves,—at your service!"

I read on the pots—"Currant-jelly of 1831."

We quitted the apartment of François; which forms the right wing of the Morgue, in opposition to that of the Registrar, which is to the left,—and we stopped in the office of M. Perrin.

If François cultivates flowers, M. Perrin loves hydraulics and the camera obscura. He designs; and brings the water of the Seine to play, by a very ingenious mechanical contrivance, of his own invention. It is a leaden trough, buried amongst sweet-peas. Whilst he was repairing his syphon, I asked permission to look over his register,—where the suicides are preserved in double column.



'Brought in, at midni
the Pont des Arts, with
pocket,—*unknown!*

'A young woman, pre
hackney-coach, at the cor
dar,—*unknown!*

'New-born infant, fou
the door of a mansion,—*u*

An extraordinary differ
suicides struck me. In t
tive proportion of men
always more than two-thir
the relative years. For in
were two hundred and e
and sixty-six female. In
and ninety-one male, and

dred and thirty-four male, and thirty-five female. In 1822, two hundred and nine male, and forty-eight female. And let us stop here, to mention that, in 1815, there were of suicides or assassinations, three hundred and thirty-three of males, and ninety-nine of females!—It is out of all proportion. I have discovered the cause of this last fearful variation in the numbers, both of men and of women;—the Allies were in Paris!

"Ah!" said M. Perrin to me, "don't you find my registers kept with great regularity? My hand shakes a little, but you may see that I have still a firm touch for my age. I have practised running-text successfully. See, here is a capital M, which is well shaped!—What do you think of it?"

Excellent man! proud of his talents as a scribe, of the grace of his capital,—while that very letter was the commencement of a prince's name,—a name inscribed in the golden-book of Venice!—How came it here?

Then I recalled to memory that winter's night

in which the body of a man was
the fine sand of Saint-Ouen. Hi
gined him in the country, where he
he said, to superintend the cutting
It was the period of the Carnival; a
was held, that night, at his hotel,
dance presided. In the midst of the b
the groups of masquers, noisy, silke
fumed, flooded in the glare of light
rounded by the mist which is born
warm breath of the dancers,—across
ing folds of a hundred costumes, as fa
they were dazzling,—here, trailing th
an antique queen, spangled with golde
there, flinging to the breeze of the da
the brightness of the lustres, the
dolman, or the Castilian mantle of Alm
further on, displaying the damasked ja
Harlequin or of Figaro,—revealing in the
the grave domino, or picturing in the
the satin wings of Love,—across these fictio
these realities,—these visages *all* gay, beca

are artificial,—amid that noise and those splendours, passes a scared domestic. He rushes to the lady of the feast!—the lady faints,—the music ceases,—the ranks of the country dance are broken,—there are whispers, and questions, —and all prepare to depart;—all depart.

A fearful storm had just burst over Paris.

It must have been a strange sight!—the magnificence of women laden with flowers and diamonds and pearls, half-naked in their finery, cloaking themselves in haste, as if startled by the husband's knock at the door!—Covering themselves with mantle and shawl, and untying, with all the trepidation and awkwardness of haste, the strings of their waxen masks.—Women under engagements for the next country-dance, —men still under the agitations of the game,— and all under the influence of one common excitement;—death in their looks, joy in their habits—pour over the lighted steps of the hôtel, to gain the street, and expose themselves to the



satin hesitated—but all was

Here a new rumour!—T
the coachmen,—absent or
being got together. The
with the suddenness of t
themselves amid the delu
pages, though many had
morning. Some depart e
open and flapping gates, w
whither, while others have
bridges.

"Where to?" at length,
and the voice of an Auver
"To the Morgue!"

Many, both male and fe
on foot.

outlet, sunk in sleep at the one end, and filled with turbulence at the other. Gold and colours and paint stream down on the pavement, which streams, itself, beneath their feet. The gatherer of rags, concealed beneath the shelter of the portes-cochères, laughed, as he sharpened his hook. Ere it could arrive at the fatal rendez-vous, that mournful procession of bacchanals had almost lost the form and appearance of human beings. Those garments which had resisted the destruction of a perpendicular shower, clung to the skin;—the cold rain, collected in the loose robes of the dancers, harassed the chest, and streamed down the channels of the gauze, as if they had been so many spouts. Some broke their girdles,—for the tightness choked them. And all this passed in silence. It might have been a shipwreck,—the foot passengers, swimmers—the carriages, floating rafts!

At length, they arrived. Never had so strange a spectacle been witnessed beneath the

damp arch of the Morgue.
contain them all, though pres
By the light of the lantern
the vault, and which flung it
pale faces of women, so beau
hour ago, they perceived-
something was a prince,—s
back! Yet the Morgueur
that assembly, "this is a m
bricklayer,—that is a prince
dead resemble one another!

M. Perrin pointed out to
in the margin,—"Well-know

We were, now, in the pri
M. Perrin. In those of Fra
Bonapartes and military en
find, in the choice of ornamen
sentiment,— they are cru
these two men, who for twen
dwelt together, there are, it a
of opinion,—but there is tol

in place of the natural feeling of mutual kindness and forbearance towards the errors of humanity, they have learnt, from the daily experience of their own dwellings, that a line of water above the head will kill the man who, were it a line below, could gaze upon the sun and on the world.

Nevertheless, philosophic inequality is not confounded with inequality of rank, at the Morgue, any more than elsewhere.—François did not venture to follow us into the apartments of M. Perrin.

They consist of three rooms,—each lower and more confined than the other. The beds of his children are placed against the walls, on the right and on the left. Nothing can well be more damp or more ruinous than this decayed abode. The proprietor has adorned it with jets-d'eau, with pretty daughters, and with furniture of sufficiently good taste,—but it is going to pieces. Some day or other, it would be found

amongst the nets of Saint-Cloud—
pened to be any nets at Saint-Clou

But that is an error which I fee
lutely called upon to destroy. F
breaking up this allusion! There
at Saint-Cloud, and could not l
web which should stop these su
agers must either be sunk deep e
river to escape being torn to pieces
—in which case, the drowned would
or it must rise to the surface,—
boats and the rafts could not pass.
wary lovers, who grace the Tête N
voluptuous suppers, no longer fear
wondering looks beneath the maj
the bridge of Saint-Cloud! Let t
admiring gaze upon Boulogne, tha
ber of a royal dwelling,—Sèvres,
porcelaine,—Saint-Cloud, with its r
Let them surrender themselves up
melancholy of the evening,—whe

repeats the landscape, in the crystal mirror of her damasked and rose-tinted waters! They will not see this fancied net rise slowly to the surface, holding in its strong meshes,—as it were, a fish of the ocean,—the fearful object of their imagination!

The Morgue recruits itself on the bank. The currents of the water are turned aside by the capes, the gulfs, and the islands of the Seine;—which, compelled throughout the whole of its depth, to yield to the accidents it encounters, deposits, at places almost invariably the same, the bodies which it carries along. There are, during all the year, persons whose business it is to look out for them, at these places.

A tarif of humanity had formerly granted to these professional watchers, forty francs for every man rescued from drowning, and twenty for every one drowned. But it was very soon found necessary to reverse this system of encouragement, with the view of putting an end to the

industry of certain persons associate
for the purpose of half drowning, a
one another,—in virtue of a tacit cont
tual assistance, and at the expense of
drowned, whose bodies only fetched
Scarcely was this more rational rate
before it was found that many swi
lanthropists took it into their heads
victim, who had once sunk, the ne
sure for becoming worth the double
them,—that is to say, the necessary
drowned.—It is even said that they
times lent their assistance to the d
tion of the premium. The forme
things has consequently been restored
francs are paid for a dead man, an
one who still has life in him.—Only,
falling again into the snare of the fo
—that of the mutual drownings—th
is saved a second time, entitles his p
no reward;—an announcement whic

for the information of those who have undergone their first risk!

You may, perhaps, at some time or other, have observed, as you loitered along the Quays, airing your idleness on the banks of the Seine,—far below the level of the ground, and on the spot where so many river-labours, but little thought of, are carried on—a tarred roof, boiling in the sun; and on that roof a chimney, always new and twisted with ivy. You have noticed, at the foot of this dwelling, which looks like a ship or a fisherman's cabin, a little garden,—with its hedge and ditch, its walks and cross-walks,—about ten feet in extent. Perhaps you have taken pleasure in breathing that mingled odour of sea-smells, and flowers, and fresh-water;—but probably you never knew that what you gaze on is the House of Assistance for the drowned—the Chapel-of-Ease to the Morgue. —Poetry again destroyed!—to this place, the dead man is carried; here, he is laid on an in-

clined bed, cupping-glasses are applied
and every species of assistance adm
To this establishment—of the highest
a country where the government has
dom, the paternal solicitude, to require
shall be placed before the windows
gaming-houses—are attached a physi
an apothecary. They are generally to
there from noon till three o'clock, Sun
cepted.

I scarcely know if there was any s
ness in the question,—but I observe
Perrin, that he must weary much du
long evenings of winter.

"No," replied he, good-humouredl
children sing to me, or work beside me
çois and I play at draughts or at piquet

The worst of it is that we are often int
There comes a knock, and we are oblig
down stairs,—prepare a stone, undress
comer, and enter him in the register.

breaks up the party, and we forget to mark our points."

"That is the way you pass your evenings, then!"

"Yes! — always except when François is obliged to set off for Vaugirard at four in the morning. Then, he goes to bed early.—

Perhaps, you are not aware that our cemetery is at Vaugirard; we have retained, by privilege, (for the cemetery has long ceased to be used,) the right to have a pit, there, for ourselves."

"I understand;—it is a fief of the Morgue."

"You must have seen a car, below,—beside the entrance-gate,—in which some children were playing at hide-and-seek; that is our hearse."

"And, rich or poor, are all obliged to go by your hearse? If, for instance, a suicide be recognized, cannot his friends or relations claim him, and take him home, to render him the last honours from his own dwelling?"

"No!—the Morgue restor
been, once, deposited in it.
neral ceremonies to be as
please, but they must comm
one end of the procession n
Dame, provided that the othe
place;—the Archbishop of P
by taking a place in it,—but
fixed—the foremost!"

"But, do the priests of Not
difficulty about blessing your

"Never, Sir!"

"Not the suicides?"

"There are no such thing
Notre-Dame. Men are drown
or killed by the casual discharg
by a fall from a scaffolding.
—the conscience of the priest

and alchymists, and Bohemians, in its great *place*, has no longer even words of hatred for the corpse of the suicide,—formerly exposed on a hurdle, and mangled by the ravens. It asks not even what worship has been stamped upon the brow of him who knocks with his feet against its gates. The priest says lovingly to him—"Peace be with you!"

We descended the stairs, and François came to open for us the first chamber—the chamber of dresses. Clothes of all forms, of all sizes, hideously yoked together;—a gaiter fastened by a pin to a sleeve,—a shawl hanging down over a collar.—Citizens' coats, workmen's jackets, carters' smocks, brewers' frocks, women's gowns —all these things, sallow, discoloured, disfigured, —swinging against each other, in the wind which enters through the casements. It is a sound not without terror—a sight not without horror, — those objects which have neither body nor soul, yet stir there, as if they had

life,—which have forms, but no flesh! Th
too, are aprons which have apparently belon
to poor workmen, to whom the idea of death
come suddenly, at the close of an unprofit
day. The fold of repose, indicated by
edge of the apron tucked up into the wa
band, sufficiently demonstrates that part of
story.

François, who followed my glances, to no
the impression which this picture might m
upon me, heaved a deep sigh.

"And does this move *you?*"—said I. "D
your office afflict you?—does your position
gust you?—Are you, then unhappy?"—

"Not exactly;"—said François; but, you
formerly, the spoils of the 'unknown' belonge
us, after six months' exposure, and we used
sell them;—*now, they talk of taking the clot
from us!*"

I reassured François as to the intentions
the government, and assured him that there

no talk, in the world, of their being deprived of the clothes.

The second room—that which immediately adjoins the chamber of exposition, is dedicated to the dissection of those bodies, as to the nature of whose death the police entertain any suspicion. Its only furniture is a marble table, where the dissecting is performed, and a rack containing some bottles of chloride,—a powerful disinfectant, but too rapid and volatile to suffice for the whole of an operation. It is tiresome to use, for it evaporates, and leaves the mephitic air behind it. This room does not correspond, in all its points, to the sitting-room of M. Perrin; — the dissecting-table is immediately under the piano of *Mademoiselle*—for, there is a piano in the Morgue!

In this room, which I crossed as rapidly as I could, on account of a "known" who lay upon the floor, I saw the little girl who had been strangled in the diligence, the night before.

The little girl was pretty,—the "know
horrible, disfigured,—and I know but o
that could have recognized him—the eye
mother!

Death, in this form, is dreadful! It
have been the first corpse that made th
atheist!

There remains but the vault in whi
bodies are exposed. It is narrow and
aired. I know not if it were a living ma
may have measured the space betwee
places of two bodies,—but if so, he was,
redly a grave-digger. Ten or twelve blac
sloping stones receive the suicides, wh
stretched upon them, nearly naked. It is s
that the slabs are all occupied,—except du
revolution. Then the Pantheon and the M
recruit themselves;—the mortality of pest
follows on the same track;—two days m
immortality and glory in July, and the p
would have been in Paris.

" It is true," said M. Perrin to me, " that we were hard worked during the ' three days,'— consequently, we were authorized to employ two assistants. We had the dead everywhere about us,—at the entrance, without, within, and on the river."—

" And your daughters?"—

" During that time, they did not leave their apartments;—they looked neither into the street nor on to the river. Notwithstanding, you are greatly mistaken if you imagine that a spectacle of that kind would affright them. Brought up here, they will pass, at night, without light, before that window, when the corridor is closed, without emotion. Mon dieu! one accustoms oneself to anything!"—

I fancied to myself the young children of M. Perrin, so familiarized with this idea of the dead, so habituated to this domestic spectacle, asking with simplicity, at the strange houses where they visit,—as another child might ask,

naturally enough, where their garden, o
library, or their kitchen was situated,—"
do you keep your dead, here?"

These are all the facts which I was
collect, relative to an establishment so sin
ordered, and so desolate. I opened the
door to depart, and breathe, once more,
of the living—when I was, again, forced
by a crowd of persons, following a hand-
which left a long track of water on its p
The coverlet which concealed the bo
lifted up; and by the swoln muscles of t
the stiffened fingers, and the distorted
was evident that the person had just e
From one of her hands which was
clenched, the keeper drew forth a pi
coloured linen, and a fragment of lace.
hire?" exclaimed he. "Let me see her
it is she, indeed."

"Who?"

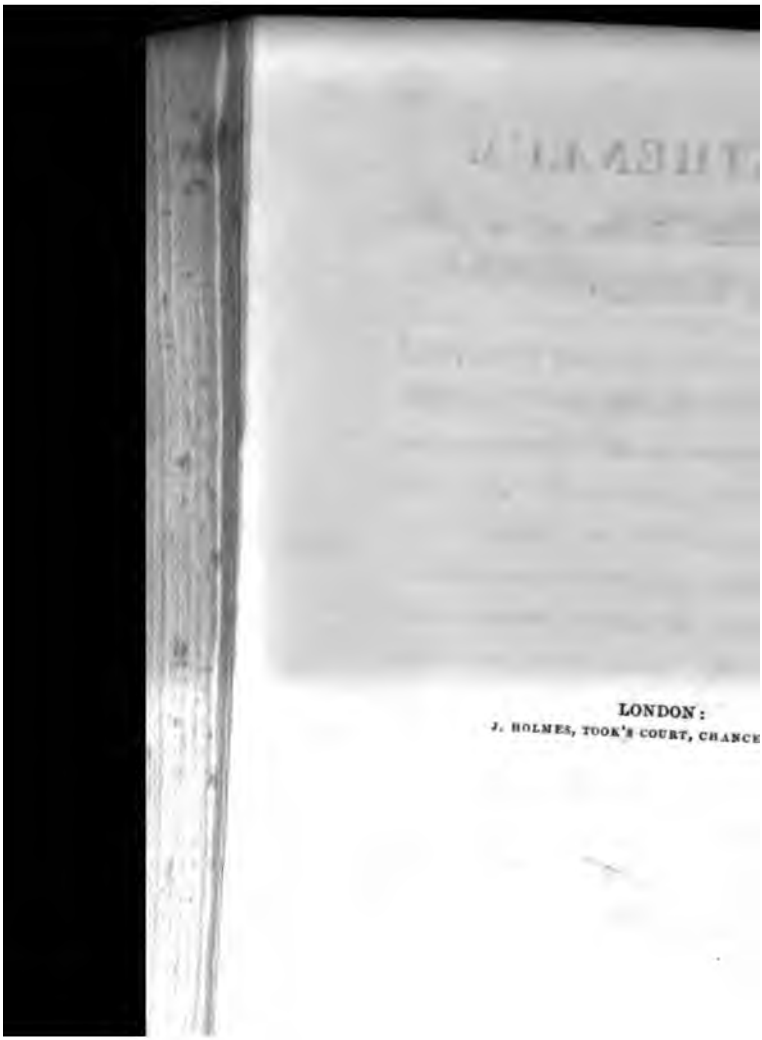
"The nurse of this morning,—the N

—Good! we will bury her along with the little corpse!"

And M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote, in a superb running-text,—

UNKNOWN!

THE END.



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